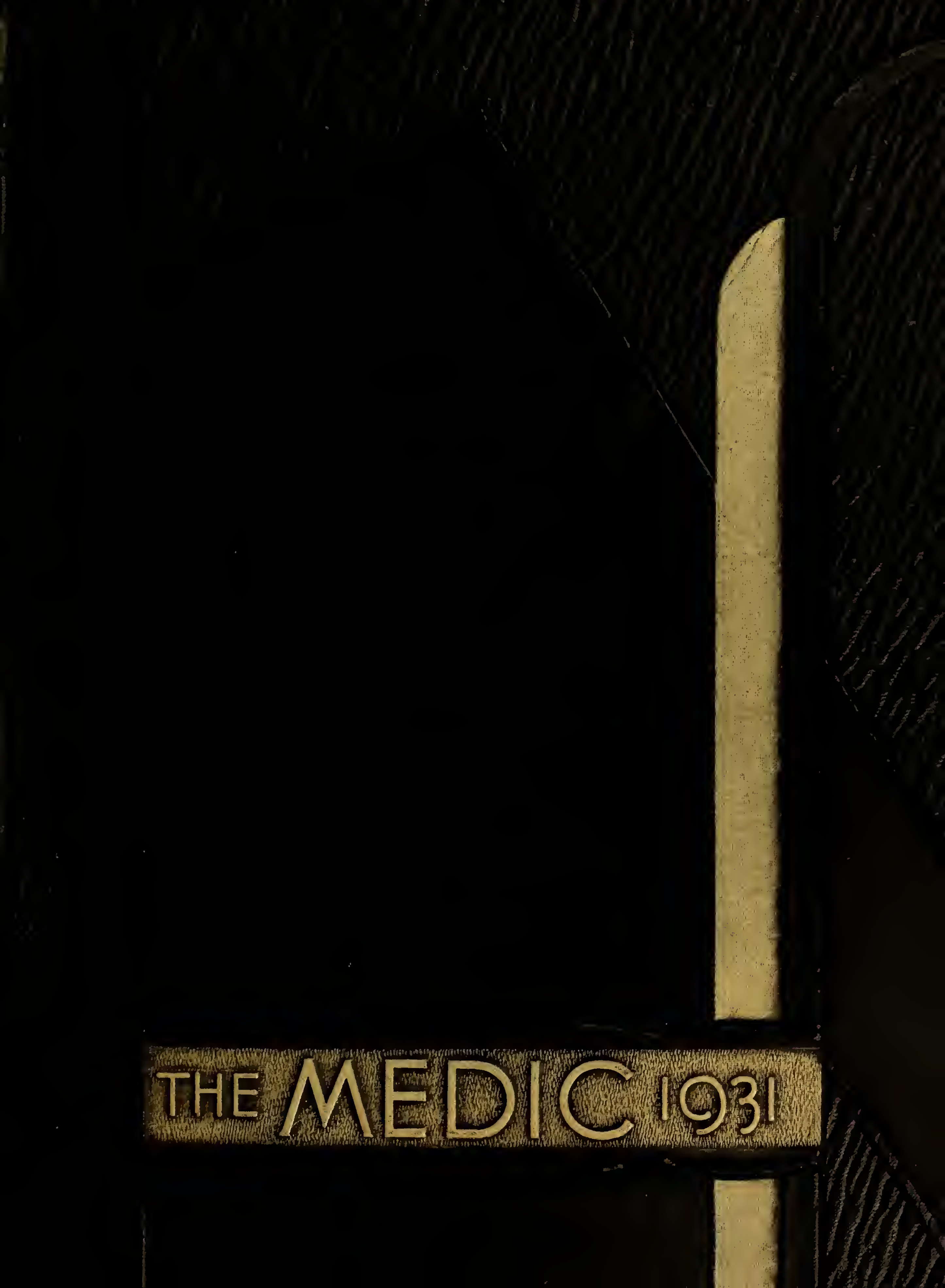

THE MEDIC 1931

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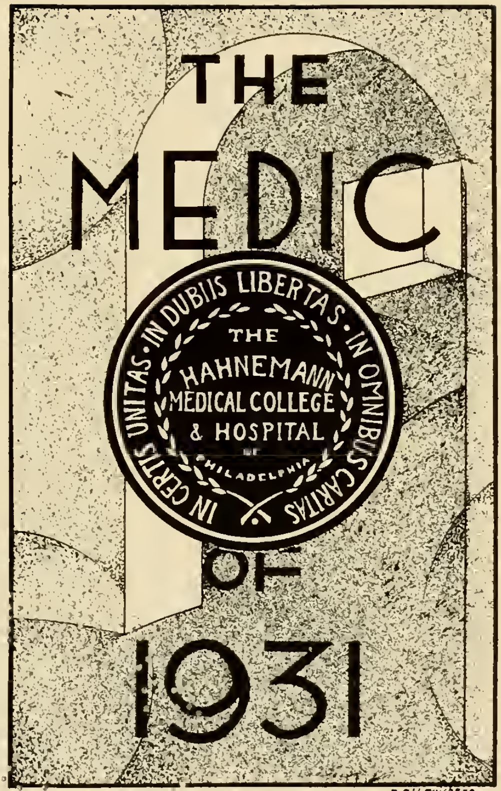

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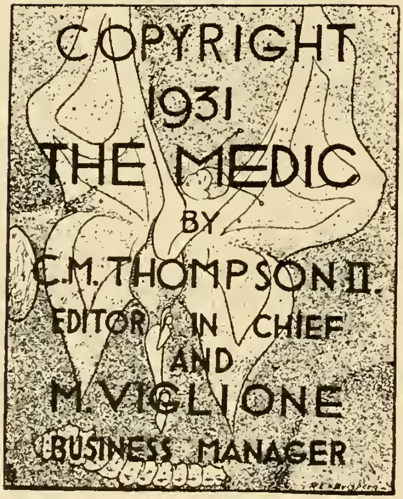

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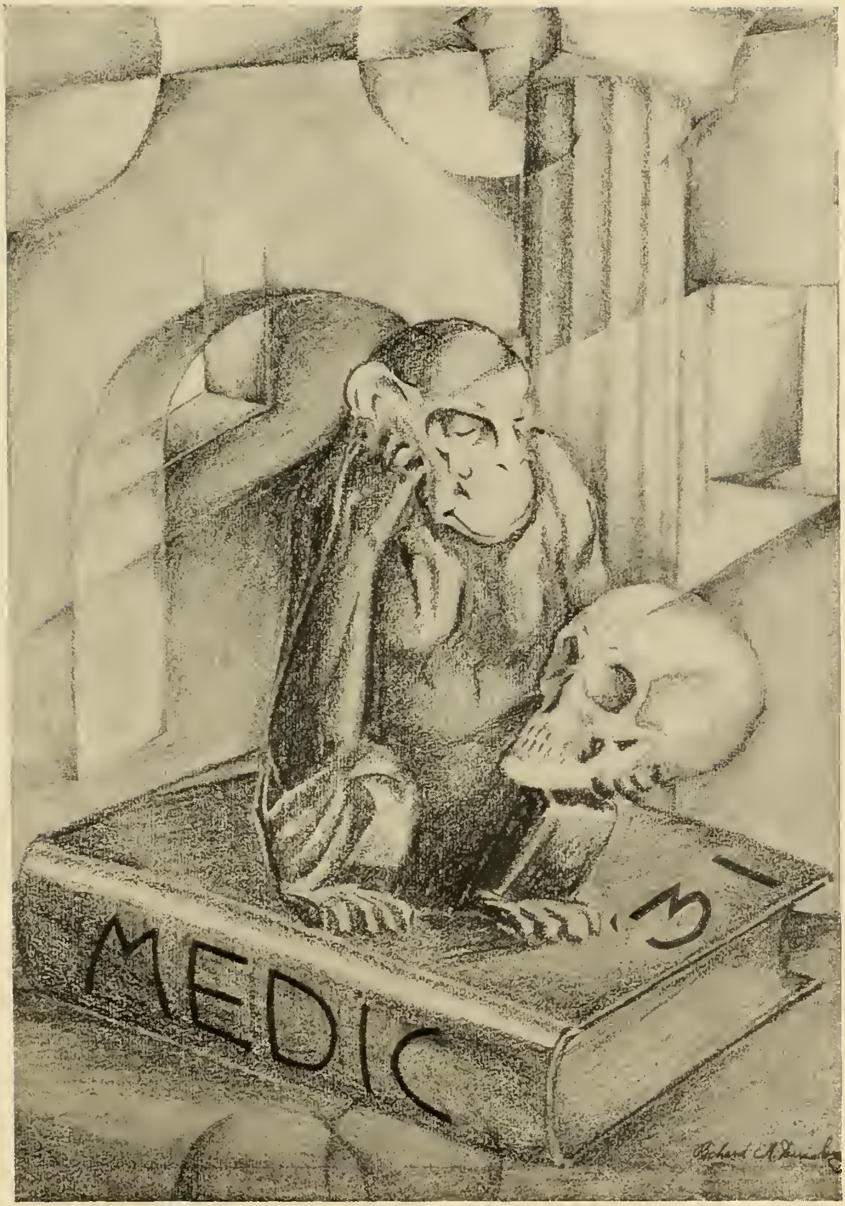
MEDIC
'31
Richard A.

FOREWORD

The preparation of this Medic has taken more time and effort than we as students could often afford to expend. The task was increased by our ambitions to create with our hands a finer and greater book. This feeling was engendered by our own proud aptitude for doing and getting that which is to be desired, and not for gain or remuneration in the empirical sense.

We have this year given to our Faculty the prominence that they deserve. There was an opportunity in this for us to edit biographies under each portrait, but we have desisted from this verbosity, believing that as few words as possible is the most laudable choice in any writing.

The personal comments on each student were written in secret session as it were, contributions being accepted from various sources and finally collated by one man. Each writing attempts to be a study of the man as we knew him and avoids all saccharine stuff about the "most wise," "most lovable" and "most friendly." If we have written down men as human beings then no criticism can destroy the victory.

Coming to an explanation of "Humor" we lay down the pen with the aforethought that there has been so much gayety among us that what is written is only a weak commentary.

All of this attempted reasoning means only that we, in editorial fancy, have lived, dreamed and walked arm in arm for so long with The Medic of '31, and would not desert now at this ceremony of publication.

THEME

Modernism and Biology are the thing. Queer distortions of animate life tumbling against columns, resting on shafts of light, sliding into shadow-block, embellish our remote thought with an adequate symbol. Biology here depicts the corporate plan of our winnings and Modernity gives it flavor, a bit of spice. So now we unite two age-old fetiches, two evergreen pretensions into the pages of our youthful record.

There is no more potent charm against the absorption of the intimacies, the comminglement of fancies, and the zealous faiths of our studentship than this idea of Biology, which has the sagacity to never be finished in its own eyes. Set adequately against a stern, stoney, modern background with heavy and unreal arches, angles and attitudes, these old and young dreams may never die, for that which is modern is an elastic experience becoming tomorrow, today and yesterday.

Many little devils will have become saints before this archive will be only a cover and a number of pages. Many days will have become bygones before a record of our yearnings and complacencies will have become nebulous. From our tray of magic, we have dispensed the twin potencies of Life and Living, Biology and Modernism, to upset those who advise forgetting and forbearing.

As Biology and Modernism have become congruous here and in all time, so shall we unite Action and Memory. In the end there shall be only a meagre separation. Perchance, we shall go deeply into ourselves, our irretrievable selves, and fall onto the subject of our adventures in learning so steadily that we should desire to recapitulate and to do over. In that event, and expecting this, we project the spell into those fantastic years by the creation of our book of personalities, giving it the magnitude of a poetical theme to nurture those dreams, and praying that our livings may not be all prose.

Dr. Herbert L. Northrop

DEDICATION

The Class of 1931, expecting a fulfillment of faith in their own professional lives, dedicate this record to the principles which embrace that faith. The life of Dr. Herbert L. Northrop so expresses the code that we attach him now as our patron, knowing that we can never forget his ideality and inspiration.

We may never acquire the dexterity, the skill, the powers of diagnosis that he so aptly displayed. We may never realize the voice and diction of a scholar or the manner of his culture. We can, however, strive for the charm, the grace and the friendliness which marks his presence.

It is with gestures of respect and congratulation for his own standards that we dedicate to him this Medic. Above all else, we are fortunate for the good example which he placed so early in our lives when we needed it most.

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CONTENTS

I. INTRODUCTION

II. COLLEGE
    HISTORIC
    VIEWS
    ADMINISTRATION
    FACULTY
    CLASSES
    SENIOR CLASS HISTORY

III. HOSPITAL
    HISTORIC
    INTERIORS

IV. ACTIVITIES
    ORGANIZATION
    FRATERNITIES
    ATHLETICS

V. HUMOR

VI. PROFESSIONAL DIRECTORY

VII. ADVERTISING CONTRIBUTORS

DR. GEORGE MORRIS GOLDEN

DR. GEORGE MORRIS GOLDEN

Died January 12, 1931

Son of Albert Samuel and Rachel Daniels Golden. Born in Philadelphia, March 14, 1876. Early education: Public Schools of Philadelphia, Central Manual Training School, Philadelphia, and University of Pennsylvania. Matricuated at Hahnemann Medical College of Philadelphia, September 18, 1895, and graduated May 10, 1899. Married Lorana Pelouze, November 14, 1906. Member of the Alumni Association, Hahnemann College, American Institute of Homeopathy, Eastern Homeopathic Medical Association, Homeopathic Medical Society of the State of Pennsylvania, Homeopathic Medical Society of the County of Philadelphia, Germantown Medical Club, William B. Van Lennep Club and Hahnemann Club, Interne of Hahnemann Hospital, Philadelphia—1899-1900. Physician to Hahnemann Hospital, St. Luke's Homeopathic Hospital and consulting physician to various institutions, held various teaching positions in line of promotion in medical department of Hahnemann College of Philadelphia, becoming professor of medicine and head of the department of medicine in 1925.

He achieved high professional standards, an ethical life and the friendship and admiration of all who knew him as students, patients or colleagues.

DUISBERG
COLLEGE

AN EVENT HISTORIC

IN 1825 Hans Burch came to America with the seed of enthusiasm for Homeopathy, that was later to grow into an established system of medicine. He was unable to devote himself to a definite and useful research for reasons of maintenance. Instead, he applied the thesis of the new teaching in his active practice.

The years brought friends and new enthusiasts. Ten years after his original adventure The New York Homeopathic Society was founded.

This organization met with authenticated opposition from the dominant college of the day. Only the spirit and zeal of the initiators transgressed all discouragement and, in the end, saved from defeat the young cause. With the same order that characterized Hahnemann's personal efforts, the pioneers in America chartered their own scientific lives.

Up to this time, the education of a voluntary applicant for homeopathic training had been the task of some appointed preceptor. The final establishment of a school opened the way for a practical didactic experience.

The North American Academy of the Homeopathic Healing Art, afterwards referred to as The Allentown Academy, was dedicated in 1836. This was the first Homeopathic Medical College. The enthusiasm and influence of Dr. Constantine Hering was the moving force behind its establishment. Dr. Hering was the first president. The school was chartered June 17, 1836, and was entitled to confer the degree of *Doctor of Homeopathy* upon its graduates.

The venture did not meet with the expected success. Adequate finances were lacking. There had been no careful preparation. Certain powers had insisted on the use of German in the lecture room. The combination of all these hazards led to the dissolution of the college a few years after its dedication. The committees disbanded and the buildings were sold to liquidate a mortgage on them.

So passed away that seed from which all things came. Later a structure with the same purposes was to rise phoenix-like from the ashes. The cornerstone of the Academy, in which the Organon and Hahnemann's picture were laid, held together the hopes of a new school for a brief time. It never relinquished the glory of bearing a new challenge to medical thought.

In 1846 a National Medical Convention was organized, meeting annually. In May, 1847, during a convocation, it was resolved that the teaching of Homeopathy should not flourish, and that the organized society was to obstruct such teaching.

This was a direct blow to the education of the Homeopathic physician. The attack was from the parent of the American Medical Association and possessed the power of authenticity. It became apparent then, that the only course was distinct segregation in a Homeopathic college. The failure of the first attempt at a separate instructive identity did not deter another group from looking to this goal.

There was a meeting at the house of Dr. Jeanes in Philadelphia where he and Doctors Hering and Williamson talked of another venture. The matter was talked of by others in the Homeopathic profession here. There was much scattered opposition to the project, developed from the fear of another failure. This feeling was warranted since another upset would have been too discouraging for any further or immediate attempt.

The more bold counsels prevailed. The ardor of Dr. Hering was a beacon in the presence of moderate interest. He was eager to advance the cause to which he had devoted his life. He and his intimate friends together make the picture which a biographer depicts—"There have been few subjects in the history of medicine more worthy of the artist's pencil than that of those three men, sitting in that council chamber, with the responsibility of the hour pressing upon them. We can almost picture to ourselves their appearance as they sat in that council: Hering, forty-eight years of age; Jeanes, forty-seven; Williamsson, thirty-seven; all past the reckless enthusiasm of youth and in full vigor of ripe and matured manhood; the German scholar, the Philadelphia Quaker, and the descendant of the Pennsylvania pioneer; unlike, yet strong, typical, representative; each supporting and supplementing the other."

A petition to legislature was prepared, and in two days it had been signed by eighteen physicians and numerous laymen, asking for an Act incorporating the Homeopathic Medical College of Pennsylvania with all the rights belonging to other medical colleges in the commonweath, including the right to confer the degree of *Doctor of Homeopathic Medicine.*

The bill passed the House February 12, the Senate April 5, and was signed by the Governor on April 8, 1848.

The first meeting of the corporators was held on Hahnemann's birthday, April 10, 1848, in the Athenaeum Building on the southeast corner of Sixth and Adelphi Streets, opposite Washington Square. It marked the first official organization of the managing group of the college. Committees were appointed and officers elected.

On August 31, 1848, it was decided to open a dispensary; and at a meeting a month later the committee voted to seek subscriptions to raise the sum of $1,500.00 for establishing a clinical department and that friends be asked to contribute not less than $5.00 each for that purpose.

The first college building was at 229 Arch Street and all meetings were held there. Most conspicuous of the original faculty members, Dr. Hering resigned the first meeting after he was elected. Other members were Doctors Jeanes, Neidhard, Williamsson, Sims, and Semple.

Throughout the summer of 1848, the members of the various committees were very busy. Among the important business was the decision on a location. The rear portion of a large building at 229 Arch Street was rented at a quarterly rental of $75.00. The present number of the building is 635 Arch Street and is still standing.

The day for the formal opening drew near. Fifteen men responded to the invitation of the announcement and on October 16, 1848, the introductory lecture was given.

The purpose of the three enthusiasts had been fulfilled; the Homeopathic Medical College of Pennsylvania was an accomplished fact. A session had been held successfully and of the fifteen men who had attended lectures, six, who had

already attended lectures elsewhere, received the degree of Doctor of Homeopathic Medicine.

Only one course of lectures was given in the building on Arch Street. A meeting of the faculty was held in the College Building and this was their last assembly there. The next record is of a residence in a new building at 1105 Filbert Street. The entrance to this college was almost exactly similar to the one of the college building on Broad Street later. Both, now demolished, have their ghosts and comrade spirits walking up and down stone steps into school, out again, in the habit of students with perpetual grace. Here they assemble, here they disband, now they read and there they whisper stories, but in their ghost hearts is the old dream of their living and dying.

The second session of the new college began under much more favorable circumstances than the first one. It was not too soon for the members of the Homeopathic profession to have a college of their own faith. There were changes in the faculty.

The second commencement occurred March 2, 1850, at the Musical Fund Hall. The degree was conferred upon twenty graduates.

The third announcement appeared. In this pamphlet was included among the introductory remarks of explanation:

"Nor will the student be less deeply grounded in surgery and midwifery, which in their therapeutical part will be entirely reformed or at least greatly modified by the Homeopathic doctrine, so that one-half of all the surgical operations may be dispensed with. By means of a judicious treatment of a woman's ailments before labor and by means of strengthening her constitution, the act of parturition will become more and more natural, so that the mechanical and forcible means which have to be resorted to at the present may, in the future, mostly be set aside. But the necessary mechanical proceedings in their most improved form will not be overlooked in the lectures on this subject."

This was in the year 1850.

At a meeting of the faculty this same year, it was decided that $12.00 be the price for attendance at each of the professor's lecture courses.

During the course of 1850-51 the lecture room was given to the students on Sunday evening for religious purposes. These meetings were well attended.

About this time, the Dean reported a modest balance of $242.06 in his hands. Evidently the subscribers were rather slow in the payment of their dues. This caused no immediate catastrophe.

The financial department ingeniously had decided:

First, that sufficient money be retained by the Dean to pay the current expenses of the college.

Second, that on the first of December and April whatever money remains in the treasury, after deducting a sufficient sum to meet the expenses of the college, shall be divided among the professors.

The professors were modest in those early days (and the present writer would like to make a note on a similar difficulty he had) for in February the class asked them to each have a "lithograph likeness" taken and they declined.

During the summer of 1852, a building had been leased on Chestnut Street, near the bridge, and opened as a Homeopathic Hospital. This was an advance in the clinical plan.

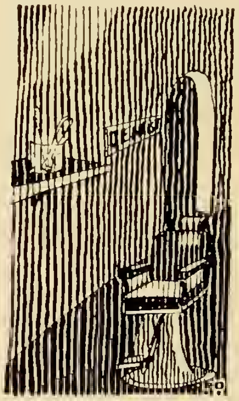
It was not long after the college had been opened, that certain members of the profession overseas looked here for a special diploma. In October, 1851, the Dean read a letter from Dr. Dudgeon of Edinburgh, in relation to granting a diploma to Mr. Albert Crosby Pope. Shortly after this Mr. Pope was recommended to receive the special degree of the college. This began the dispensations to foreign students.

On February 19, 1857, we have record of the first entertainment of the students by the faculty. This was held at the Girard House at 4.30 P. M.

On January 16, 1859, it was resolved at a faculty meeting, that a committee be appointed for the consideration of reorganization of the college, to secure it a permanent existence and progressive development. Doctors Hempel, Beakley and Reed were elected.

For the year of 1860, we hear mention of economics, inventories, retrenchments, and recommendations for new systems in personnel and management. It had become apparent that there was need for sound business administration. Efficiency and thrift became shibboleths against the imminence of penury. The action was a life-saver. The college foundation became more stable.

A dental clinic was organized in 1860 by Dr. Griffiths. The committee bought a dental chair, some forceps, and a probe. Dr. Griffiths was properly and grandly installed; but as the dental chair was sold in 1861, it seems that this clinic was not a success.



The same year, a Mr. Warriner began his lectures on the subject of Medical Jurisprudence. Notes were taken. The lecturer was a lawyer.

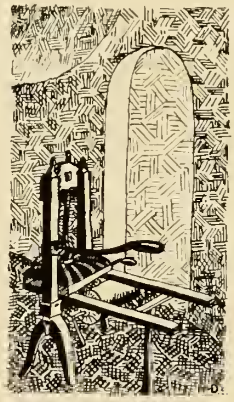
At the commencement in 1861, at Musical Fund Hall, there were twenty-five graduates. Six special degrees were granted.

All of this time the faculty underwent many changes in personnel, so numerous that they cannot be mentioned and still preserve interest in a mere narrative. There were resignations, appointments, dismissals, promotions, and deaths; all so confusing in this panoramic study as to make the early history appear a hodge-podge of ups-and-downs and in-and-outs.

During the summer of 1862 the anatomical room was improved; a skylight was added; a dispensary was also opened in the rear of the college and connected with this amphitheatre. The students had before this been attending the other hospitals of the city for clinical study.

There is no note on the effect of the Civil War. Undoubtedly, there were enlistments, roll-calls, and banded groups. On this score the record is silent.

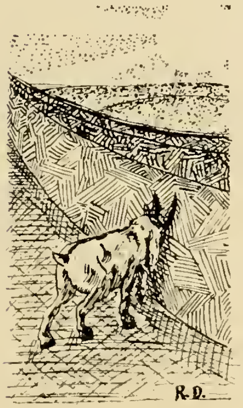
The college now was on a steadier basis. The period between 1865 and 1868 marked reconstruction. With this came the birth of a journal. *The Hahnemannian Monthly* was published for the express purpose of "printing lectures and other points of interest occurring in the college." In 1865, Dr. H. N. Guernsey became Dean and the Board of Trustees elected a Faculty.



At a meeting in 1865 the Faculty voted to allow ladies to sit in the ante-room to listen to the lectures. This was the first concession made to the fair sex by the college and evidently the last.

In 1866 Dr. Hering proposed that Dr. F. E. Boericke be authorized to prepare a standard Homeopathic Pharmacopoeia. At the same time it was voted that the secretary be a committee to sell at not less than cost the allopathic medical journals in the library. It may be mentioned that they were not sold. The neglect of this motion was in tone with the later acceptance by this school of a dual therapeutic armamentarium. There is record of Boericke and Tafel having presented to the dispensary copies of the *Standard Materia Medica* of the day.

A crisis now occurred when Dr. Lippe, who controlled most of the stock of the college, declared that the Chair of Pathology and Diagnostics was contrary to pure Homeopathy and should be abolished. Dr. Hering objected to this position and due to the autocratic manner in which Dr. Lippe maintained it, he withdrew from the chair to which he had returned after an absence.



Efforts at conciliation were futile. Dr. Hering organized a new college. The original college continued sessions.

This was the new Hahnemann Medical College instituting itself as a rival to the old Homeopathic School. Both sides were alternately conciliatory and depreciative. There were no cordial relations between the students of the two rival colleges.

Bitter accusations were made from both sides. The time was ripe for the Homeopathic Schools to start "cutting their own throats." There had to be a victor and victory. It seemed that the contest was one-sided. The last meeting of the old Homeopathic Medical College of Pennsylvania was held February 27, 1869. The professors split the financial balance.

This leads the historian to the sound inception of the Hahnemann Medical College. Dr. Hering secured the charter and completed the organization. He designed the seal. The original college same over to his side and joined hands.

There was a short period of residence in a building on Chestnut Street but this soon became inadequate for the uses of the college and arrangements were made for a permanent building. The change was made to 16 and 18 North Tenth Street.

Dr. A. R. Thomas was appointed to the Chair of Anatomy and Dr. F. E. Boericke became lecturer on Homeopathic Therapeutics. Dr. Thomas, in his initial address, spoke of the success of the institute. At the end of this year a dividend of $135.00 was declared to each of the members of the faculty.

So we have passed from a purpose to a realization; from seed to a flower. We have followed the history of Hahnemann from the original congress of idealists to the division and later amalgamation of factions resulting in the establishment of the authentic college.

The years then hold less important details, though still presenting periods dated by new administrations and new advances. Now our history becomes more detached and less circumspective.

In the span from 1870 to 1880 we read of money being raised for a new hospital and are reminded that if events do not always recur in cycles, at least history does repeat itself.

The clinical plan was continually extending through the college life and advancing its resources.

At this period, the first commencement was held at the Academy of Music. Fifty-four were graduated.

Dr. Constantine Hering died July 23, 1880. He had been very intimately related to the interests of the college. At the time of his death he was Professor Emeritus of Materia Medica.

Between the years of 1879 and 1882 the need of a new college was debated. The building on Filbert Street had become inadequate. The hospital had been established in the rear building since 1870. The old building on Cuthbert Street had been repaired and rebuilt for that purpose. It was in a back street. It was built over a sewer and its accommodations were scanty for a hospital.

After the formation of committees, and after the initial tasks were completed, efforts were made to find a situation suitable for the erection of both college and hospital buildings. A plot of ground was selected on Broad Street between Race and Vine Streets and extending from Broad Street to Fifteenth Street. The premises on Broad Street were bought from the Gavit Estate for $70,000, subject to ground rent.

On Thursday, November 6, 1884, at 3.00 P. M., the cornerstone was laid. The college was on Broad Street. The

Governor of Pennsylvania spoke. The ceremonies were conducted by the Masonic Lodge of Pennsylvania.

In the cornerstone, among other sundries, were placed the "Organon," Philadelphia daily papers, medals in commemoration of the Centennial, and lists of Alumni. This year the Alumni was formally organized. Dedication week of the new hospital and college was held during September 20 to 25, 1886.

The historian states: "That the students who came to attend lectures in 1886 came to a magnificent building situated on one of the world's finest streets."

In 1887 a three-year course was made obligatory. This was the first step in the gradual extension of the medical curriculum. There is no other comment. Hahnemann was the first college in the country to advocate a three-year study.

The announcements of 1890 and 1891 later spoke of the advisability of a four-year course and a plan was offered in anticipation of the next meeting of the Faculty to decide this.

After the session of 1894 and 1895 the four-year course became obligatory. Again Hahnemann took the lead in this scholastic innovation.

During the summer of 1894 changes were made in the Faculty. Dr. W. B. Van Lennep became Associate Professor of Surgery. Dr. O. S. Haines became Clinical Professor of Medicine. Dr. H. L. Northrop became Adjunct Professor of Anatomy. Later Dr. Van Lennep became Professor of Surgery.

On October 1, 1894, there were over seventy-five matriculates. The next year the Senior Class at graduation numbered sixty-five. The place of Dr. A. R. Thomas, who was ill at this time, was taken by Dr. J. E. James as acting Dean.

In 1895 the death of Dr. A. R. Thomas, who had been Dean for twenty-one years and largely responsible for the purchase of the property and building on Broad Street and the building of the Hahnemann Hospital on Fifteenth Street, ushered in a new era in the history of the Hahnemann Medical College.

Dr. Thomas was succeeded by Dr. H. L. Northrop in the Chair of Anatomy.

Dr. Pemberton Dudley, a devoted apostle of Samuel Hahnemann, was elected Dean and served until 1904, when Dr. Charles M. Thomas, the son of Dr. A. R. Thomas, a brilliant surgeon, was elected Dean.

In 1906 Dr. Herbert L. Northrop was elected Dean and served for four years, being succeeded by Dr. William B. Van Lennep in 1910, and he by Dr. William A. Pearson in 1914.

The work of the college and hospital has been increased so greatly that three new buildings, the nurses' home, the women's building, and the powerhouse were constructed in 1906 at a cost of three hundred and fifty thousand dollars.

Dr. Van Lennep completely reorganized the medical curriculum and made it conform to rigid standards. Eight professors were engaged to devote all of their time to the work of the college and soon other full-time men were added to the Faculty.

In 1913, at the request of the Pennsylvania Bureau of Professional Education, pre-medical instruction was inaugurated. A one-year pre-medical course was given until 1917, when the charter was revised to permit the granting of the Bachelor of Science degree after two years of pre-medical instruction and two years of medical instruction.

The two-year pre-medical course was continued until 1929, when it was abandoned largely because hundreds applied for matriculation, who had had more than two years of pre-medical training.

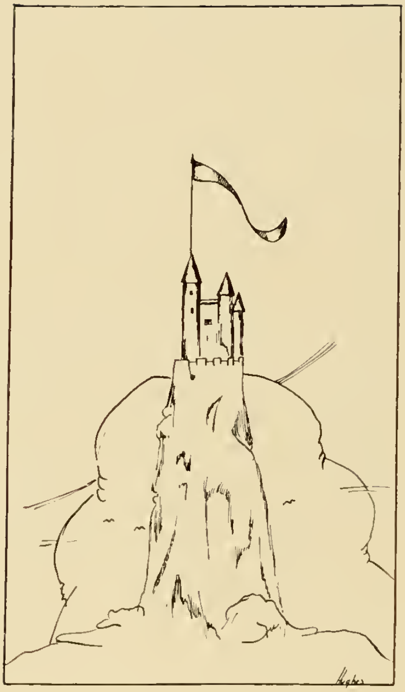
During the World War a Hahnemann Students' Army Training Corps was established and the students housed in the Armory at Broad and Callowhill Streets. Colonel John H. Lockwood was our first commanding officer. He was followed by Captain William Frazee. Two hundred and eighty-six graduates of the Hahnemann Medical College were officially enlisted in the army and navy medical corps and nine lost their lives in military service.

In 1927, after a successful campaign for two million dollars, the college on Broad Street was razed and temporary quarters were engaged for the college in a large building adjacent. A twenty-story hospital was built on the site of the old college. The former hospital was then completely remodeled for college purposes.

During this period of thirty years, from 1900 to 1930, thrrteen hundred and forty-nine men were graduated in medicine and one hundred and sixty-nine received the degree of Bachelor of Science.

This sketchy perusal of these latter years makes them no less important. The detail of history was spent in the analysis of those early beginnings, when so much can be said and so much can be interesting. All that has gone before is a birds-eye view, a panoramic study. Bits of chronicle have been joined here and there, to depict a gradual and portentous development. The commencement of the Class of '31 ends our story.

THE COLLEGE

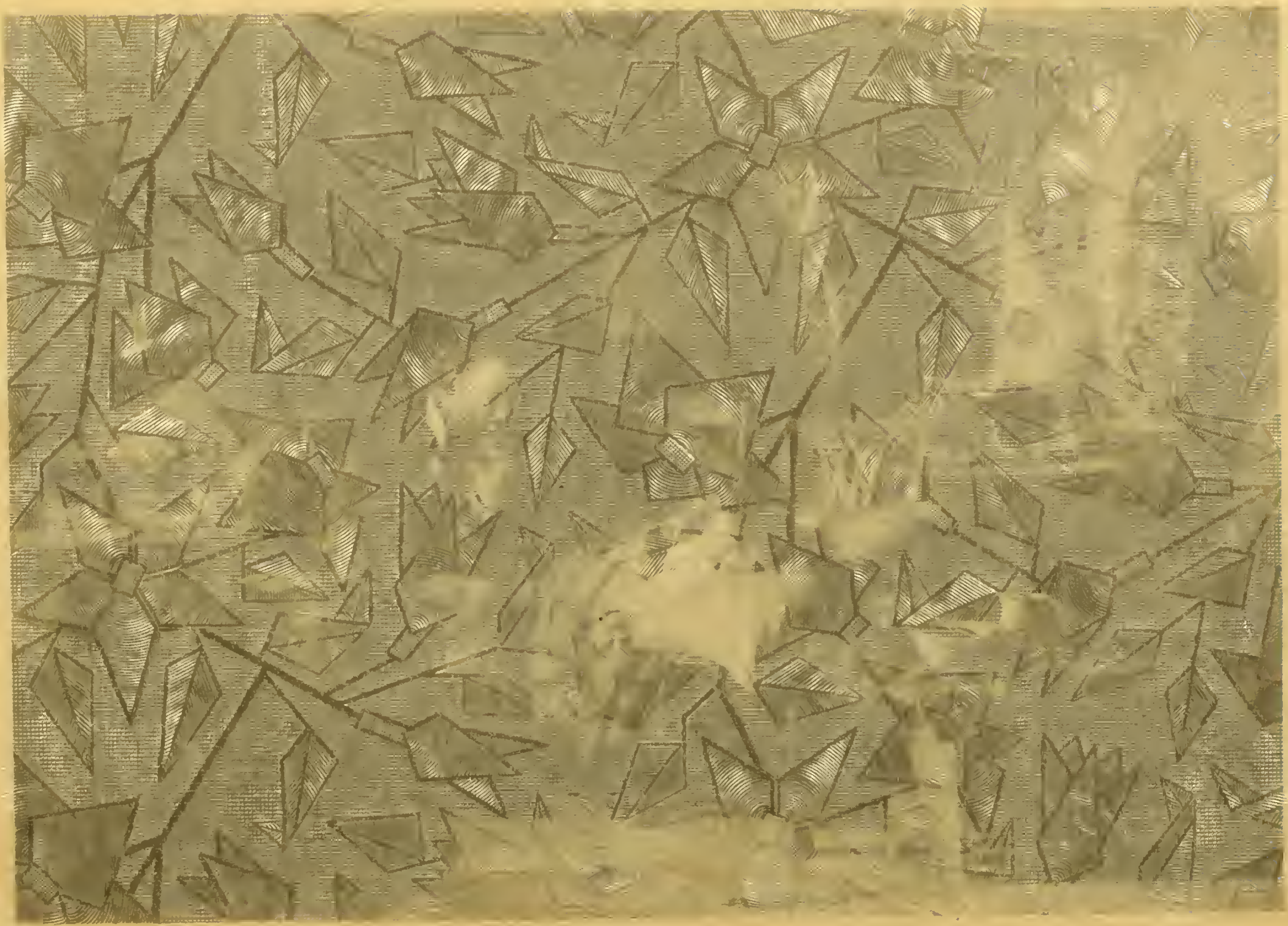


Hughes

VIEWS

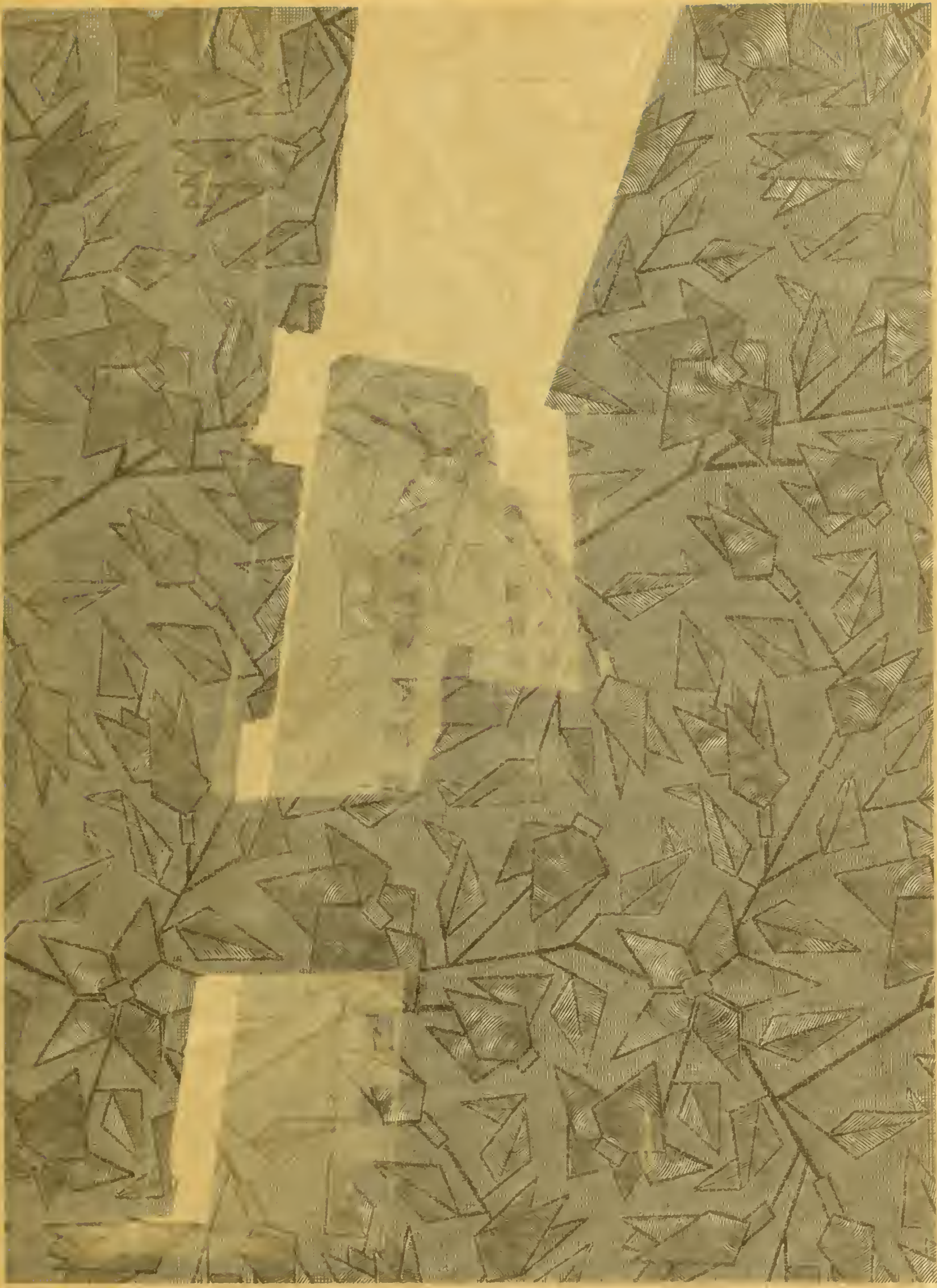
THE DOCTOR

'A place [illegible] and [illegible]
Or part [illegible] meads that well
[illegible] sweet.



THE DOCTOR

"A place of odors and of stealthy feet,
Of pain benificient, and dreads that wake
In sunshine to a contemplation sweet;



[illegible]

Of nurses gentle and immaculate;
And over all, they rule, as in a dream,
Who serve their fellow-men with skill supreme.

1931
c.1

[illegible] of steel and stone
[illegible] to heaven like a cathedral spire.
While hurrying feet pass by and thoughts unheed

It stands a monument of faith and need,
Pointing to Heaven like a temple's spire.
While hurrying feet pass by, and thoughts unheed,

And birds that sing of God rehearse desire
Within are tragedies, and mercies rare.
Reconsecrate each day, who labor there."

And birds that sing of God rehearse desire,
Within are tragedies, and mercies rare.
Reconsecrate each day, who labor there!"

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COLONEL LOUIS JOHN KOLB

SINCE Colonel Kolb became affiliated with Hahnemann Hospital and Medical College several years ago, great strides have been made in the material advancement of homeopathy. During this time he has been a power in the construction and administration of hospital and college, as member of the Board of Trustees, Chairman of the Building Committee, and since May, 1930, as President of the Board of Trustees and Chairman of the Executive Committee of the Board of Trustees.

The new Hahnemann Hospital and Medical College stands as a mark of distinction among medical centers. As Chairman of the Building Committee, Colonel Kolb was largely responsible for the successful construction of that great edifice. The task which his committee undertook in assuming responsibility for its construction was not a small one, and the industry and effort which they exercised is to be commended.

As a member of the College Committee of the Board of Trustees during our time at Hahnemann, Colonel Kolb has come even nearer to us as individuals. The enlargement of the student body, equipment and opportunities for study have transpired in this period. As a student body we have made various requests for accommodations to this committee, and in all its judgments our welfare as students has been paramount.

Following the resignation of Mr. Walter E. Hering in May, 1930, Colonel Kolb was elected president of the Board of Trustees. During this short time regular and frequent tours of inspection of hospital and college have made him familiar with the details of administration and have served as a means of appreciation of students and scholastic activities.

Colonel Kolb, however, does not restrict his hospital associations to Hahnemann. For many years he has been a director of St. Luke's and Children's Homeopathic Hospitals, and Graduate Hospital of the University of Pennsylvania.

Colonel Kolb was born in New York June 25, 1865, son of John Gotlieb and Sarah Elizabeth Kaiser Kolb. He attended and graduated from Rugby Academy in Philadelphia, entered the University of Pennsylvania, and in 1887 graduated as Bachelor of Arts. Following this, he entered business, in which his numbered and varied associations have been principally centered in Philadelphia. His wide scope of business, civic, social and philanthropic activities served to augment an appreciation of his character. During the incumbency of Governor Brumbaugh of Pennsylvania, Colonel Kolb served as Lt.-Colonel and aide-de-camp on the governor's staff. In more recent years he has received the honorary degree of Doctor of Laws from Ursinus College of Collegeville, Pa., and a similar degree from Juniata College of Huntingdon, Pa. Colonel Kolb is also a director of the Union League of Philadelphia.

DR. WILLIAM A. PEARSON, Dean

THE Class of 1931 deserves hearty congratulations upon the publication of this class book. The vast amount of time and labor required will be appreciated by all who scan its contents.

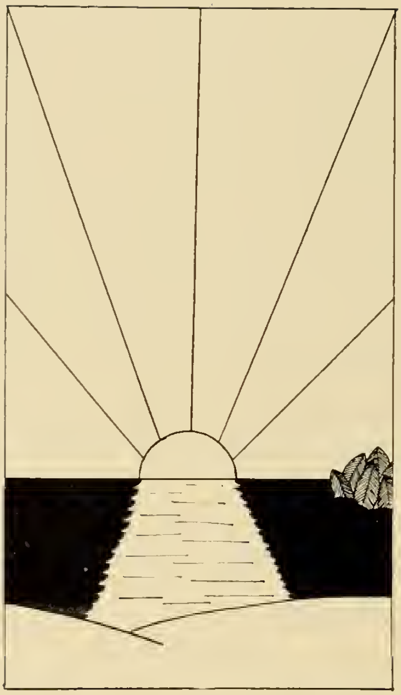
This is the largest class that has ever graduated from The Hahnemann Medical College of Philadelphia, numbering over ninety high-grade young men, who have dedicated their lives to medical service.

No one can estimate the amount of good these graduates will accomplish, but it is well-known that the average professional life of a physician is about twenty years and that the average physician ministers to approximately sixteen thousand patients.

It is my sincere wish that every member of the Class of 1931 will live long and maintain the highest traditions of the medical profession.

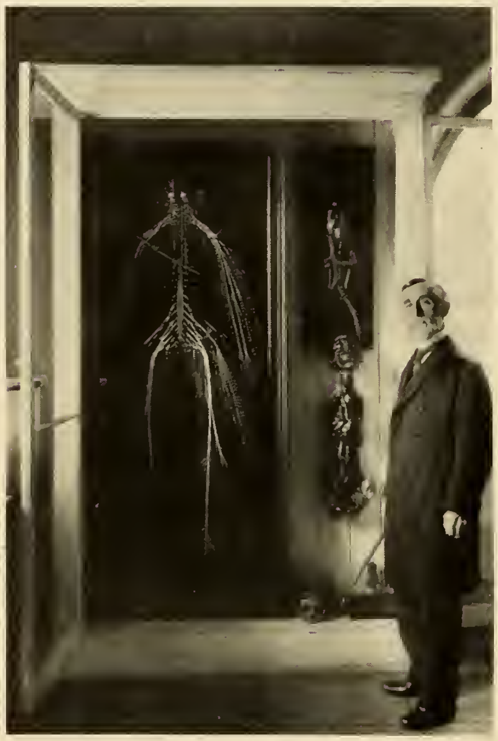
The Class of 1931 will contribute much toward making the world a better place in which to live.

W. A. Pearson



FACULTY

RUFUS B. WEAVER AND HIS WORK



SELDOM does the view of lifeless specimen evoke thoughts of an actual life. To glance at Dr. Rufus B. Weaver's dissection of the cerebro-spinal nervous system without being assailed vividly and instantly by a succession of interesting thoughts regarding the life of its author, is to admit that one is lacking in imagination and sensibility.

Born at Gettysburg on January 10, 1841, he early acquired a deep and fascinated interest in anatomy and physiology through a book on these subjects, which had come into his possession.

Their study became his goal and, accordingly, after obtaining, in 1862, the degree of Bachelor of Arts from Pennsylvania College, he matriculated in the Pennsylvania Medical College.

Three years later, upon graduation, he was still ardently striving for greater knowledge in this branch of science. Further courses followed at the University of Pennsylvania and Jefferson Medical College.

Eighteen-seventy marked his appointment as Demonstrator of Anatomy at Hahnemann. Nine years later, he became Lecturer in Surgical Anatomy. In 1891, Hahnemann College conferred upon him the honorary degree of Doctor of Medicine. He became Professor of Regional and Applied Anatomy in 1897 and filled this post until his resignation in 1925.

In all these years, he remained true to his ideals, faithful to his work, and held in reverence by his students. Slight of stature, we can visualize him passing from one dissecting table to another, always teaching, always encouraging. A man of science, in whose character were traits of loyalty and kindness glowing forth so vividly, that he not only evoked the respect and reverence, but even the love of "his boys."

His dissections were done not purely for the love of research, but also with the purpose of helping his students gain a deeper knowledge of the secrets he knew and was so willing to share. The College Museum was his hobby. Before his advent, it had already attained appreciable proportions, but it lacked proper care, and many of the specimens were antiquated. First mention of it is made in records dated 1850. Dr. Weaver assumed charge in 1880.

From this time it took on new life. Old and useless specimens were discarded, new ones made to replace them, new ones added. Soon articulated skeletons and minute and delicate dissections of the eye, wet specimens and dried specimens, anatomical specimens, and pathological specimens filled every case and every corner; all made with the greatest care, patience and skill.

The masterpiece is "Harriet." To her, in April, 1888, as she floated lazily in her vat, was designated a destiny of unique perpetuation upon this earth. Her body was an ideal subject, being poorly endowed with superfluous fat and resistant to the deterioration occurring in cadavers despite the most careful preparation. Actual work was initiated on April 9, 1888, after a few days devoted to the treatment of the body with zinc chloride. Dissection continued uninterruptedly until late in June of 1888. Each nerve was removed from the tenacious tissues which natural affinity had almost made inseparable. Much delicate teasing of tissues was necessary Lines of cleavage were found or created. Every tiny filament was traced to its point of mergence with less specialized tissues.

As the dissection progressed, the clean nerves were encased in protective sheaths consisting of a layer of thin gauze and a second layer of cotton soaked in alcohol. Repeated treatment with alcohol imparted moisture to the nerve and saved that pliability needed for an undistorted mounting of the specimen in its natural relationships.

Two weeks of what we may facetiously term nerve-racking work were spent prying the brain and the spinal cord from their resistant bony armour. Bones had to be broken blindly without the incidental breaking of nerves—an accident common even to skillful dissectors.

And then the opening of the dura matter, the exposure of the brain, the guarded penetration of the brain substance, the tracting of the cerebral nerves to their origins—this indeed was an anatomical adventure.

The eyes were not severed from the optic nerves in order to preserve the integrity of the nervous system. Their presence also made the specimen more impressive.

From July to September 15, 1888, more unremitting work was expended upon the mounting of the specimen. To align the nerves properly, to show natural relationships, and still to keep within the requirements imposed by a plane mounting-board was a problem replete with suggestions of failure. Myriads of pins and tiny ligatures were used to support the nerves, which do not rest on the board, being separated from it by a quarter of an inch space. As the specimen dried and hardened many of the pin-props were removed. Every advantage of the contour and consistency of the nerve tissue was utilized, so that while most of the pins were removed those which remain almost escape detection.

The dissection, bearing a ribbon won at the World's Fair in 1893, is now kept securely locked in a large safe in the Museum. To see it we had to induce George to accompany us. Always willing, he would swing open the heavy steel door proudly and we marveled as we gazed at it as Freshmen, marveled more as Seniors. Then George would carefully, almost reverently, lock the door of the safe and bow us out of the room.

We feel regret that advancing years deprived us of Dr. Weaver's acquaintance. This essay is our humble tribute to his patience and dexterity, to his boldness of intellect, which dared to conceive the thought, to his constancy of purpose, which led to the realization of the thought. It is our tribute to his love and his loyalty for his students and their school.

HERBERT L. NORTHROP, M.D., F.A.C.S.

M.D., Hahnemann Medical College, 1889

American College of Surgeons
Hahnemann Medical Club
Philadelphia Homeopathic Medical Society
Philadelphia Medical Society
American Institute of Homeopathy

Professor and Head of Department of Surgery
Surgeon-in-Chief to Hahnemann Hospital
Dean of Hahnemann Medical College, 1906-1910
Professor of Anatomy, 1894-1920
Anesthetist to Hahnemann Hospital, 1890-1895
Demonstrator in Histology, 1890-1893

SAMUEL W. SAPPINGTON, M.D., F.A.C.P.

M.D., Hahnemann Medical College, 1897

Phi Alpha Gamma
American College of Physicians
American Institute of Homeopathy
Pennsylvania Homeopathic Medical Society
Philadelphia Homeopathic Medical Society
Philadelphia Pathological Society
American Association of Immunologists

Professor and Head of Department of Pathology and Bacteriology
Pathologist to Hahnemann Hospital
Physician to Hahnemann Hospital

D. BUSHROD JAMES, M.D., F.A.C.S.

M.D., Hahnemann Medical College, 1896

Philadelphia Medical Society
Pennsylvania Medical Society
American Institute of Homeopathy
Germantown Medical Society
Union League

Professor and Head of Department of Gynecology
Gynecologist to Hahnemann Hospital

WILLIAM A. PEARSON, Ph.D., Ph.C., M.D., Sc.D.

Ph.C., University of Michigan, 1900
Ph.D., University of Michigan, 1902
M.D., Hahnemann Medical College, 1915
Sc.D., LaSalle College, 1926

American Chemical Society
American Pharmaceutical Association
American Association of Clinical Research
American Institute of Homeopathy
Philadelphia Rotary Club
Union League
Cynwyd Club
Author, "Medical Chemistry"
"Physiological and Clinical Chemistry"

Research Chemist, Parke Davis, 1900-1904.
Professor of Chemistry, Ferris Institute, Big Rapids, Michigan, 1904-1906.
Professor of Chemistry, Hahnemann Medical College, 1906-
Dean, Hahnemann Medical College, 1913-

FRANK H. WIDMAN, M.D.

University of Pennsylvania
M.D., Hahnemann Medical College, 1893

Pi Upsilon Rho
Philadelphia Homeopathic Medical Society
Pennsylvania Homeopathic Medical Society
American Institute of Homeopathy
Cynwyd Club

Registrar, Hahnemann Medical College
Assistant in Biology, 1899-1900
Lecturer on Embryology, 1900-1909
Professor of Embryology, 1909-1912
Demonstrator of Physiology, 1902-1909
Lecturer on Physiology, 1910-1911
Associate Professor of Physiology, 1912-1913
Professor of Physiology, 1913-

HARRY S. WEAVER, M.D., F.A.C.S.

M.D., Hahnemann Medical College, 1892

Alpha Sigma
Union League
Manufacturers Club
Philadelphia Country Club
American Institute of Homeopathy
Pennsylvania Homeopathic Medical Society
Philadelphia Homeopathic Medical Society

Professor and Head of Department of Laryngology, Rhinology, Ophthalmology and Otology
Laryngologist to Hahnemann Hospital

LEON T. ASHCRAFT, Ph.B., A.M., M.D., F.A.C.S.

Ph.B., Dickinson College, 1887
A.M., Dickinson College, 1890
M.D., Hahnemann Medical College, 1890

American College of Surgeons
University Club
Philadelphia Country Club
Merion Cricket Club

Professor and Head of Department of Urology
Urologist to Hahnemann Hospital

CHARLES SIGMUND RAUE, M.D.

University of Pennsylvania, 1892
M.D., Hahnemann Medical College, 1895

Philadelphia Pediatric Society
American Institute of Homeopathy
Pennsylvania Homeopathic Medical Society
Philadelphia Homeopathic Medical Society
Union League
Author, "Diseases of Children"

Professor and Head of Department of Pediatrics
Physician to Children, Hahnemann Hospital
Consulting Physician to St. Luke's and Children's Homeopathic Hospital
Consulting Physician to Women's Homeopathic Hospital

HARRY MARTIN EBERHARD, M.D.

M.D., Hahnemann Medical College, 1898
Boas Polyclinic, Berlin
University of Berlin

Pi Upsilon Rho

Professor and Head of Department of Gastro-Enterology
Gastro-Enterologist to Broad Street Hospital
Woman's Homeopathic Hospital
Physician to Hahnemann Hospital

EDWARD A. STEINHILBER, M.D.

M.D., Hahnemann Medical College, 1909 *Phi Alpha Gamma*

Professor and Head of Department of Neurology and Psychiatry
Associate Professor of Histology and Embryology, 1914-1925
Neurologist to Hahnemann Hospital

ARTHUR HARTLEY, M.D., F.A.C.S.

University of Pennsylvania
M.D., Hahnemann Medical College, 1898

Chairman, Anatomical Bureau of the State of Pennsylvania
American College of Surgeons
County and State Homeopathic Medical Societies
American Institute of Homeopathy
American Medical Association
Germantown Club
Executive Committee, Hahnemann Medical College
Advisory Committee, Hahnemann Hospital
Phi Alpha Gamma
Union League

Associate Professor of Surgery
Professor of Applied Anatomy
Head of Department of Anatomy
Surgeon to Hahnemann Hospital
Surgeon to St. Luke's and Children's Homeopathic Hospital
Surgeon to Women's Homeopathic Hospital
Consulting Surgeon to Delaware County Hospital

GARTH WILKINSON BOERICKE, M.D.

University of California	*Beta Theta Pi*
M.D., University of Michigan, 1908	*Alpha Sigma*

Professor of Materia Medica and Therapeutics
Physician to Hahnemann Hospital
Director of Hering Laboratory
First Clinical Assistant, Internal Medicine, University of Michigan, 1919-1921
Assistant Clinical Professor of Applied Homeopathy, University of California, 1921-26

RALPH BERNSTEIN, M.D., F.A.C.P.

M.D., University of Pennsylvania, 1903
M.D., Hahnemann Medical College, 1904

Pi Upsilon Rho
Society of Forensic Medicine
American Medical Authors Association
American College of Physicians
National, State, and County Medical Societies
Author of "Elementary Dermatology"

Professor and Head of Department of Dermatology
Consulting Dermatologist to Hahnemann Hospital
Clinical Chief, Section of Dermatology, Hahnemann Hospital Dispensary
Lecturer on Dermatology, School for Nurses, Hahnemann Hospital

JACOB WILLIAM FRANK, M.D.

M.D., Hahnemann Medical College

- *Radiologic Society of North America*
- *American Roentgen Ray Society*
- *Philadelphia Roentgen Ray Society*
- *Philadelphia Medical Club*
- *Aesculapian Medical Club*
- *Germantown Medical Club*
- *American Institute of Homeopathy*
- *Pennsylvania Homeopathic Medical Society*
- *Philadelphia Homeopathic Medical Society*
- *Penn Athletic Club*

Professor of Roentgenology
Roentgenologist to Hahnemann Hospital

JOHN A. BORNEMAN, P.D.

P.D., Philadelphia College of Pharmacy, 1902 *Pi Upsilon Rho*

Professor of Pharmacy
Chief Pharmacist, Hahnemann Hospital
Temple University, Instructor and Lecturer on Homeopathic Pharmacy

FRANK C. BENSON, JR., A. M., M.D., F.A.C.S.

M.D., Hahnemann Medical College, 1894
A.M., Hahnemann Medical College, 1927

Philadelphia County Medical Society
State Homeopathic Medical Association
American Medical Association
American College of Surgeons

Professor of Radiology
Department of Surgery, 1895-1920
Radium Therapeutist to Hahnemann Hospital

JOHN EDWIN JAMES, JR., B.S., M.D., F.A.C.S.

B.S., University of Pennsylvania, 1899
M.D., Hahnemann Medical College, 1902

Phi Gamma Delta
Phi Alpha Gamma
American College of Surgeons
University Club
Philadelphia Country Club

Professor and Head of Department of Obstetrics
Chief Obstetrician to Hahnemann Hospital

JOHN A. BROOKE, M.D., F.A.C.S.

M.D., Hahnemann Medical College, 1896 *American College of Surgeons*

Professor of Orthopedic Surgery
Surgeon to Hahnemann Hospital
Lecturer on Mechano-Therapeutics

FRANK O. NAGLE, M.D.

University of Pennsylvania
M.D., Hahnemann Medical College, 1907
University of Breslau

Alpha Sigma
Germantown Club
American Institute of Homeopathy
Philadelphia Homeopathic Medical Society
Pennsylvania Homeopathic Medical Society

Professor of Ophthalmology
Ophthalmologist to Hahnemann Hospital
Associate in Ophthalmological Pathology

G. HARLAN WELLS, B.S., M.D., F.A.C.P.

B.S., University of Delaware, 1898
M.D., Hahnemann Medical College, 1902

Pi Upsilon Rho
Union League
Philadelphia Country Club
American College of Physicians
Former President of American Institute of Homeopathy
Pennsylvania Homeopathic Medical Society
Philadelphia Homeopathic Medical Society

Professor of Clinical Medicine
Physician-in-Chief to Hahnemann Hospital

WILLIAM RENDELL WILLIAMS, M.D.

M.D., Hahnemann Medical College, 1902

Philadelphia County Medical Society
Philadelphia Homeopathic Medical Society
Pennsylvania Homeopathic Medical Society
American Institute of Homeopathy
American Medical Association

Professor of Clinical Medicine
Physician to Hahnemann Hospital
Consulting Physician, Roxborough Memorial Hospital

WILLIAM M. SYLVIS, M.D.

M.D., Hahnemann Medical College, 1902
M.D., Jefferson Medical College, 1908

Phi Alpha Gamma

Professor of Anatomy
Associate Professor of Surgery
Associate in Surgical Pathology
Surgeon to Hahnemann Hospital
Surgeon to Abington Hospital

WARREN C. MERCER, M.D.

West Chester Normal School
M.D., Hahnemann Medical College, 1899

Philadelphia Homeopathic Medical Society
Pennsylvania Homeopathic Medical Society
American Institute of Homeopathy
Germantown Medical Society
Clinical Research Society
Association of Internal Societies
Academy of the Fine Arts

Professor of Clinical Obstetrics
Obstetrician to Hahnemann Hospital
President of The Staff of Broad Street Hospital
Chief Obstetrician to Broad Street Hospital
Head of Department of Women of St. Luke's and Children's Homeopathic Hospital
Consulting Obstetrician, Women's Homeopathic Hospital, West Chester Homeopathic Hospital and Crozer Hospital of Chester, Pa.

DESIDERIO ROMAN, A.M., M.D., F.A.C.S.

A.M., National College of Granada, Nicaragua, 1899
M.D., Hahnemann Medical College, 1893

Philadelphia Homeopathic Medical Society
Pennsylvania Homeopathic Medical Society
American Institute of Homeopathy
Germantown Medical Society
Union League
American College of Surgeons

Clinical Professor of Surgery
Surgeon-in-Chief to St. Luke's and Children's Homeopathic Hospital
Lecturer in History of Medicine
Consulting Surgeon to Wilmington Homeopathic Hospital

GUSTAVE A. VAN LENNEP, M.D., F.A.C.S.

M.D., Hahnemann Medical College, 1894

American College of Surgeons
American Institute of Homeopathy
Pennsylvania Homeopathic Medical Society
Philadelphia Homeopathic Medical Society

Clinical Professor of Surgery
Surgeon to Hahnemann Hospital

GEORGE F. BICKLEY, M.D.

M.D., Hahnemann Medical College, 1894	*Union League* *Philadelphia Homeopathic Medical Society* *Pennsylvania Homeopathic Medical Society* *American Institute of Homeopathy* *Germantown Club*

Clinical Professor of Gastro-enterology
Physician to Hahnemann Hospital

HERBERT P. LEOPOLD, A.B., M.D., F.A.C.S.

A.B., Albright College, 1893
M.D., Hahnemann Medical College, 1896

American Institute of Homeopathy
Pennsylvania Homeopathic Medical Society
Philadelphia Homeopathic Medical Society
Union League

Clinical Professor of Surgery
Surgeon to Hahnemann Hospital
Surgical Chief, St. Luke's and Children's Homeopathic Hospital
Consulting Surgeon, Allentown State Hospital
Consulting Surgeon, Wilmington Homeopathic Hospital
Consulting Surgeon, West Jersey Homeopathic Hospital

FRED W. SMITH, M.D., F.A.C.S.

M.D., Hahnemann Medical College, 1903

Alpha Sigma
American College of Surgeons

Clinical Professor of Laryngology and Rhinology
Laryngologist to Hahnemann Hospital

JOSEPH V. F. CLAY, M.D., F.A.C.S.

M.D., Hahnemann Medical College, 1906

American College of Surgeons
American Board of Otolaryngology

Clinical Professor of Otology
Otologist to Hahnemann Hospital
Ophthalmologist to Children's and St. Luke's Homeopathic Hospital
Head of Department of Ophthalmology, Otology, and Rhinology, Women's Homeopathic Hospital

JOSEPH McELDOWNEY, M.D.

M.D., Hahnemann Medical College, 1905

Alpha Sigma
American Institute of Homeopathy
Pennsylvania Homeopathic Medical Society
Philadelphia Homeopathic Medical Society

Clinical Professor of Physical Diagnosis
Physician to Hahnemann Hospital

LEON CLEMMER, M.D., F.A.C.S.

M.D., Hahnemann Medical College, 1912

American College of Surgeons
Alpha Sigma

Clinical Professor of Obstetrics
Senior Obstetrican to Hahnemann Hospital

JOHN DEAN ELLIOTT, M.D., F.A.C.S.

M.D., Hahnemann Medical College, 1901

Phi Alpha Gamma
American College of Surgeons

Clinical Professor of Surgery
Associate in Surgical Pathology
Surgeon to Hahnemann Hospital
Surgeon to Abington Memorial Hospital

BENJAMIN K. FLETCHER, Ph. G., M.D.

Ph.G., Philadelphia College of Pharmacy, 1888
M.D., Hahnemann Medical College, 1895

Pennsylvania Homeopathic Medical Society
Philadelphia Homeopathic Medical Society
American Institute of Homeopathy

Clinical Professor of Pediatrics
Physician to Children, Hahnemann Hospital

JAMES D. SCHOFIELD, M.D.

M.D., Hahnemann Medical College, 1904 *Alpha Sigma*

Clinical Professor of Proctology
Lecturer on Rectal Diseases
Associate in Post-graduate School, University of Pennsylvania

HENRY IRVIN KLOPP, M.D., F.A.C.P., Sc. D.

Palatinate (Albright) College
M.D., Hahnemann Medical College, 1894
Sc.D. Muhlenberg College, 1927

Pi Upsilon Rho
Lehigh Valley Homeopathic Medical Society
Pennsylvania Homeopathic Medical Society
American Institute of Homeopathy
American Psychiatric Association
American College of Physicians

Associate Professor of Mental Diseases
Superintendent, Allentown State Hospital

WILLIAM COSGROVE HUNSICKER, M.D., F.A.C.S.

University of Pennsylvania
M.D., Hahnemann Medical College, 1895

State Senator
Ptolemy
American College of Surgeons

Associate Professor of Urology
Urologist to Hahnemann Hospital

DEACON STEINMETZ, M.D., F.A.C.S.

M.D., Hahnemann Medical College, 1895

American College of Surgeons
Philadelphia Homeopathic Medical Society
Pennsylvania Homeopathic Medical Society
American Institute of Homeopathy

Clinical Professor of Surgery
Former Demonstrator of Anatomy
Surgeon to Hahnemann Hospital

JOHN L. REDMAN, M.D.

M.D., Hahnemann Medical College, 1896

Philadelphia Medical Society
Pennsylvania Medical Society
American Institute of Homeopathy
Formerly President, Germantown Medical Society

Associate Professor of Pediatrics
Physician to Children, Hahnemann Hospital

OTHMAR F. BARTHMAIER, M.D.

St. Josephs College
M.D., Hahnemann Medical College, 1906
Post-graduate Study, University of Vienna
Rockefeller Institute, New York City

Penn Athletic Club
Philopatrian Club
State Homeopathic Society
American Institute of Homeopathy
Bacteriological Society of Philadelphia
Pathological Society of Philadelphia
Captain, Medical Corps, U. S. Army

Associate Professor of Pathology
Pathologist, St. Luke's Hospital

LINNAEUS E. MARTER, M.D., F.A.C.S.

M.D., Hahnemann Medical College, 1896
M.D., Medico-Chirurgical College, 1902

American College of Surgeons
Philadelphia Medical Society
Pennsylvania Medical Society
American Medical Association
Philadelphia Homeopathic Medical Society
Pennsylvania Homeopathic Medical Society
American Institute of Homeopathy
Ptolemy

Associate Professor of Laryngology and Rhinology
Laryngologist to Hahnemann Hospital
Oto-Laryngologist to Roxborough Memorial Hospital

WILLIAM I. TOMLINSON, M.D.

M.D., Hahnemann Medical College, 1903

Philadelphia Homeopathic Medical Society
Pennsylvania Homeopathic Medical Society
American Institute of Homeopathy

Associate Professor of Obstetrics
Senior Obstetrician to Hahnemann Hospital
Assistant in Pathology, 1903-1907
Assistant in Medicine, 1903-1909

JOHN L. VAN TINE, M.D.

M.D., Hahnemann Medical College, 1893

Alpha Sigma
Philadelphia Homeopathic Medical Society
Pennsylvania Homeopathic Medical Society
American Institute of Homeopathy

Associate Professor of Materia Medica and Therapeutics

JOSEPH SAMUEL HEPBURN, B.S., M.S., Ph. D.

B.S. in Chem., M.S., University of Pennsylvania, 1907

Ph.D., Columbia University, 1913

Edward Longstreth Medal of Merit from the Franklin Institute, 1921

Sigma Xi
Pi Upsilon Rho
American Society of Biological Chemists
American Chemical Society
Franklin Institute
Academy of Natural Sciences of Philadelphia
Physiological Society of Philadelphia
American Institute of Homeopathy (Honorary Associate Member)

Associate Professor of Chemistry

AUBREY B. WEBSTER, A.B., M.D., F.A.C.S.

A.B., Acadia University, 1898
M.D., Boston University, 1902

Alpha Sigma
American College of Physicians
Union League
Germantown Club

Associate Professor of Surgery
Surgeon to Hahnemann Hospital
Surgeon to St. Luke's and Children's Homeo-Pathic Hospital
Surgeon to Roxboro Memorial Hospital

THOMAS A. SNYDER, M.D.

M.D., Hahnemann Medical College, 1916

Pi Upsilon Rho

Associate Professor of Histology and Embryology
Lecturer on Ophthalmology
Assistant in Opthalmological Pathology
Ophthalmologist to Hahnemann Hospital

CHARLES B. HOLLIS, M.D., F.A.C.S.

M.D., Hahnemann Medical College, 1912
University of Vienna

Alpha Sigma
Union League
Medical Club of Philadelphia
Germantown Medical Society
American Institute of Homeopathy
Pennsylvania Homeopathic Medical Society
Philadelphia Homeopathic Medical Society
American College of Surgeons

Associate Professor of Rhinology and Laryngology
Laryngologist to Hahnemann Hospital
Chief, Ear, Nose and Throat, St. Luke's and Children's Homeopathic Hospital
Consultant in Nose and Throat, Allentown State Hospital
Consultant in Otology, Institute for Deaf, Trenton, N. J.

THOMAS W. PHILLIPS, M.D.

M.D., Hahnemann Medical College, 1916
University of Pennsylvania

Pi Upsilon Rho
Ptolemy

Associate Professor of Anatomy
Assistant Proctologist to Hahnemann Hospital

JOSEPH CHANDLER, A.B., Ph.D.

A.B., Colby College, 1909
Ph.D., Johns Hopkins University, 1912

Delta Upsilon
Phi Beta Kappa
American Chemical Society
Honorary Captain, Chemical Warfare Reserve

Assistant Professor of Chemistry, University of Louisville, 1912-1914

Instructor and Assistant Professor of Chemistry, Tufts College, 1914-1919

Instructor and Assistant Professor of Chemistry, Boston University School of Medicine, 1921-1926

Associate Professor of Chemistry, The Hahnemann Medical College, 1927-

FREDERICK C. PETERS, M.D.

M.D., Hahnemann Medical College, 1911

Alpha Sigma

Associate Professor of Ophthalmology
Ophthalmologist to Hahnemann Hospital
Instructor in Ophthalmological Pathology

EARL B. CRAIG, M.D., F.A.C.S.

M.D., Hahnemann Medical College, 1906
M.D., Jefferson Medical College, 1908

Alpha Sigma
American College of Surgeons

Clinical Professor of Gynecology
Gynecologist to Hahnemann Hospital

FRANK JOSEPH FROSCH, M.D.

St. Peter's Academy
M.D., Hahnemann Medical College, 1907
M.D., Jefferson Medical College, 1908

Phi Alpha Gamma
Philadelphia Medical Society
Pennsylvania Medical Society
Philadelphia Homeopathic Medical Society
Pennsylvania Homeopathic Medical Society
American Medical Association
American Institute of Homeopathy

Associate Professor of Gynecology
Demonstratior in Gynecologic Pathology
Gynecologist to Hahnemann Hospital

OLIVER B. WAIT, M.D.

M.D., New York Homeopathic Medical College, 1894

American Institute of Homeopathy
Pennsylvania Homeopathic Medical Society
Philadelphia Homeopathic Medical Society

Associate Professor of Obstetrics
Obstetrician to Hahnemann Hospital

DONALD R. FERGUSON, A.B., M.D., F.A.C.P.

A.B., Swarthmore College, 1912
M.D., Hahnemann Medical College, 1916

Kappa Sigma
Alpha Sigma
American College of Physicians
American Institute of Homeopathy
Pennsylvania State Medical Society
Philadelphia County Medical Society
Germantown Medical Society
Captain, Medical Corps, U. S. Army

Associate Professor of Medicine
Electrocardiographer
Assistant Visiting Physician to Hahnemann Hospital

EDWARD ROLAND SNADER, JR.
B.S., M.D., F.A.C.P.

B.S., Haverford College, 1917
M.D., Hahnemann Medical College, 1921

Alpha Sigma
University Club
Germantown Medical Society

Associate Professor of Medicine
Lecturer on Physical Diagnosis
Assistant Physician to Hahnemann Hospital
Electro-cardiographer to Hahnemann Hospital

C. DUDLEY SAUL, M.D.

Temple University
M.D., Hahnemann Medical College, 1901.

Alpha Sigma
American Institute of Homeopathy
Pennsylvania Homeopathic Medical Society
Philadelphia Homeopathic Medical Society
Germantown Medical Society

Associate Professor of Medicine
Lecturer of Allergic Diseases
Assistant Visiting Physician to Hahnemann Hospital
Consulting Physician, Allentown State Hospital

CARL V. VISCHER, M.D., F.A.C.P.

M.D., Hahnemann Medical College, 1919
Hahnemann College of Science, 1915

Alpha Sigma
American College of Physicians
Philadelphia County Medical Society
Pennsylvania State Medical Society
American Medical Association
American Institute of Homeopathy

Chief, Medical Out-Patient Department, Hahnemann Hospital
Assistant Visiting Physician, Hahnemann Hospital
Lecturer in Medicine

HARRY F. HOFFMAN, M.D.

University of Buffalo
M.D., Hahnemann Medical College, 1910

Pi Upsilon Rho
Psi Omega

Associate Professor of Mental Diseases
Lecturer in Psychiatry, Lafayette College
Lecturer in Psychiatry and Mental Hygiene, Lehigh University
Assistant Superintendent, Allentown State Hospital

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(continued)

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Wayne T. Killian, M.D.	Professor of Anesthesia
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William B. Griggs, M.D.	Professor of Therapeutics
James B. Bert, M.D.	Professor of Obstetrics

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WALLACE K. KRATZ
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Friend, Intimate Counselor and Recorder for All Time

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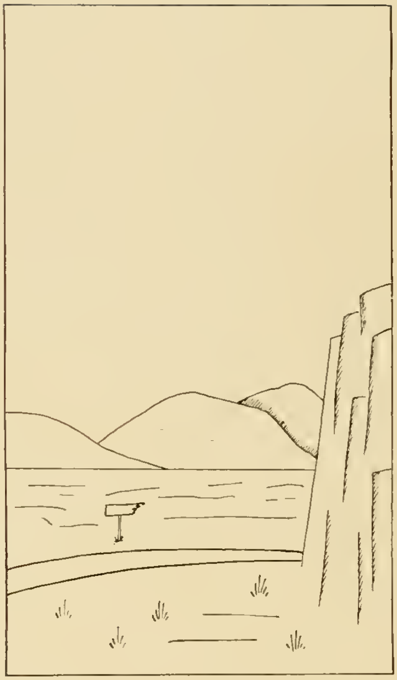

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1931

ERNEST G. L. WIEBUSCH
TREASURER

RICHARD EMERSON ALLEN

Tiffin, Ohio — Heidelberg College

Phi Alpha Gamma; Junior Interne at Crozier Hospital, Chester, Pa.

"DICK" was Dr. Snyder's pet target in Histology recitation. In the upper corner of the room in the fire house, slouched in his seat with his feet on someone's back below him, he quietly answered correctly each question. He was never disturbed, when after the question had passed through many others unanswered, the grinning doctor called on him. Then those next in line would be relieved by his disposal of the problem. This quality of helping others in danger engendered respect and admiration. "Dick" was a lively figure at all of our dances. After the affairs it was not uncommon for him to get mixed up in the swinging doors of Lintons. He discussed such things rather quietly, and the next morning he sat in his usual front-row seat as routinely busy with his notebook. During the X-ray demonstration when the lights went out he found good support against the wall for his head. He could become militant in class debate. It wasn't easy to scuttle his arguments in any conversation. Everything he said was with a forced emphasis in his beliefs. Slow speech, moods, industry, good times and gravity—as we knew him.

Homeopathic Hospital, Providence, R. I.
Obstetrics

MELVIN FRANCIS AMES

Ipswich, Mass. Hahnemann College of Science

Glee Club; MEDIC Staff; Phi Alpha Gamma

"MEL" came from "way down east" with his distinct New England manners. He joined our class in the second year after a remission in his education. By the time of this union he was moderately well-acquainted through his own and the experience of older brothers, with the prominences and failures in the curriculum. His speech was soft and evenly modulated. It reminded us of something traditional, way back and well-founded. It was akin to that Southern talk which "we alls" and "over yonders" when not careful. He sang, too. Often, when unconscious of any listener, he deeply went through some refrain. He said "corking" when pleased so that it sounded like "caulking." It is reputed that he was the only man to get a real smile out of Wally Kratz—when that noteworthy was peeved. He very deliberately listened when addressed and hesitated before making answer, probably blinking first and setting up his tortoise-shell rimmed glasses. When he joked, he interpolated understandable remarks with a sincere chuckle. His confabs with intimates were revealing. It was difficult to write personally of a man in an armor of gentility.

Rhode Island Homeopathic Hospital, Providence, R. I.
Materia Medica

DAVID L. ANDRUS

Camden, N. J. Hahnemann College of Science

"DAVE" had reserved for him in lecture one seat on the front row by the aisle. Probably no one else ever sat there. We caught a picture of him bending over his note-book, taking notes word for word by the stroking of his green-tinted pen. No one can say that he ever missed a class; his seat seemed always filled. His notes were neat and artistically perfect. For one who missed a lecture, "Dave's" notes were the most reliable for copy. The general property of his person illustrated detail and precision. His hands were almost the proverbial "lily-white." His kerchief always looked debonnair in the corner of his coat pocket. There were times when he was hypercritical and in the extremes of this he could become bitterly derisive. He flushed easily and the prominence of his seat gave this weakness no privacy. Many a lecture was scattered with his questions. The categories and most difficult names were received by "Dave" with a "How do you spell that, Doctor?" He aligned himself with a few close friends and dispensed no confidences beyond them. This was only a character in the totality of his private person.

Hahnemann Hospital, Philadelphia, Pa.
Medicine

DANTE JOHN BEVILACQUA

Philadelphia, Pa. Hahnemann College of Science, B.S.

Pi Upsilon Rho; MEDIC Staff; Il Circolo Italiano; President Il Circolo Italiano

"CHIEF" carried on as the big organization man. He served on committees. He managed athletics. He campaigned for dances. In his own Italian camaraderie he was the "little corporal," a type of dominance and leadership. Baseball took most of his time in springtime between reviewing the professionals and organizing class teams. At these times, when a schedule of games was due, he could be seen going from one class representative to another with challenges. He was derisive of teams that forfeited in the interclass play. His political force was never openly displayed, rather it played gracefully and unseen toward the desired result. He considered the union of fraternal groups as an expediency superior to divided tickets. He could talk circles around more loud orators and always with the same dark Latin emphasis and life. We often saw him shake his shoulder, throw his hands down and turn away with a half-scornful remark when certain attentions or advisements were distasteful. He most often walked into class with a black look on his face, turned to the rostrum, and noticing no one there, looked up to smile (a very white smile) and call "Save me a seat." Pre-occupation, deep thought, and spontaneous gaiety make the word picture of "Chief."

Woman's Homeopathic Hospital, Philadelphia, Pa.
Materia Medica

JASON LOUIS BLEVINS

Richmond, Ky. University of Kentucky

Alpha Tau Omega; Mercer Univ.—(Macon, Ga.)—Ph.G.

BLEVINS leisurely swaggered into our first class session with the distinction of a man from Kentucky. On all occasions he was quietly humorous and revealed his local color only when he talked. Anecdotes and stories relative to any discussed subject were his most important utterances. The liquid smoothness of his speech made a more serious topic an easy chatter and pleasant to hear. When he was a Freshman on rainy days he walked down Fifteenth Street wearing a yellow slicker placarded with a great black "U. of K." and hatless. This was our original collegiate habit. His most constant companion was Sloan. To the observer this was a rather taciturn relationship. They were always together and yet rarely appeared to be in animated discussion. They walked around with a nonchalance and an acquired composure. Here's hoping they both develop big corporations. Few will forget the day that Blevins overlooked where one lecture ended and the other began. Time will never edge the humor of that error. If horse-racing and sleep are at all analogous he had found excellent diversions. No one ever came from Kentucky who wasn't blessed, and Blevins was no different from his brothers and sisters.

Huron Road Hospital, Cleveland, Ohio
Pathology

LESTER LEROY BOWER

Berwick, Pa. Gettysburg College

Kappa Delta Rho; Alpha Sigma; Glee Club (1, 2); Orchestra (1, 2)

"TIGER" began his onslaught of the faculty in our first year, when after the demonstration in Anatomy he would corner Dr. Phillips and ask him names of minute foramina and the insertion of minor ligaments. From the deeper rows after a pause in lecture we would hear, "Question, Doctor?" and know that Tiger was on the job. In the most pacific discussion he would suddenly assert, "No, but what burn me up" and if there was any opposition to this speech he would just as suddenly snap out, "Scram!" We won't forget that, "We ought to get a break sometime around here." There was a time when they gave him a break in allowing him to play his clarinet at a concert. After the grand chance he found his instrument stuffed with paper. They passed Tiger up six rows of seats in the firehouse one day. His good humor took this treatment sportingly and no one was devoured by Tiger in counter-attack. He wore octagonal spectacles after the fashion of old Ben Franklin. At times he came home without them and the next morning Tiger was looking in desk-drawers and under his bed. His watch-chain must have been dropped by an R. R. brakeman. The links together resembled a handcuff. All he needed was an Elk's tooth pendant, and a horseshoe stick-pin. "Tiger" went in for riding boots, golf clubs and summer camps. In all he adapted himself well to both curriculum and social companionship.

Montreal Homeopathic Hospital, Province of Quebec
Medicine

BERNARD SAMUEL BRETHERICK

Colwyn, Pa. Hahnemann College of Science, B.S

Pi Upsilon Rho; Orchestra (1, 2, 3, 4)

WE SHALL not deviate from our established program of truthfulness. Then again character delineation is attained by more ways than one. Widespread inquiry about Bretherick brought out the unique fact that no one knew much about him. Since medical parlance is second nature with us—we may say that Bretherick's history is negative. His foibles have escaped the critical attention of the class—perhaps because he has none. There is no peculiarity in his behavior. He does not sing, swear or shout even when it is most necessary and pardonable. Unobtrusiveness is an art with him. Whether he had interests other than those associated with a medical career is a problem of imaginative but unreliable conjectures. Enough of these vague suppositions! One fact is notable. He looks upon the approach of an examination with unfeinted trepidation. "I don't know a thing," is his favorite exclamation. Self-depreciation because of its rarity is almost a virtue. We admire Bretherick for having the courage to voice that fear which most of us feel about impending examinations. And so in our appraisal of Bretherick we borrow those indefinite and yet so significant words, made famous by our Dean—"He's a fine fellow."

Woman's Homeopathic Hospital, Philadelphia, Pa.
Medicine

JAMES BELL BUTLER

Swedesboro, N. J. Hahnemann College of Science, B.S.

Secretary of Institute (4); Pi Upsilon Rho; Art Editor of MEDIC; Treasurer of Pi Upsilon Rho (4)

"JIMMIE" took the prize in the second year when he bent double on late afternoons dissecting the arterial system. He had red dye all over him and all things proximal. In the end they put the job in a glass case to scare the Freshmen into study. There was nothing mobile about "Jimmie's" countenance. It at once could conceal interest or indifference, worry or relief. He usually sat on the front row, where he took actual notes. Other times when he was in the middle section he drew classy automobiles with stream lines and goggled drivers. Just as often he would say "How 'bout that? Isn't that something." And in the development of stream lines he drew posters for dances on which girls were rampant in the briefest of costumes. His caricature of the lecturing doctor was most often the painful truth. He could draw bald heads and double chins perfectly. While drawing cartoons for the Medic, he complained at first of a dearth of ideas, and then when we became concerned opened up with a whole bag of them. Cigars were usually on his person in active duty and he chewed on the butts. He walked around quietly, apparently very remote. However, inquiry or stimulation uncovered a diversity of preoccupations in that mind from the realm of work and play.

U. S. Navy
Neurology

JUDAH LOUIS CAPLAN

Philadelphia, Pa. P. C. P., Penn State, Temple

Phi Lambda Kappa

CAPLAN had about him an air of professional dignity. This attitude was not born of affectation. It was the result of natural endowment in the form of a nicely placed alopecia areata and a tall personage, both suggestive of sedateness. Agreeableness and condescension were an integral part of his aloofness so that it was never objectionable nor marked enough to obtrude itself violently on one's attention. He was characterized by a multiplicity of passions. The foregoing statement is a lofty way of saying that he loved his wife, internal medicine and that abominable game of bridge. The first two loves were recent and excusable acquisitions. Bridge, we believe, antedated the other two loves and constituted a rival distraction upon which he lavished much time and thought. His informal discussions regarding the different types of bids and his glib quoting of bridge authorities prove the variety of forms which intellectual perversions can assume. Perhaps the keen interest he betrayed in his work was the explanation for the great number of times he was seen in post-lecture colloquy with our professors. Perhaps he was explaining the intricacies of bridge—but we doubt it. At the end of the lecture he most consistently went up to ask his residual question and could been seen walking out of the door with his ear turned to some instructive doctor. He had all of the appearance and all of the quality of an interested student.

Northern Liberties Hospital, Philadelphia, Pa.
Medicine

HERBERT GREASON CARTER

Easton, Pa. Lafayette College, B.S.

Phi Delta Theta

HERE is "Nick" of unfailing equanimity, noted for his tolerance, his ardor at times, his week-end jaunts, and the most perfect black moustache in the class. He was not one of violent likes and dislikes, of flaming prejudices or passions. He carried no flaunting banners of heraldry, of challenge. He had the quality of a judge in the placing of his decisions, his enactments. Steadiness was so prominent that we feared the look of a vapid-vamp could scarcely upset his decorum. For years in lieu of folly he suppressed a desire to see the girls at the Trocadero. This is a strange conception of our proper subject. In further study of his pleasure-personality we mention that in every year he learned to make the most out of week-ends. He always had a flock of good stories on hand, prefacing each with his special "J'ever hear the one about," and then on to some more dirt. For all of his lighter moments he gave one the appearance of erudition. He was diligent, and at times when his principles were assaulted he was hard-headed. He will interne in Reading, reaching his decision when he learned that there he would receive movie passes, ball-game tickets, and spacious grazing privileges generally, if you please.

Reading Homeopathic Hospital
Obstetrics

SOLOMON CHARTOCK

Philadelphia Temple University

Baseball, Phi Lambda Kappa

"SOL" was characterized by an air of assurance. This, so to speak was the key-note symptom. His only distraction was the blonde fiancee. Bridge ranked as the second distraction—perhaps not so attractive as the first, but nonetheless absorbing. When he was not playing bridge his official capacity was that of an advisory committee to the other bridge players. Of course, it was a self-appointed duty and hence sometimes objectionable to his classmates. We have it on good authority and we accept it in good faith that "Sol" wore his brothers' hats. Since this description is supposed to be an intimate revelation of "Sol's" character, we will go so far as to say that he wore heavy underwear all the year around. Whether this fact is true or not, it is certainly in keeping with the care which he took of his health. He selected his food with care. Whenever he ate something disagreeable to his stomach, he developed a fourth-class determinative symptom—that is, his right elbow began to hurt. Gradually he discarded the habit of insisting upon the correctness of his opinions. In his perennial arguments with Katz, "Sol" learned to concede victory once in a while. He rose in our esteem from year to year. We learned to tolerate his faults and value his invariable preparedness in the classroom.

Mount Sinai Hospital, Philadelphia, Pa.
Medicine

DONALD FRANKS CLOSTERMAN

Germantown College of Science, B.S.

Class President (2); Circulation Manager MEDIC; Alpha Sigma

A LITTLE chap wearing large glasses and a roguish moustache came through successfully despite a doleful outlook upon his chances to pass every exam he has taken. "Don," a good student, looked unfavorably as the class, year after year, became less boisterous and noisy, to grow into a unit prematurely settled. He was one of the prime movers in the Cult of Fun. The friends he picked strengthened our belief in the quality of his youth. He never became too serious to relax in some happy, humorous camaraderie. He often took the part of someone being criticized, and at such times he would shake his finger and say, "Now guard that tongue!" His pointed finger was indispensable in debates and he gestured vigorously with it. He would say "Now Albert!" at the pertinent time and the addressed would quiet down docilely. "Don" was very apt at appearing very serious even in the presence of some internal wit. He had a very serious mien and a coaxing voice when he addressed our class as president. This manner was effective in controlling the class. In some quaint Camden "temple of philosophy" he may talk much and to the end we listen.

Ann May Memorial Hospital, Spring Lake, N. J.
Obstetrics

FRANKLIN BETTES COOPER

Oakmont, Pa. Washington and Jefferson College, B.S.

Delta Tau Delta; Glee Club (4); Alpha Sigma; Phi Sigma

IN THE early years of our college experience "Frank" paraded around with his severely dignified gait, somewhat resembling a lordosis, and made little noise outside of his clique. Later when he did expand beyond that intimate group he showed his bag of tricks. We who did not suspect such humor behind such quietness were surprised. No doctor who lectured to us was safe from his mimicry. In falsetto tones, he imitated the professor of pathology, and did just as well with the roaring "Bill" in his deepest efforts. "Frank," when we uncovered some personal mannerism, jokingly declared that we were "awful," and that he did not know anyone more terrible than us. Kistler, who chuckled spontaneously during the quiet of a lecture, never knew when "Frank" would order "Throw him out, Doctor." This team together could upset the mighty from their pedestals. "Frank" became interested in x-ray plates one summer. He kept several with a personal touch in his desk and referred seriously to the danger area in the petrous portion of the temporal bone. In our last year we passed by his door most every night to see him, book, slippers and all, biting a tooth pick and reading one of his Systems of Medicine. When Bower became especially effusive, "Frank" shaking his finger at him would say "Now you cut that out." Most often then the Navy was being discussed. Nothing better could be said of any man than this—he found humor in all things.

Pittsburgh Homeopathic Hospital
Medicine

BENJAMIN JOSEPH COTTONE

Dunmore, Pa. Temple University, St. Thomas College, Muhlenburg College

Glee Club (2, 4); Il Circolo Italiano; Newman Club

"BEN" notably sported red ties with big loose knots and wore collars that could be slipped over his head without unbuttoning. There was harmony between his ties and his complexion when he blushed, as both were very red. It is difficult to speak of him without going over his appearance, and so we must comment on hair that glistened like ice and never knew a ruffle. Early in our student days he was more restrained by the pressure of possible failure, but in the latter years confidence could be seen blooming all through him. It was then that he became our merry "song and dance" man with some very light jest for even the most serious situation. His studying was rather erratic at times. It was always going full speed before an exam. By the time he reached his senior year he had become proficient in methods of study suggested by Shirinian. When he talked it was always with half a laugh hidden somewhere and with gestures that never explained anything. The discipline and routine of pathology laboratory were irksome at times, and "Ben" never did fall in love with a microscope. In clinics of medicine he usually sat on the front seating row, and for such prominence he most often was hit by the cannonballs from the upper amphitheatre. He was assiduous in his note-taking, and those most intimate say that he read these notes by his apartment window.

Hahnemann Hospital, Scranton, Pa.
Obstetrics

EDWARD DOTY DAKE

Rochester, N. Y. Hahnemann College of Science

Glee Club (3); Phi Alpha Gamma

"DOTY" began the medical years as the clown and humour column of the class. When he walked into the classroom, he was greeted by facetious cheers and stamping of feet. He in return would bow and genuflect, smiling broadlly down on his "little children." Later he too wore the cloak of dignity, though not as conspicuously as some others. He still had the charm of a hearty laugh, a good joke and "tricks up his sleeve." There was always something attractively humorous about him, even at those terrible occasions when he explained himself out of difficulty and wrinkled his forehead. At the most critical time, he would laugh and excitedly gesture, "Now listen!" There were many in the class who underwent the point of his comical analysis. He spent a lot of his time in an old Ford, and with this he carried, in the evening you know, some of those diversities that life hands out in colored packages. He tried to mimic personalities, but was only successful when they fitted into his own jolly pattern. On the way to Allentown, he organized crime and cheering. He startled everyone out of their lethargy. Before the trip was over he had become physically static, but no one will forget that he started the "old ball a'rollin'."

Genesee Hospital, Rochester, N. Y.
Materia Medica

EDGAR JAMES DEISSLER

Meadville, Pa. Allegheny College

Alpha Sigma; Alpha Chi Rho; Delta Sigma Rho

"DOC" was the man who sat near the front row, humped up in his seat like a camel, with his knee on the back of the seat before him. Most often he wrote notes diligently, but then in some lapse of thinking he would hold the end of a pen in his mouth and appear very detached. No one can but admit his extreme seriousness and his apparent concentration. So perfect was this serious mien that rarely did he laugh aloud, and we were surprised when he entered into any excited debate. He was noted for the inclusion of a distinct coterie of friends. In this group he handled some sort of magic by which he acquired a subtle leadership. Few recognized this, but it was a force unseen and powerful. Into his fraternity group he carried this same intangible leadership. His virtue was telling the truth, no matter how much it hurt. He was frank and ingenuous at all times. It was only fun when he began to ride his acquaintances. In the last year he suddenly became more "doctorish." We have visions of him in medical dispensary with his box filled with the cards of his patients. He had a propensity for blushing in tone similar to the color of his hair. At West Chester Homeopathic as a Junior interne he planned for bigger and better things.

Millard Fillmore Hospital, Buffalo, N. Y.
Obstetrics

FERNANDEZ FERNANDO DE LA VARA

Gibara, Cuba — Temple University, Muhlenberg College

THE little hot tamale from Cuba who pretended to be unknowing and who concealed some rare secrets was our concept of "Dee." At times, we forgot that he was still in our class. About once a month, we would see him prominently standing down in the front of the room before lecture, one finger in his vest pocket looking up for someone or a seat. When he spoke it was in a strident voice and in broken Spanish attractively tuned to his chic person. He was one of the group of foreigners who had the doctors wondering what they were talking about. It could have been anything. Underneath quietness there was excitability and fire that expressed themselves notably in two situations. First, in the contradiction of a point when he shouted, "No, no—not that way, I'll tell you," gesticulating and red-faced. Second, in the perusal of the ladies projected on the silver screen before Doctor Sylvis's lecture, when in the dark he sort of glowed and said "Babee!" His eyes was very bright at anytime. His face was very red. His manner was very quiet. His person was very neat. In composite, the zealous Cuban ready for a conquest.

Lancaster General Hospital
Medicine

JOHN ADAM DOERING

Bryn Athyn, Pa. Bryn Athyn Academy

Sigma Deta Pi; Pi Upsilon Rho

IF SOMEONE patted you on the back in an enthusiastic fashion, when you turned it would be John most often. He possessed an ingratiating manner of always going about making friends. He was always keeping in touch with people; "How have you been?"—"Where have you been?" were the common queries. He didn't especially companion with one or two men, but, in the same ingratiating manner, he moved about the groups putting in his word, his pat on the back, and his smile. At times he resembled that legendary "power behind the throne" with his subtle and unexpected presence. John was a born campaigner. He campaigned once for the most inconspicuous absence, but lost when in his later years he enthusiastically followed clinics and dispensary work. About 1930 there was a furore in the central community on the wisdom of a social amendement. Chestnut Street was headquarters. John invited the disgruntled citizens in the door of the office, where he passed out red buttons and pamphlets. Half the class were wearing these buttons. He was a clever lobbyist—the designation was more accurately a "Crusader." "Heppy" was worried by his unusual questions. These were only the result of John's appointed quest to find out. When interested in a cause he displayed great zeal.

Pittsburgh Homeopathic Hospital, Pittsburgh, Pa.
Psychiatry

JOHN JOSEPH DOMANSKI

Philadelphia, Pa. Villanova College

Polish Intercollegiate Club; Lambda Kappa Delta; Newman Club

JOHN didn't walk into Hahnemann; he marched in. From the start he was pugnacious and carried the attitude of a "devil may care." He was proud and independent. The other side of him carried a certain interest and a certain obsession in gayety. What this entailed, though it was very evident superficially, was not clearly apparent to those of us who were not on the inside. Evidently it was a career in fancy which could be rather intense, emphatic, and interesting. His successful enterprise on the side of Pan did not umbrage the quality of his studentship. The same intensity that he carried into all things marked his book career. He fought into the problem of study as aggressively as he challenged in any group. He made an awful noise in the lower lecture room when Saji put that window up, and was prone to call the cold ones "consumptives," etc. John, when a class financial program was being debated, would very likely challenge in the name of the poorer men as their knight templar. It is creditable of him that through personal hardship he fought to the finish.

St. Vincent's Hospital, Erie, Pa.
Medicine

DOMINIC DONISI

Dayton, Ohio — Dayton University

Baseball Manager (3); Il Circolo Italiano

DOMINIC started riding a mechanical horse in our first year and jolted over many miles of wearisome nothing. He tried Indian clubs, medicine balls, rowing machines, diets, and Lucky Strikes. In all this effort he lost a few pounds of excess avoirdupois. It was enough to make his clothes look baggy, which, by the way, were made by Omar the Tent-Maker. He was the original shadow for the cigarette copy, "Coming events cast their shadows before." Typical of a fat man he had a voracious appetite and a lively humor. Whenever he talked it was with an emphasizing finger between your ribs. At the slightest interruption this finger dug a little deeper. In the necessity of being serious or even angry, Dominic would shrug his tonnage and cast a black, black look at an adversary, start to walk way, but then turn and come back for more. When we were very young and very green he told us a lot about the oil game in the Wild West. We caught the spectacle of Dominic with gum coat and boots rushing through storms of oil putting corks in the holes. In lecture room he was always on the end seat and—the aisle. The man beside him just tried to write notes. To prophesy lean years for him is like prophesying an eclipse without first looking at the almanac.

Bethesda Hospital, Cincinnati, Ohio
Anatomy

HOWARD JUSTIN DRISCOLL

Philadelphia Georgetown University, A.B.

Orchestra (1); Glee Club (1, 2,)

"CHIC" carried the banner of Ireland with him through his college years. The esprit de corps of the group which he assembled upheld the green in many an argument with assailants. Fighting spirit was in his blood. Any retort he made was pointed and effective. It was useless to attempt to harass him with mere words. At the least intrusion of criticism he delivered about two sidelong utterances which left one biting his tongue and feeling useless. His mind was acutely tuned to such clever responses and very adaptive. He was confident of himself at all times and possessed some of the excellence of human pride. When he spoke it was with authority and surety. We remember him saying many times, "Just let me take care of it," and he would be off on another big thing. Evidently he had been around, for in a debate on prohibition he could describe the flavors and favors from the West Coast to Amsterdam. "Chicky" was another of the singing and dancing men. This attribute with his quick wit made him adept once on the professional stage. He covered a circuit of vaudeville. Most of the old-time gayety in him was covered by a veneer of indifference. It was very easy to meet "Chic," and his complex of jokes and spirit attached many friends. As a Junior interne at Children's he came to class many mornings sleepy-eyed and looking at his watch every few minutes.

Obstetrics and Surgery

RICHARD E. H. DUISBERG

Germantown
Hahnemann College of Science

Alpha Sigma; Boxing Team; Art Editor of MEDIC, '31

"DICK" (and there are those who may say Dunkelberger) could frown and sneer like a Von-Stroheim. If he came into a class late, it was always with the same fighting look that he carried into his gymnasium workouts. One hand was always in his pockets and the other held the ubiquitous black Lefax. This note-book held stranger things than lectures. Such creatures as Krazy Kats with long black tails and Whiffle-Hounds with whiskers and asterisks for eyes interpolated a dissertation on the "sheet anchors" of stomach complaints or the "hot-milks" of therapeutics. He and Hughes would sit side by side and compete for the ugliest and queerest of creations. It was usually "Dick" who won. So in the course of evolution he became our Staff Artist, when apes and dinosaurs stirred about the pages never to die. He drove a cab during the first years and that experience made him one of our most dangerous drivers. When exams threatened we heard lots about preparation for the night before. At these gatherings in his room, posted with drawings of beautiful women, study was rather secondary. "Come in and have some wine and then we will study a little," was the usual invitation. The wine was very good. In the course of a certain debate, "Dick" would complain, "Aw, you don't understand her." There was something in his manner of cynical calm and a flavor of adventure which made him no less a dreamer.

Ann May Memorial Homeopathic Hospital, Spring Lake, N. J.
Psychiatry

HARVEY FRANK ENYEART

Greensburg, Pa. Hahnemann College of Science, B.S.

Pi Upsilon Rho, Class Treasurer (1); Secretary, Glee Club (1, 2, 3, 4)

HARVEY was the prize cross-examiner of our class. No professor was immune to the barrage of questions from front row, first seat on the right side of the aisle. This seat was always in reservation for him. At time when some conscience-stricken student from the last snoring row came down for salvation and looked for a place on the scholar's bench, he was sure to find a black note-book in this place before Harvey came. His loyalty to that piece of wood should have made it grow leaves again when he left. It was from this rostrum that he kept the human encyclopedias stepping. Dr. Frank, who took Harvey under wing in one of our latter years, was rifled with questions about the physics and mechanics of those infernal machines he showed us. Something happened in the Senior year and Harvey questioned less. Monday morning there was talk about the church meeting and someone told us that Harvey led in the singing. He was active in most organization work, and in the general class politics he was a quiet but active factor. Those big clear eyes appeared so unknowing and so naive but in these growing years they should strain to the lure of knowing and questions answered.

West Jersey Homeopathic, Camden, N. J.
Materia Medica

ARTHUR LEWIS EVANS

Pittsburgh, Pa. Muskingum College, B.S.

Phi Alpha Gamma

"ART" attracted our attention with his casual grin. This was a good-natured expansion of his lips and an inclusive display of many teeth. It was a gesture of amusement, derision, embarrassment, or indifference. The grin became a convertible symbol of many moods. He was notable for choreiform movements and actions. His body at times seemed to move in sections. It was really snake-like. "Art" was a prophet on the details of an examination. He knew what was going to be asked, what to study, and what was important. In the position of prophet he assembled a minor clique before the forecasted dates and discussed "Probable questions." He smoked a pipe. When he placed it in his mouth it appeared as if he were going to swallow it. His mouth opened generously around it. Art was a quiet and careful student. He worked methodically. Going to drama was his diversion. A friend in answer to an inquiry said "He is crazy about them."

West Jersey Homeopathic Hospital
Medicine

LE ROY WILKINS FALKINBURG, B. S.

Collingswood, N. J. Hahnemann College of Science

LEROY was master of the nomenclatures and hidden wells of obscure learning. In the routine duties he was always technically prepared. His aloofness had some of the charm of constancy broken only by a passive smile. Some might have said he was deeply engrossed in books as if this were unnatural. Rather that he found in those books real living things and a singular devotion. We wish that he had told us more of those ideals. He would walk into the library at luncheon hour to consult with the attendant on matters of publication or he would sit and read, eating peanuts. Often he would be seen wandering through the old section where the dust was thick and the mantels held only more remote journals. When he was in this atmosphere he was blind to anything external. Sometimes his questions in class involved heavy statistics and cumbersome measurements expressed in many decimals. The references he made to the ultra-scientific progress of the laboratory gave us a picture of this very distinct personality. Gradually, we knew that Max Gottlieb, the fiction-pathologist of Arrowsmith, was his prototype. The analogy was pre-eminent in the one feature of his very scientific scrutiny and laboratory mind. Some day he may give up those Prussian haircuts and be less astute, but then some day too we expect him to be a pathologist dissecting rabbits with Prussianic acumen.

West Jersey Homeopathic Hospital, Camden, N. J.
Medicine

HOWARD A. FELDING

Pittsburgh, Pa. Duquesne University, B.S.

"REDS" qualified for the position of chief class wit. He was a master in the art of making superfluous and pointed remarks. No one of his group was safe from his witty references and "wise-cracks." He would come bouncing up the aisle of the lecture room and say "Here!" just as his name was being called. This was the signal for Schmidt and his coterie to make an extra noise. He came in with a shiny "Palmolive" glow on his face, maidenish and all that. To some extent he derived a nickname from this. The glow was increased when certain references were made to it. His answers to serious questions were often sharp and unexpected. He was always capable of doing the unanticipated and surprising. "Reds" was interesting for the development of his friendships. A good fellow among all, he usually became attached to some quiet man, whose thoughts and actions were hidden from the rest of the class. As camera-man for certain of the dark-room lecturers, he had to stay awake while about him camped his resting cronies. At times he made mistakes in the operation of his machine. These ranged from projecting the picture upside down to displaying on the screen slim hosiery advertisements, illustrated. The latter were received with cheers and applause and cries of "More! More!" "Reds" then with a grin would project a boney pelvis from De Lee.

Pittsburgh Homeopathic Hospital, Pittsburgh, Pa.
Obstetrics

EDWIN H. FENTON

Ann Arbor, Mich. University of Michigan

Pi Upsilon Rho (President 4)

"EDDIE" began his career at Hahnemann by being homesick and lonely. It was an indefinitely short time that this feeling lasted. Before the end of the semester he had attached to himself enough of diversities to replace his loneliness. He had an aversion for crudity and quickly repressed the association of any who didn't act quite nice. Prompt in his response to studies, the night before an exam, sleepy-eyed, he often said, "I don't give a damm, I just don't feel like studying tonight. I'm going to bed early." The urging of the rest of the gang was of no avail. The next morning he made out just as well as the others. His favorite study seemed to be human nature on moonlit nights. The study involved a course of soft cadences and delicate whispers. "Eddie" controlled the factor of environment and usually was dominant. The words were rather personal. Gay haberdashery and the cultivation of a pointed mustache were part of his personality. He closely lived within his cult of close associations. At times, he was real reticent, and at such times we judged he was serious until he released some gay remark.

Grace Hospital, Detroit, Michigan
Obstetrics

GERALD PAYNE FINCKE

Hatboro, Pa. University of Pennsylvania, V.M.D.

Class Secretary (1, 3); Treasurer of Institute Council (4); Alpha Sigma; Alpha Psi; Undine B. C.

"JERRY" started off correctly by beginning to work on horses. As a graduate veterinary he was "doctor" before any of us; i. e., before the Junior year when everyone suddenly was introduced as "doctor." In any class election "Jerry" was usually on the lists. Most often we saw him prominently standing down at the desk after the election as one of the counters of the white ballots. He did things slowly but deliberately. He was most typicaly a "big brother" personality. "Jerry" expressed this character in most all his relationships, and in this span we find his attention to college ties, fraternal bonds and feminine interest. As "big brother" to nurses he successfully found time to play bridge, confer and joke with them. "Jerry" gave one the impression of excellence and thoroughness in his performance of duties. We suspected that he was always desirious of making a "good impression." Rarely did he become actively antagonistic; most often his severest remark was colored by an open smile. He was a partisan to athletics and professional sports. After the meal, over a cigarette and a cup of coffee, he would read scores and averages. He characteristically said, "Now, wait a minute!", in discussion. He was an amateur oarsman, and so he went on meatless diets, drank much milk, and spoke of the necessity of keeping in shape. "Jerry" was exemplar of simple living.

Hahnemann Hospital, Philadelphia, Pa.
Medicine

JAMES EDGAR FLINN

Pittsburgh, Pa. University of Pittsburgh, B.S.

Phi Gamma Delta; Glee Club (1, 2, 3, 4); Phi Alpha Gamma;
Basketball Coach (4); Basketball (1, 2, 3, 4)

"DOCTOR, wouldn't Carbo-Veg. be indicated in that case?" "Jim" has spoken and at the same time he fingers his ancient leather-bound Materia Medica of the ages. There was usually no dispute, for more than likely he had prepared for each trick question by hours on the similia. Hill often entered into rare congress with "Jim." Then the celestial magic of the highest potencies became real. In medical dispensary "Jim" would offer some very obscure remedy when we were stuck on our therapeutics. Occasionally we wrote the prescription under his direction and the prescription returned from the pharmacy with a "not in stock" notation. Then "Jim" became mildly critical of the inadequacy of things. It was notable that he held up many under-classmen while he prescribed for them. His fingers were always in use while he enumerated the points of quality in some remedy. He really couldn't prescribe without them, sticking them up, and knocking them down in grand fashion. In between classes we heard "Let Me Call You Sweetheart" in "Jim's" tenor voice. Evidently the request was granted for in August, 1928, "Jim" married her for better or worse. We make a rather juvenile note that he walked the floor at nights, and that he could accurately diagnose infant's colic.

Pittsburgh Homeopathic Hospital
Materia Medica

MORRIS GALLEN

Philadelphia, Pa. La Salle College, B.S., Temple University, Ph.G.

FROM start to finish we watched this quiet man in a masque reveal himself in rare expressions. The reproduction of anything he said would never be as humorous as his own delivery with his own intonations and accent. A careful student, he was markedly fearful of failure. At times, when catastrophe was imminent during a quiz he bargained with the professor. With a persistent manner of holding on to his opportunities, he kept himself above average difficulty when the question was a little too hard. If in anatomy review he were asked about the temporal bone which he may have neglected, he was sure to protest for another question on that which he has just gone over. He was always out for news. News about the coming exams, the marks of the last one, which doctor would not come in, and the fate of scholars. Under any personal scrutiny or reference, he became rather starched. He didn't miss classes, he didn't fall asleep, he didn't fail to study and so on—rather model. But how he hated too many exams at one time. "Captain" considered himself one of the older men.

Children's and St. Luke's Hospital, Philadelphia, Pa.
Medicine

HARRY MILLER GARDINER

Narbeth, Pa Hahnemann College of Science

Orchestra

HARRY in a deep, quiet voice spoke of proper things at proper times. He rarely deflected from the routine of doing everything as it should have been done. He was modest in the opinion of others. Possibly this was only a guise for his indisposition to enter into exhibition and word display. He made much progress in the transition from the Sophomore to the Junior years. From the quiet school-boy type he grew maturely into a personality of deliberate manner and professional astuteness. At times his voice seemed tremulous. Most often his answer to indefinite conversation was a weak smile that just about meant something. Extra-curricularly he was not prominent. He was not a joiner or in the parlance "a good fellow." The dances did not attract him. Steadily he went on forever growing. As a Junior interne at West Philadelphia he gathered experience. It was after this we witnessed another great change, another step forward in inward growth.

Hahnemann Hospital, Philadelphia, Pa.
Physiology

OSCAR EUGENE HEIM

Germantown, Pa. Franklin and Marshall College

Delta Kappa Sigma; Phi Alpha Gamma

TAKE up the purple curtain and reveal Oscar, who between the acts changed from plebian to an intellectual and so had changed continuously through many other acts back and forth from one role to the other. He was the severest of scholars walking about, head down, with a library under his arm. He never handled compends or briefs, and the daily notes were only stepping-stones for his mind. Out of some five-pound volume he thumbed indexes until he had made many references. He was always going in for deep research. One summer vacation he toyed with little white mice and guinea pigs for science. Out of this attitude came many theories. He was as changeable as the position of the sun. He read with zeal authors who derided Babbits and who considered paltry monetary gain just "fiddlesticks." Remote and obscure, literary passages had charm for him. He became cynically modern. At all times, he held together a sane and studious dignity. He nurtured the dream of a superman from the sect of Nietzche. Oscar responded to a question by looking up into your face and smiling, "Yes, doctor." How he could become plebeian, and dance, and drop nickels in the music box, or even masquerade at dances for the enchantment of the blind? Then who shall forget that happy chuckle in class when all was quiet, even too quiet?

Roxborough Memorial Hospital
Gynecology

ELMER FRANKLIN HERRING

Harrisburg, Pa. Penn State College, B.S.

Ptolemy Society; F. and A. M.

MEDICAL students must be irreverent and inventive. By common consent and without benefit of clergy, Herring was dubbed "Fish." There was no connection here between him and the sea, for his favorite god was Morpheus and not Neptune. To slumber soundly and silently among others who slept just as soundly but not as silently is not an art—it is a gift. Unlike the Lachesis patient he never slept into an aggravation but always awoke with quiet dignity and in good humor. Bridge exercised no hypnotic effect upon him. He was an ardent specialist in this line. He was always in the nick of time or a few seconds late in getting the "elevated" to school. It was the duty of the first friend he met to listen to an account of this daily occurrence. We must speak of his outstanding good qualities. He accepted examinations as a matter of fact and passed them as a matter of course. His poise suggested contacts with a world other then the academic one and exterior to our observation. For all of his dignity and restraint he could, on the right kind of stimulus, relax in a "good time."

Hahnemann Hospital, Philadelphia, Pa.
Obstetrics

HOMER LORENZO HILES

Edgewood, Pa. University of Pittsburgh

Alpha Sigma; Baseball

WE NOMINATE for the Hall of Fame, Homer, affectionately called Peep, not because he plays an infallible game of auction bridge, still likes Spring Lake, trims his moustache with a straight razor, likes Duke Ellington, sits in the "amen corner" of the Lecture Room A, dreams of Greta Garbo, but because he once answered "Thuya." It was the day before a Christmas holiday and the gesturing lecturer was handing out his maxims from Stevens, then Homer peeped, "Thuya." From then on there were "muckers" among us. A memory of Homer recalls him in the Chemistry lab. He dabbled with vari-colored solutions and compounds. On questioning him as to the nature of the experiment, he answered, "I really don't know myself." Later there were rumors that these works were the foundations for the now famous "Pink Elephants." Homer at the least chance made witty remarks in class. During a summer's interneship at Spring Lake Hospital he was on the welcoming staff for all Hahnemannians. At his departure the staff presented him with the usual gifts to internes (gowns, gloves, scissors, needles, S-T-37). "Back to the Allegheny Mountains, there's gold in them hills," and after this we have his plans for the future.

Pittsburgh Homeopathic Hospital, Pittsburgh, Pa.
Surgery

EDWARD MERTON HILL

Pittston, Pa. Hahnemann College of Science, B.S.

Glee Club (1, 2); Council (2, 3); Class President (3); Basketball; Baseball; Phi Alpha Gamma, President (4); Grand Vice-President of Phi Alpha Gamma
Medic Staff

"WHAT'S the hot milk, great man?" Open your book with the worn pages. Pass through the repertory and give to us the remedy—Phosphoric acid 3x? So we have found, through asking, something for a cold, or a headache, or a more serious indisposition. "Mert" was one of our most ardent specialists in Homeopathic Materia Medica. From him we heard of obscure remedies with outlandish names, but with triturated powers. He had prepared an armamentarium from which he dispensed the indicated similia. He always carried a bottle along, and at the satisfactory interval turned aside, shook something, threw his head back, and swallowed his pills. Then we learned that it was "great stuff" or—"the hot milk." He was keenly alive to the jokes in all situations. One day the Dean told us, while we were completing our answers on the white slips, to "put a caboose on it." "Mert" turned in his answer sheet with a sturdy caboose as his signature. In the middle of any group, thoughtful "Mert" could be seen sucking on his pipe and waiting for a chance to speak. All of the doctors will remember Mert's intelligent questions, and how, when they answered him, he nodded and nodded, or questioned and asked them some more.

Ann May Memorial Hospital, Spring Lake, N. J.
Materia Medica

JAMES WILLIAM HUGHES, JR.

Atlantic City, N. J. Hahnemann College of Science

Art Editor of Medic, '31

"BILL" was our "dandy." His clothes were masterly fashioned and perfect in every detail. Six months out of the year he wore spats. We could almost point to the seasons by the appearance of these. He was the type to say, "They're wearing these in New York," and we, less tutored in style, accepted these words as final. He said very little that was not necessary. He was very expressive on paper. With Duisberg he brought to life those strange "Hey-cats" with marble eyes and whiskers a foot long. A picture of a flask with wings flying away was another of his ironic sketches. He drew a complicated engine once directed on pulleys which he suggested as a means of obstetrical extraction. It was never accepted by anyone, but a few amateurs among us who after several long vigils at a bedside still had hopes of a mechanical improvement on nature. There were days when Bill suggested, "Let's go to a movie" and found his usual companions ready. He had a weakness for "boop-oop-a-doop" and "hey-hey" themes. His summers as beach surgeon at Atlantic City must have been eventful. However, the reserve that marked his personality kept back the details from us. Was there any reason for doing the same thing twice if not eventfully and successfully?

Atlantic City Hospital
Pathology

HAROLD HERBERT HUNTER

Atlantic City, N. J. Hahnemann College of Science

HE WAS always wondering what was going to happen next? What was the world coming to? He didn't know how we got there or how we stayed. Harold was a fatalist, who accepted anything as predestined and inevitable. If he ever worried it was with the adjunct knowledge of "What's the use?" and "Who cares?" He rather believed in the lucrative practice of shooting pool and claimed it as the one diversion of his loose hours. As the official pitcher of the class baseball team he wound up and twisted like a steam engine. He was noted for the speed of his delivery. This was in the springtime. All the rest of the year he and his companion, Andrus, battled through notebooks together. He was capable at all times of resignation to the powers that be. Dave occasionally had a difficult time keeping him out of the ruts of despond. He was diligent and attentive. Every day, commuting from Atlantic City, studying on trains, early hours, and late hours, kept his schedule heaving. He came to college in the winter to rest up from working so hard in the summer. Most often, in the fall he told us of carrying ice in the preceding vacation. Stalwart in his endeavor to finish, Harold accomplished this end. He attained a quiet but powerful purpose.

West Jersey Homeopathic Hospital, Camden, N. J.
Surgery

ARTHUR HUSTON, JR.

Pittsburgh, Pa. University of Pittsburgh, B.S.

Alpha Sigma

JUST why this member of our class was able to go through four years of "med" school and still retain the nickname "Doc" when the rest of us were forced to drop that same moniker in front of the college steps at 8.59 A. M., September 30, 1927, was one of the mysteries of our Alma Mater. Perhaps it was because of that baffling, bewildering, and portentous case of 200x potencies which he opposed to all earth's pathologies. While waiting for the higher potencies to work, "Doc" concentrated on one of those very serious bridge games where he sat quietly smoking, with his collar and tie off, and his eyes, half-closed, fixed on his cards. Any day between twelve and one, and even later, the smoking room was the meeting place for "Doc" and Homer Peep. "Doc" never intimately companioned with anyone except of his inner group. He lived, worked, and cavorted with a circle of close friends. Beyond this he very seriously was decorous and silent. He with others made excursions to that citadel at Spring Lake. At any "big time," "Doc" was outfitted and ready for action. It was a favorite trick of his roommate to remind him that he was "raised under an ice-box." He was always ready with some answer to such notices. "Doc," entering our class after a remission in his education, rather quickly went to his nest of friends and associates.

Pittsburgh, Homeopathic Hospital, Pittsburgh, Pa.
Medicine

ISADORE JOHN ISKOVITZ

Philadelphia — Temple University

WE HAVE here not a case of mistaken identity, but one of associated identity. The theme of this biography is shadow and substance—that is Iskovitz and Packman. The first was thin—in subtlety we may portray the first as gaunt asceticism, and the second as pampered flesh. Iskovitz possessed a peculiar gait (non-pathological) which singled him out of a group. He swayed from side to side, and when his feet struck the ground before moving them, his body would raise itself quickly for two or three inches. It was a bobbing gait which even Dr. Steinhilber could not explain. Nor can we explain the habit he had of cutting a class and as a sort of gesture of defiance walking repeatedly by the open door. In his Senior year, he developed another peculiarity. This time it was mental and assumed the form of a nonchalant attitude. Perhaps a sense of elation or security prompted the attitude. Its presence however was as undeniable as his perennial friendliness and good cheer. He was an arduous student and successfully met every problem on the curriculum. He was especially prominent when he left the room among the first after an examination. He took such ordeals with the same spirit of nonchalance that colored his other habits.

Children's and St. Luke's Homeopathic Hospital, Philadelphia, Pa.
Surgery

DANIEL IRWIN JAMISON, JR.

Pittsburgh, Pa. University of Pittsburgh

Pi Rho Delta; Aero Club of Pittsburgh; Officers' Reserve Corps;
Ptolemy (President, 1930-31); Islam Grotto; F. and A. M.

"DAN" first was noticed walking through our temporary quarters on Broad Street with books, topcoat, and hat in both arms. It must have been some time before he found his way to the locker and Mrs. Slocum. Again he was conspicuous in chemistry lab at the center of Hell's-corner, where the ether fires originated. He rarely started them, but he did have a good time helping Georgie put them out. Dan started his career at Hahnemann with a quiet military decorum. At the end of that career he had not lost his stride. His counsel and judgment were accepted as rather wise, if not a little paternal. Someone called him "Pop" and the name explained his position in our thoughts. Who will forget the picture of "Pop" during the humdrum of some lecture, when one could be tired profitably, very comfortably couched in his seat, glasses on and his head bent down. The subconscious mind must have been working, for in the vital detail of a course he was expert and practical. On Wednesday, at surgical clinic, glasses and all, he often came in with the interested Mrs. Jamison. She was the official hostess for many familiar groups at "Dan's place." These usually gathered on Saturday nights and were very convivial. Mrs. Jamison was naturally and easily hospitable. Remember the adages he gave to us amateur ones about the felicity of married life and how we listened? It was a practical course given by the good example. Maybe that was the source of his success.

Pittsburgh Homeopathic Hospital, Pittsburgh, Pa.
Obstetrics and Gynecology

BENJAMIN RICHARD KATZ

Philadelphia, Pa. University of Pennsylvania, B.S.

Phi Lambda Kappa

"BEN" was most proficient in the art of making himself inconspicuous. He was a member of that army of students whose merits escape notice because of their reticence. Only in his arguments with Chartock did he deviate from a policy of sustained quietness. Perhaps he argued in self-defense to forestall verbal defeat at the hands of his friend. To those medically educated their arguments suggested gastric ulcers. The arguments were chronic in duration and periodic in occurrence. Bridge to Ben was not a bridge of sighs, but a game to be played correctly and vociferously. For when he played that game the art of cussing was exalted to its highest glory. While nothing took precedence to study, Ben was not averse to an occasional spree. His capacity for enjoyment was, what shall we say, very capacious. Another claim to distinction and one not to be ignored was the fact that he was associated with the All-American Anatomists—Viglione, Molony, Cottone, Shirinian, and Chartock. Not to be supercilious we insist that this group knew more about anatomy than the mere location of an eyebrow. Ben could at any time climb down from his reticent position to confer with any other student on matters of study and lecture. Rarely did he extend his utterances beyond a grave consideration of the curriculum with its promise of new and more difficult examinations.

Northern Liberties Hospital, Philadelphia, Pa.
Anatomy

KUNJ BEHARI KICHLU

Srinagar, Kashmir, India

University of Illinois
University of Michigan, B.S.

Associate Member Institute of Electrical Engineers; President Hindustan Club; F. and A. M.; Ptolemy

WE HAVE wondered in our association of ideas where Kichlu parked his elephant in the mornings. This dark-skinned, quiet, restless person who came from Hindustan brought pictures of something rare and ceremonial on his person. He was friendly and serious at all times, altogether like one of us and not so very exciting after we knew him. His preliminary training as an engineer gifted him with excellent powers of logic and thought. He very quickly understood formulae and the processes of calculation. In the course of personal difficulties his friends found help and explanations proferred by Kichlu. He became a real occidental habitue when in moment of trial he let out "shucks." This was his characteristic explosive. In the realm of thought he drew from the richest sources of philosophy. It was not often though that he spoke generally. He was usually close to the person of a few confreres. Long walks and tennis embraced his diversions. Walks on the Parkway on summer evenings with his wife, out and back again to his apartment on Race Street. In the summer of 1930 he worked seriously on outside obstetrical cases. He was an ardent internationalist. Work in a maternity out-patient department would engender such a standard.

St. Vincents Hospital, Erie, Pa.
Medicine

PAUL MILTON KISTLER

Wilkes-Barre, Pa. Swarthmore College

Phi Sigma Kappa; Phi Alpha Gamma; Orchestra (3); MEDIC Staff; Chairman, Blue and Gold Ball; Manager, Musical Clubs

PAUL was the original Hahnemann Sugar Daddy, always working up the business. He was a hound for lavish entertainment and the big time. As chairman of dances and member to concerts he successfully engineered many a college affair. It was an unexpected speech when after certain gigolos had called, "Let's have a dance," Paul soberly reminded them that the last one had only modest support and "why not wait?" He came to Hahnemann with great college enthusiasms and reverence for old Swarthmore. He roomed with Cooper for two years, and so they never got over sitting together and riding one another. Together they found interest in the mannerisms of lecturing doctors, and at any time could be heard their united grunts of amusement. Someone started calling Paul, "Doorknob," and soon this was heard from every end of the room as the 16th or 26th Kistler walked into class. (Really the 31st.) He passed up and down halls flopping his feet like a mechanical man. Throwing his shoulders and jerking his head from side to side; he imitated some poor subject. He was an expert in this art of repeating in his own fashion gestures and words of someone else. At most any time he could be seen conferring with some important person, most usually the Dean. As our big European traveler and tourist guide, it was his delight to pose with Dutch girls in wooden shoes. The Kistler repertory was international.

Abington Memorial Hospital, Abington, Pa.
Homeopathic Materia Medica

HENRY J. KOHLER

Philadelphia, Pa. Hahnemann College of Science, B.S.

Glee Club; MEDIC Staff; Pi Upsilon Rho (Vice-President, 4)

IN NOVEMBER of "twenty-eight," during the sophomore year, the Associate in Pathology told "youse guys" that it was the date of a memorable occasion. He may not have expressed it that way, but as written it implies the thought. Henry being married, we were dismissed early that afternoon. After this preliminary, we heard little until the birth of a successor. Then Henry, proudly talking to his group, marked progress in terms of cutting teeth and quietly mentioned the less attractive feature of night calls from the new patient. He was the perfect "napper." He could doze like a scholar on the front row, nodding and catching himself from falling. We must note that this was only exceptional and after a night of ministering to his own or the Obs "ladies." As a member of Dr. Mercer's loyal summer gang he went up many dark alleys and met many dark people. He read Fu Manchu tales regularly. It was noticeable that he sometimes came in late up the lecture room incline. So we came to know that his time was always occupied. There was the appearance of industry about him. "Gee, it's hot in here" would mark his reaction to spring days spent in class. Spring fever devastated him. In the end, we saw him collecting money for dances with clerical gestures.

Hahnemann Hospital, Philadelphia, Pa.
Materia Medica

LOUIS PHILIP KOSTER

Philadelphia, Pa.

Pennsylvania State College, B.S.
University of Pennsylvania, V.M.D.

Captain, Veterinary Corps, World War; Ptolemy Society; Professor of Anatomy at College of Veterinary Science; University of Philippines

KOSTER had a background of travel and experience in foreign lands. It was reputed that he crossed the Atlantic fifteen times each way, which is no petty record. He had crossed the Pacific to "China cross the way," had resided in the Philippines and visited Japan. Such variety of living made him necessarily mature and settled. He sat in class smoking his habitual pipe saying little till the lecture began. Then again he sat attentively listening, but rarely making notes, taking each word into the permanency of his memory. He planned things on a rational basis. The appearance of meditation cloaked his actions. He took life in an easy fashion, never upsetting the tradition of his maturity. At luncheon hour he would walk through the basement eating a bar of chocolate. Another of his phases of quiet enactment came at the end of the day when he stretched himself and said, "Well, I guess I'll go home." He frequented card games as a partner or as observer over someone's shoulder. Had he said more we might make tabloid exposures, but a quiet man made such sensationalism futile.

Hahnemann Hospital, Philadelphia, Pa.
Medicine

JACOB STAUFFER LEHMAN

Bristol, Pa. College of Science, B.S.

Associate Editor of Medic; Phi Alpha Gamma

"JAKE" was one who combined the rare qualities of the genuis with those of the perfect gentleman. None but a genius could obtain such remarkable grades with so little application and study. In the tenor of a perfect gentleman he was renowned as the perfect host. At any gathering, in an unobstrusive fashion, Jake moved from circle to circle with his offerings of wit, wisdom and vice. In direct opposition to the virtuous personality so portrayed, he was evidently the "laziest" man in class. By this, we mean, he was so efficient that without apparent effort he accomplished as much as the rest of us. Picture Jake climbing listlessly to the rear seat for the afternoon lectures with shining morning face and then solving cross-word puzzles. He was the prize example of calm and complacency. He was rarely seen to express his enthusiasms, for most often he moved quietly with them. His greatest interest was in Radium and X-ray work. Jake's evenings were spent in extensive post-graduate studies, with his mind deep in the subject of Bone Tumours. Add to all this his quiet delight in social activities, and Jake stands before you serious, and unashamed.

Hahnemann Medical College, Philadelphia, Pa.
Radiology

NORMAN LEPPER

Philadelphia, Pa.

University of Pennsylvania
Philadelphia College of Pharmacy, Ph.G.

Alpha Sigma

ANOTHER of those married and happy ones. Having reached the climax suited to all good souls in the Freshman year he very steadily set his purpose and found it. "Norm" was easily agitated and often forgot his train of thought at the most crucial time. In conference with his group he was never sure of the things said and did. He hesitatingly said "Now, but," or "But listen to this." Then through a maze of ideas he struggled to the point he desired to put over. At times, he was the picture of confusion, slowly interpreting and slowly questioning. He proficiently interrupted. It happened that some of his questions were difficult to answer. In section, for most every case, he suggested a complete blood analysis or a spinal puncture to complete the diagnosis. The appearance of concern was part of him. He was of the class-solicitous that asked you after exams how you made out. From earlier training in pharmacy he had mastered dosages and prescriptions before we had begun. So in the course of events he became counselor in pharmaceutics. He was not lacking in close association and friendship.

Hahnemann Hospital, Philadelphia, Pa.
Urology

LEOPOLD SEYMOUR LIPSITZ

Camden, N. J. Haverford College, A.B.

Phi Lambda Kappa (President); Orchestra

"LEO" came into class with all of the appearance of a thoughtful intellectual, usually late, to gaze around with his very innocent expression for a place to hide and cover up. As the last one was seated, the door was opened cautiously and in peeped Leo, sliding in, closing the door quietly and tip-toeing behind the lecturer. He had the grace of a gazelle at these times. Many times he stopped in his slow advent to sit down at the table in the front of the room where he took notes assiduously. Leo most often revealed himself during some laboratory hour, when he clung to a microscope and talked across the table about books and current drama. From the stack of theatre programmes he carried we concluded that he followed stage shows interestedly. With all his appearance of quiet innocence he betrayed a clever and adept mind, trained in literary and artistic matters. We can't forget his easy and meaningless grin, and the flush that slowly covered his face under scrutiny. He possessed the charm of a deep and mysterious refinement.

West Jersey Homeopathic Hospital, Camden, N. J.
Gastro-Enterology

HUGH JAMES McADAMS

Philadelphia, Pa. La Salle College, A.B.

"MAC" obtained to a diversity of knowledge. Our first introduction to this forte was his accomplishment in the field of language. He could say more different things to us in more different tongues than the class as a whole could understand. He could tell the smoothest jokes or sing the rowdiest songs in such a fashion that they were innocently unintelligent and harmless. As class interpreter he explained words that were only symbols to us. With all of the appearance of a scholar—high forehead, upset, wavy, graying hair, and a filled brief case, he walked in the fashion of a jaunty cock of the walk, bouncing on his toes. He smoked cigarettes as if he feared them, just letting the smoke reach his anterior pillars, then blowing it out entirely. At times he was great for standing in front of the class and with a definite pose flourish a brand-new cigar. Again he was very prominent in the column of words and noise. His laugh often fell into the tone of bellowing. He was restive in his make-up and before class he could be seen moving hurly-burly from group to group spreading the line. Or he would suddenly settle down to one lone companion and, with his arm around his shoulder, feet on the desk ahead, between puffs on the uncomfortable cigarette, speak of "you know what" and "I could have told you that." "Wim and wigor," an electric mind, alertness and jollity complete the sketch.

Children's & St. Luke's Hospital, Philadelphia, Pa.
Obstetrics

JAMES READ McKENDRY

Philadelphia, Pa. Hahnemann College of Science

Glee Club; Track Team

SOMEONE characterized Mac as quiet, unassuming, thoughtful and droll. All other manifestations of his personality were hidden behind this masque of thought and silence so that even his droll utterances were preciously saved for a commentary. The sense of humor that was attributed to him was withheld until he desired to reveal it. Certain things he said and certain actions were colored by some innate cynicism in him. He could clearly and cooly, in a few words, make all manner of fun with a satirical reference. He was active in almost every worth-while field, yet he never took stellar honors in any. In the research of some thesis, or the training routine of a track team he was equally diligent. All through the sophomore and junior years he tested blood pressure variations under psychic excitement, using electrical points to shock subjects into a mild reaction. In training for our track team he practiced regularly for the ultimate purpose of having tried. Endeavor and activity meant much to Mac for their own worth only and not for gain. He was our disciple of "ars causa artis." He made little things worthwhile.

Homeopathic Hospital of Providence, Providence, R. I.
Medicine

WALTER JAMES MOLONY

Providence, R. I. Providence College, Ph.B.

Albertinum Society

HE STRUTTED, he developed professionalities among us. Molony was proud of his technic. He managed at the end of four years to have mastered a very laudable pose. He went to Spring Lake in the embryo as a junior interne and, surviving the hazards of gaiety there, he returned with great tales of things accomplished as if he had been completely developed while there. His line was one of the smoothest we have ever heard. It could be alternately enthusiastic and soft-spoken. It was as capable of harangue, as it was of something delicate and impetuous into ears that listened. Suddenly he would become very serious, as if he were going to forsake certain of his lighter habits. At these times, he would work on Shirinian for better or worse. They were companionable. His speech, typically of "Down East," made over ordinary words in new clothing. Everything agreeable was "puffect." This expression was outstanding. Rosy cheeks, going places, big shots, golden opportunities were added as features in the parade. At the dances Walter was a center for certain lighter ceremonies, where he would laugh, joke, bow and shake hands with himself. Then turning to one of his college companions he would grandly slap him on the back and say, "Now, Doctah!—" He attempted to perform all social duties grandly, and in the perfection of a gay moment he succeeded.

St. Joseph's Hospital, Providence, R. I.
Neurology

STANLEY MOHR MOYER

Quakertown — Ursinus College, A.B.

Phi Alpha Gamma; Alpha Rho Epsilon

QUIET, unruffled by external things, placid, he moved among us. In him was a holy combination of dignity and easy humor. Somewhat different from the common tone, this character of humor was intelligent and at times almost artistic in its perfection. He expressed mild amusement at all that occurred about him. His detachment and survey were suggestive of a half-cynical pose. This thought was shadowed, however, by the quality of his genuine good-naturedness. His voice, raspy and falsetto at times, addressed witty remarks at something and nothing, but always with the same wholesome pertinence. He managed a deft philosophical scrutiny of his associates, and in most intimate circles he made use of a wide vocabulary to pattern a phrasey caricature of anyone. He modestly let others think he was insignificant while he, like an owl in a tree with one eye open, studied their very entrails. A bland, complacent smile that did not cover a multitude of evils was part of his character masque. He was the first to leave the last lecture of the day. About fifteen minutes before the hour he decided to leave and take the train home. Later he conspired with friends to abandon commuting and so he took up residence at Hahnemann.

Hahnemann Hospital, Philadelphia, Pa.
Medicine

PAUL MOYER NASE

Blooming Glen, Pa.

Millersville State Teachers College
Franklin and Marshall

Alpha Pi Upsilon; Pi Upsilon Rho

IN ACCENTS slow and modulated, Paul spoke among us. He was conspicuously quiet. Words were most often passed over in a broad white smile. He rarely disputed a point and superficially he appeared acquiescent. Most often though, when in disagreement with a subject, he retained his own convictions while he merely smiled. He came from the country and probably this was the origin of his even temper. In line with the rural habit he had quite an appetite. He characteristically asked, "When do we eat?" The food at Hahnemann certainly satisfied him. Also in the custom of the out-districts he got nine hours sleep each night, arose early, and always looked fresh and beaming. He rarely joined the sleepy-eyed galley in the classroom. Most often he was alert and in active duty. When he said, "Hot dawg," it was different from any other expression of that epithet. Again slowly, deeply, and quietly, with the same broad white smile. At times, he walked around as if he were very old; he appeared so settled and undisturbed by vagaries. Then, to wipe away this delusion, he became enthusiastic, though still quietly, as he talked of his hobbies, his plans, from baseball to Tefford, Pa.

Allentown General Hospital, Allentown, Pa.
Pediatrics

WILLIAM FRANK NEIDE

Philadelphia, Pa. Hahnemann College of Science

Pi Upsilon Rho; Phi Sigma Chi

"BILL" was the picture of despair on the other side of the table in Chemistry lab, behind a fence of titration tubes, bunsen burners and crucibles, when things went wrong. There never was anything as serious as an explosion or an ether fire, but there were times when things boiled over, or reagents fumed, or the paint was burnt off the desk by some corrosive and stuck to everything else. He was very prominent during this period smoking a cigarette in the outside lecture room or on the balcony. He was a "bear" for discussion on any subject. At these times he was very critical of anyone who attempted to be impressive with a few quoted paraphrases without recognizing their origin. The best characterization of his part in a conversation is that he was sharp and pointed and very original. Sometimes he upset an adversary so well with a few words that things were ended. He was rather robust and healthy looking, and not being plastic, he neither gained nor lost physically in four years. At the end the red cheeks had not paled and the girth had not gone down. "Bill" was constant to a personal cause. There was nothing rakish in his presentation. He usually wore black bow-ties loyally. On Saturday nights, after a certain routine, he played pinochle if he had a partner. Otherwise he read stories from the weekly periodicals and on Monday he usually press-agented them among us.

Women's Homeopathic Hospital, Philadelphia, Pa.
Pediatrics

ALBERT HENRY NIEBAUM

Brooklyn, N. Y. Hahnemann College of Science, B.S.

Pi Upsilon Rho

"AL," THE man with puns and wise-cracks and problems up his sleeve. His wit, at times unexpected, was alternately easy and difficult to understand. He stood close to certain alliances in his fraternity. From this source comes stories of "Al" wrestling with anyone handy, leading "bull" sessions as the chief shooter, playing pinochle, and occasionally upsetting the dope with an adventure into the Nurses' Home. He went to his books trampled by fears of misadventure or failure. He left them with remnants of the same worry before an exam, but usually passed through without bad results. His voice was nasal. The bull sessions in class and outside heard from "Al," in such tones, the wit at no one's expense, the tincture of doubt, and the quizzical cracks. He was mild except on the provocation of criticism, when he became vigorously defensive. When he found someone in trouble he became the best old man for serious advice. He had interest in another's problems, and claimed that he was always a friend. His prowess at pinochle made him just a little bit of a gamester.

Reading Homeopathic Hospital, Reading, Pa.
Surgery

DAVID DANIEL NORTHROP

Melrose Park, Pa.

Pennsylvania Military College
Penn State College

Sigma Nu; Theta Nu Epsilon; Penn State Thespian Club; Phi Alpha Gamma; Orchestra (1, 2); Glee Club (4); Blue and Gold Ball Committee (1, 3, 4)

"DAVE" was the personality behind a blue-lit drum. We recall hearing much of his active band, the jobs they did and of a few broadcasts. He came down from Penn State with the reputation of a song and dance man in college theatricals. "Dave" never made much noise about himself and so anything of former successes was only learned through the co-operation of his brother. He was sincerely modest—a familial taint. He made many friends in the happy casual fashion of a "hail-fellow, well met." Associated with a "gang" he extended his friendships beyond its limits. Somehow he reminded us of a typical fraternity man. His colored shirts were more convincing. Dave was at times excitable and then words would start to drop out of his mouth, too fast for any order, until he put on the brakes. At the same time, his eyes would blink quickly and probably he would want to ask "W-w-what d'ya think?" He was close to his brother at all times, if not in actual person, then by some manner he had of acting, speaking, or doing near Dick. He was very enthusiastic about "parties" and was adept at finding the corner and the lady.

Hahnemann Hospital, Philadelphia, Pa.
Surgery

RICHARD FRANCIS NORTHROP

Melrose Park, Pa.

Pennsylvania Military College
Hahnemann College of Science, B.S.

Orchestra (1, 2); Associate Editor of MEDIC, '31; Student Council Representative (4); Phi Alpha Gamma; Editor of Quarterly (4)

"DICK" rather quietly bore the honor of being the son of our Chief. His close personal contact with the important experiences of our hospital never prompted him to any display of privilege. We would speak of him as a "scholar and a gentleman." He was one of the back-row gang. It was the common thing to see him writing notes as carefully as those nearest the front. At times, he brought to class the words of some new and strange ditty, and soon after this the whole class would be singing with "Jerry" at the piano. Dick's voice would sound above the rest. The usual accompaniment included the banging of chairs, the closing of books, and the jingling of keys, in close harmony. He knew enough of books and the origins of books to deserve the character of literary. Rather refreshing were his comments on "Medical Follies." We delegated to him the writing of our class history. This was in keeping with his propensities. He was alert to the cleverness of a well-done phrase and was sure to quote. Nights and nights he played a saxophone in his brother's orchestra. Waltz or fox-trot, this quiet literary man might have stopped pumping to remark, "Gee, there's a smooth babe." It is time to conclude that Dick found space for gayety which, added to his other virtues, gained for him the admiration of a whole class.

Hahnemann Hospital, Philadelphia, Pa.
Surgery

ANDREW JOHN O'NEILL

Conshohocken, Pa.

Villanova College
La Salle College, B.S.

Pi Upsilon Rho

ANDY was one of our most serious men. At least if he ever felt carefree his expression of concern never revealed it. He was always close on the heels of every class assignment and was very uneasy, especially during recitation, when he had neglected them. Tuesday afternoon in Dr. Steinhilber's quiz Andy was very quiet and tense until the last question. Everything on the curriculum was a grave problem to him. He had another face which only his nearest associates saw. He it was who periodically drove out in his Jordan with motives less profound than study. It was the social Andy excursioning without a care. Those companions at that time were varied and numerous. But always he came to class quietly and with iron reserve equipped with new plans for study and offensive on books. In the locker room at the end of the day he rushed through the huddles to catch an early train to home. It was useless to try to corner him then. He was punctual in that appointment always. In other acts this virtue was prominent. He may grow a mustache if he tries hard and then he will show his other face again—to those intimate companions.

Lancaster General Hospital, Lancaster, Pa.
Medicine

MARTIN PACKMAN

Philadelphia, Pa.

Temple University, Ph.G.
La Salle College, B.S.

Phi Lambda Kappa

"MARTY" could walk directly out of the Exchange with cigar, spats, and roseate flush on his face, expectorate a few times, and we would have a picture of a prosperous stock-broker. The position of a half-chewed wet cigar in the corner of his mouth was only changed by the no-smoking rule of the lecture hour. To complete the "big-business" ensemble he displayed white spats at the least provocation of weather and without this. Physically he was large around the waist although during four years there was no observable change in the dimension up or down. This added to his personal suggestion of old-time prosperity. He was always alert to a neglected point, an overlooked principle, a forgotten hypothesis. This insight characterized his class utterances in group or during the apathy of lecture hour. He would sit on the back of a chair with his feet on another behind and shake the ashes off his cigar while he attempted to upset the dope. Sometimes in lecture his questioning voice would sound an interrupting note. Occasionally the interruption was unpopular and the class joined in the classical razzberry. As coach in the principles of prescription writing, and as blackboard demonstrator, he assisted many of us weaker and more disinterested students of dose and dosages.

Hahnemann Hospital, Philadelphia, Pa.
Medicine

LLOYD CLIFFORD PIERSOL

Lancaster, Pa. Franklin and Marshall College

Orchestra (1, 2, 3, 4); Basketball; Pi Upsilon Rho

LLOYD in class was the text-book picture of the "serious student." He rarely did anything but sit in his seat between lectures and read from his notes. He would read a while and then look up while his lips moved—cultivating that memory no doubt. He was always anticipating examinations and his look was one of foreboding evil. At the critical time, he would ask, "Do you think he marks them carefully?" or "How much does that course mean, anyway?" He was duty-bound to his books. When he walked through the hall from the steps around to the library he was the distinct contemplative scholar, books, gait, dignity, and destination. Ware dispersed some water one day in pathology lab and then started an awful upheaval when he sadly advised Lloyd that is was luetic spinal fluid. Some of the liquid had entered his eye and he disappeared to return shortly with argyrol stains all over the eye-lids. From then on the villain on the other side of the table was old "spinal." Lloyd carried a half-dozen different sized stethoscopes for the various sizes of chests and was interested in new improvements on old implements. He was neat of person and didn't demur at being dainty.

Hahnemann Hospital, Philadelphia, Pa.
Medicine

ANTHONY PINO

Philadelphia Hahnemann College of Science, B.S.

Glee Club (1, 2, 3, 4); Newman Club; Il Circolo Italiano

"TONY" is another member of our class who succumbed to the lure of spats and a moustache. The moustache, we must admit, was not of the languid variety and justified its existence not only in the face of Tony but also in the face of all contrary opinion. In addition to these professional props, Pino sported a boutonniere. Since we have often been reminded of the variety and extensiveness of a doctors' armamentarium perhaps it is proper to suppose that spats, a moustache, and a boutonniere are ethical members of the armamentarium. Tony purchased compends of all description and read avidly many reference books. If "reading doth make a full man," then Pino had expanded, yea even unto the mythical fourth dimension. His appearance suggested activity. At a glance one was impressed with the fact that Tony had somewhere to go and something to do. He and Rubba were often seen together, and when seen alone the sight of one brought the other to mind. Their association recalled the Damon and Pythias episode. Tony had an engaging personality, for he was often seen engaging a professor in conversation after a lecture period. If the information gleaned from these extra-curricular conversations is at all vital, Tony will save many lives when he is actively practicing medicine.

Mountainside Hospital, Mont Clair, N. J.
Surgery

GERALD OGDEN POOLE

Wilmington, Del. Delaware University

Secretary of Senior Class; Sigma Nu; Alpha Sigma; Druids

"JERRY" made quick time into the spirit of the class when he responded to the call for "music—play us a song." He was discovered after a year, and then there was no rest for his fingers till the lecturer began. He would sit at the old scratched piano without a top, tapping his feet, and swinging his head while his fingers ran over the keys. Every little movement had a meaning of its own. He played everything from those licentious songs that we can't bring home, to old sweetheart ballads and modern slow croonings. After the lecturer came in, Jerry kept on playing till he finished the last bar. The indulgence of the doctors saved him from any infamy on this account. He carried around with him one of those big, good-friend smiles. At times, he seemed to be very "boyish." He laughed aloud without restraint, he stamped the hardest with his feet when managing applause, and he never forgot the certain tricks and jokes. Poole, Powell, Leper was a triad for history, there union had no weak links. Jerry with his starched and pressed person, his touch and his niceties was pre-eminently a center for sociability.

Wilmington Homeopathic Hospital, Wilmington, Del.
Medicine

LAWRENCE BAILEY POWELL

Moorestown, N. J. Hahnemann College of Science, B.S.

Alpha Sigma

"LARRY" would smile gently and say proper things at all times. He was part of the alliance with Poole and Lepper. They grouped together from the days of a Freshman's beginnings till the last day on the roster. Although young comparatively in years "Larry" impressed us with his quiet sense of responsibility. This characteristic developed from his position of family head in a sense. He had a reputation for being fond of sports. His friends spoke of his prowess while at Moorestown Friends School and his flair for soccer. Naturally this was all "old business" to us. He was also reputed to be a "man of all trades." At home he acted as painter, plasterer, electrician, carpenter and business man. Congeniality was the one outstanding feature of his character. In a voice, which very closely simulated that of Dr. Phillips, he spoke seriously and jestingly at different times. He went in a big way for light-colored grey suits. These he wore winter and summer. They fitted well his habit of dressiness. Through all seasons he carried a filled brief case and through as many seasons he made extensive notes to include in this case. He was usually inconspicuous, after the fashion of a scholar, except in the close conferences of his two most constant companions.

Hahnemann Hospital, Philadelphia, Pa.
Medicine

MICHAEL PAUL PRIMIANO

Philadelphia, Pa.

Temple University
Haverford College

Secretary of Il Circolo Italiano (4)

"MIKE" never quite recovered from the announcement of an exam until outside of the door where the little blue books were collected and then he skirted from one group to another inquiring into your answer and mine. When our answers agreed he congratulated us with a slap on the back, or a hardy grip and an "I told you so" smile. When they didn't—well, possibly you had read the notes wrong or there was a mistake in your sheet. Old man gloom had many a tussle with Mike. He always recovered about the time of a vacation furlough or a class dance. His penchant for gliding over the floor to modern rhythms made him prominent at these functions. He characteristically took long and deep bending steps and he was sure to have a companion who was his peer in the vogue. He was sure to remind his associates of the cuts they had and of the importance of being earnest. However, it was common to see Mike in lighter colors. In laboratory he would leave his bench to bend over someone's head and whisper in their ear in a manner very diverting. Every time the big door opened he fell about ten feet sideways to his own bench and had his eye resting on the microscope piece. Ambitions are to be a pathologist and to sleep late. The opinion is that he will succeed in both.

St. Mary's Hospital, Philadelphia, Pa.
·Materia Medica

GEORGE W. PRUTZMAN

Palmerton, Pa. Pennsylvania State College, B.S.

Alpha Sigma

GEORGE WASHINGTON PRUTZMAN, otherwise "Prutz," was the original "No hope" phantom with the "rumor complexes." He would walk in before an exam, when everyone sat on the fence doing last minute surveys, and write on the board "No hope" in a startlingly pessimistic fashion. One look at his poor scared face as he turned to his seat revealed his personal belief in the statement. After waiting ten minutes for the lecture we would hear mighty George bellow "Let's go" in the same voice that won for him a "hog-calling" contest at Penn State. The verity of this achievement is testified to by Ware, who engaged with George in some awful tussles about the agricultural features of this college. George occasionally came out with a classical wise-crack like, "Yes, sir, that's Bower's baby" or "Go home and tell your mother," when the nurse carried an infant into the class in surgery. He would worry sometimes, but after a while would force a grin across his face and say, "It don't mean anything." Then he would look serious until you agreed with him. He was always "griping" about something and speaking about thousands of dollars and great opportunities. Night accident service "prostrated" him and he lay in his bed as though paralyzed in the morning, oblivious to many loud summons from the outside. His good humor and kindness were outstanding and his rumors have quietly died long ago.

Homeopathic Hospital of Reading, Reading, Pa.
Medicine

JOSEPH BROAD RADDIN

Beaver, Pa. Carnegie Tech, B.S.

Phi Kappa Psi; Pi Delta Upsilon; Phi Alpha Gamma

"JOE" was a student who was unusually quiet and had his own ideas about everything. The character of these ideas was not always evident to strangers. He kept about himself a very impregnable shell of dignity. He said very little. He never expressed any very obvious action. He lived with his own thoughts and ideas. "Joe" was always ready to argue with the professor. Even in the consideration of some lecture he had his own personal ideas relative to it. At times there was the quality of pugnacity about his actions. He very definitely expressed himself with the assurance of self-confidence. With this air of will, he owned to a certain cynicism which prompted him to say at times, "I doubt that!" This characteristic prominently developed in the course of a general debate. "Joe" was an active and industrious student, who kept close to his note-books and his lectures. He carried with him the straight effective pose of the scholar. He did not deflect from this attitude.

St. Luke's and Children's Hospital
Pediatrics

ARTHUR BAILEY REAM

Bowersville, Ohio — Wilmington College, B.S.

Sigma Zeta; Alpha Psi Omega; Alpha Phi Gamma; Phi Ro Sigma;
Ptolemy; Glee Club

A FINISHED diplomat, Art would suavely listen and agree to all expressed convictions and arguments. Behind this deference he concealed his own personal thoughts on the matter, restraining any unwise expression to protect his friendships. He never desired to offend anyone. It is not remarkable that he never did. He kept himself securely in a clothing of many smiles, considerations, and generosities. He would stop anywhere, anytime, and talk to anyone who appeared genial. His leisure moments in college were spent between the card room and the ping-pong tables. His prowess at the latter made his challenges considerably important to certain enthusiasts. He went to Glee Club rehearsals at 12.30 P. M., and it was reputed that he had a fine bass voice. An occasional outburst of song revealed his deep undertones. One day we asked him in our routine investigation what his plans were for the future and were surprised and pleased by his whimsical answer, "to do the best I can."

Miami Valley Hospital, Dayton, Ohio
Materia Medica

LOUIS M. RODI

Hammonton, N. J. University of Pennsylvania, A.B.

HIS admiration for Hahnemann is of long standing. He was a member of that Hammonton High Football Team which once defeated the doughty doctors of Hahnemann in a legitimate football encounter. He wore hats of distinction. They had three major corners and many minor dents and angles and sat precariously on his head. The rakish hats together with the jauntily tilted pipe and the violently colored ties constituted a triad of unmistakable signs. Rodi looked the picture of youthful exuberance and on occasions behaved in keeping with his appearance. Without provocation and just as often without warning, he and his friends would be seen engaged in a scuffle that had respect neither for the sombre atmosphere of a medical college nor for the delicate adjustments of the human body. Whenever it was possible and he had no time for the impossible—he played cards. He played cards with gusto and with Roth, Shriner and Rabidilla. His features do not suggest irresolution. Yet about two or three or four o'clock in the afternoon he would be seen fingering his locker key and asking anyone within reach, "Gee, I'd like to go—I guess I better stay—do you think he'll call the roll." His deliberation was invariably conclusive—that is, he ended the day in school. We have set a premium on originality in writing these histories so that we will not end Rodi's history by taking a slam at New Jersey. To begin with, it is not necessary. Secondly, he lives there and is robust enough to show his rough resentment.

West Jersey Homeopathic Hospital, Camden, N. J.
Medicine

WILLIAM FRITCHEY ROTH, JR.

Kingston, Pa. Hahnemann College of Science, B.S.

BILL was a model of cautiousness. He never spoke out of turn. He never antagonized anyone and never by some excusable misbehavior excited the notice of any professor. These were admirable but they never lead to recognition. Occasionally when he was sure of his ground Bill would stoutly maintain the correctness of his opinions or the inaccuracy of someone else's statements. Bill's proficiency at bridge was a matter of knowledge to his friends and a matter of concern to his social adversaries at the card table. He was a member of that exclusive clique composed of Roth, Rodi, Shreiner nd Smith. The exclusiveness of this group was not of the obnoxious variety and had its origin solely in the fact that it took four to play bridge and that alphabetical proximity sometimes promotes friendships. Two things conspired to lend him an air of distinction. One was conferred by nature—the other by an oculist. The first was a moustache and a quiet professional demeanor, the second was a pair of hexagonal spectacles. From the appearance of studious and efficient attitude it is prophesied that he will survive both.

Wyoming Valley Hospital
Obstetrics

RUSSELL RUBBA

Hammonton, N. J.

Lehigh University, Ch.E.
Hahnemann College of Science

Il Circolo Italiano; Orchestra, Manager (4); Blue and Gold Ball Committee (4)

RUBBA already had completed an engineering course when he attempted the hazards of a medical studentship. He introduced himself to us with a smile and a quick twist of the head. From that earlier day on these were to be the emblems of his presence—a smile and abrupt gestures. He could turn around in his seat at a signal quicker than any other. His movements were rapid and tense. Into this format of speed and tension was added a staccato voice. So words were spoken sharply and with an exciting emphasis. Usually quiet and unheard he could on the right or wrong kind of stimulus became alternately very gay and companionable or very critical. At these times his face lit up with the intensity of his speech and theme. His physical unit was a mass of activity and "jumpiness." Always interested, he entered into his duties with enthusiasm. Then, outside this sometimes vacant realm, he found opportunity for the expansion of this activeness on the dancing floor. From Atlantic City to Philadelphia, winter or summer, he followed the dances. Abandoning editorial decorum, we make note to mention "the swell dames" he escorted. He was interested in institutions, plants, and foundations, probably all part of the engineering complex.

West Jersey Homeopathic Hospital, Camden, N. J.
Gastro-Enterology

SHIGEKATA SAJI

Tane, Higashiazai-gun, Omi, Japan   Fourth National College, Kanazawa, Japan, B.S.

NO ONE was clever enough to develop a nickname for Saji, our good friend. Each doctor, in taking roll, gave it enough variety to appear in nicknames, but this was only the difficulty of pronunciation. The great problem seemed to be whether to have the "j" silent or expressed. The professor of obstetrics sharply called out in his best manner, "Say ye," followed by a terse, "Right?" and let it go at that. Fortunately none attempted the surname. There was something attractive about this quiet little man from so far away whose favorite studies in the oriental fashion were Pathology and Philosophy. After a lecture as we passed out we saw him still pondering with his little feet resting on the chair ahead, smoking a cigarette and oblivious to motion. It was not easy to conjecture what his thoughts were. Home, the little flower girl, bridges to cross, oceans, constellations, many religions, all fitted into that mind. His diversions were smoking, rowing, and mathematics; a hodge-podge of shapes which he molded smoothly into the pattern of his leisure. He smiled broadly when questioned about his home and told us about it so that streets lived. How permanent that Oriental ideal is, we knew, when he told us he had a girl, but he hadn't written to her for three years. He wrote for us about himself, "He likes solitude and yet shows an exceeding joy when he meets a most congenial friend. He seems to be happy when his time is spent well, and seems to be irritable when his time is wasted. When he gets irritable he forgets lots of things and does funny things. He likes to say we are all brothers and sisters after all."

Expects to return to Japan

Surgery

BERT LYNN SAVITZ

Leighton, Pa. Muhlenberg College, B.S.

Orchestra (1, 2, 3, 4)

SAVITZ never worried about examinations. His idea of preparation was a good movie or going to bed early while his room-mate burned the proverbial oil. He accomplished such ease and confidence by attending every class regularly and on very few occasions was he late. In the morning before nine he would be sitting in his seat by the lantern ten minutes before the hour. He played a violin and mandolin. These performances were so wrought with "squeaky" noises and discord that his room-mate's only resource was to go out for the evening. Savitz was sure to say with emphasis that he could play songs if he had the music. Fortunately this was always missing. In the Freshman year he had strange ideas about the control of cancer with formic acid. Chemistry lab hour found him testing the PH of the juice from a bee's sting. Dr. Chandler and he entered into queer disputations as to how the apparatus should be arranged. He walked over to Vine Street at luncheon to eat oyster stews with Prutzman. At Westborough Hospital he spent a whole summer as Junior interne. He returned to college after this experience with more gravity and fewer schemes.

Conemaugh Valley Memorial Hospital, Johnstown, Pa.
Medicine

THOMAS JOSEPH DANIEL SCANLAN

Germantown, Phila., Pa.

St. Joseph's College
La Salle College

Glee Club

HE WAS just "so big" but in walking he could outdistance the tallest. He went along with the speed and grace of a sand-piper, without apparent effort, swaying from side to side. Tommie was another of the "Let's go" group who were evident after the lapse of ten minutes. Until that time he was studiously quiet with his notebook or talking with "Andy." He was noted for his likes and dislikes, and his fiery convictions. Pathology and its assortments were on the black list and often he argued the impracticability in general practice of abstruse science. At the end of the hall on the first floor he was suddenly silent and the passage of the figure in the white coat found him in the background. In recitation he got up steam by answering, "Yes, doctor"—mildly, to say the least. He was one of the fighting Irish who joined in the alliance against the aspersions of the Dutch and the English. His friends were multitude through all the classes. Tommy was usually of one temper all of the time, rarely varying. He did seem too serious at times. A brief-case was part of his personal habit and daily he carried it up and down the subway. His lip was cut and bruised one day. In explanation he told us that he was forced to aid in a fight the night before. This was part of his heroic battle for the accomplishment of his education. He worked nights in a recreation center.

Reading Homeopathic Hospital, Reading, Pa.
Orthopedics

ALBERT F. SCHMIDT

Philadelphia, Pa. College of Science, B.S.

Glee Club; Boxing Team; Alpha Sigma

"AL," "Smitty," "Schmeit," * * ? ! !, "von Friedrich," are a few of the many names given to this popular Teuton. He began to attract attention in premedical school by the statues he contrived on the doctor's desk before the lecture. These statue impersonations must have been worth something, for we heard the rumble of their popularity in every year when someone called, "Statue, Schmidt!" Later, "Al" abandoned this one art for the development of another, when he became enthusiastic about the Glee Club. About 12.30 of the rehearsal day, we could see Albert going around urging everyone indiscriminately to go up for practice. He always assured us that the quality of your voice was secondary, that they only needed numbers. Some of the men, especially "Don," expressed a paternal interest in "Al." This probably nurtured his virginal modesty. For two years he was our prize representative on the Boxing Team. His aggressive stance in the ring will not soon be forgotten. Like a Teuton, he proudly bore the scars of battle. "Al" resented it when the whole class answered "Here!" as his name was called at the "roll." In our last year he was quieter, older, though as active in merriment as ever, and the "statue order" was less often heard.

Ann May Memorial Hospital, Spring Lake, N. J.
Obstetrics

GLEN SCHREINER

Nanticoke, Pa. Lafayette College, A.B.

Phi Alpha Gamma

GLEN was a quiet companion. His silence hid from strangers the deeper qualities he possessed. Endowed with "horse-sense" and enough gray matter to avoid too much scholastic concentration, he went through the years successfully without distinguishing himself. We would look for him in some corner or recess about the college to find him crouched over a makeshift table with a group of cronies playing pinochle, as if life depended upon such things as a meld or an undiscovered widow. Philadelphia's movie houses were his favorite retreats and in the same fashion as in the card game he would crouch up in his seat and watch life on a screen. Few difficulties caused him even mild annoyance; somehow worry was no part of him. Externally appearing so sober, we were left suspecting that gayety and sport were planted in him. He was of the type that would give you the proverbial "shirt off his back." Marked were the easy gait, the hair on his forehead, the twinkle in his eye; hidden were the play, the game, the reckless spirit that only for a while revealed themselves in a chuckle, a grin, or a dusty answer.

Wyoming Valley Homeopathic Hospital, Wilkes-Barre, Pa.
Medicine

WALTER R. SEIP

Pittsburgh, Pa. University of Pittsburgh

Glee Club; Phi Alpha Gamma; Medic Staff

WALTER impressed us with his niceties of speech and manner. Rarely did he deflect from his position of coolness and easiness in the face of difficulty. It was not strange that with this quality he made numerous friendships. He could be very serious about things which often seemed trivial but he was always sensitive to the humor in a situation, once he found it. Then he would laugh openly and put a friendly arm about his companion's shoulder. He was one of the many who cherished what was left of falling hairs and assiduously used that now famous hair tonic. In his make-up there was a notable absence of fickleness. This constancy affected his detached and collegiate habits. He was not inclined to digress from the proverbial "straight-and-narrow." He adhered to this principle more by natural impulse than by the suasion of some personal philosophy. As a member of the Glee Club he encamped with the other songsters at twelve-thirty for the routine rehearsal. The subject of Pittsburgh and its environs occupied much of his daily conversation. In this he revealed the same personal constancy to a cause and to a destination.

Pittsburgh Homeopathic Hospital
Obstetrics

NEVIN HEATHCOTE SEITZ

Glen Rock, Pa. Hahnemann College of Science, B.S.

Orchestra (1, 2, 3, 4); Glee Club (1, 2, 3, 4); Vice-President of Class (2, 3); President of Class (4); President of Student Council (4); President of Institute (4); Secretary of Pi Upsilon Rho (4); Pi Upsilon Rho

THIS is about the Dean's typical "fine fellow." Nevin probably had no more dangerous expression than, "Oh, the dickens," and he was very upset when he went this far. He was pre-eminently under control at all times. His smile was attractively all over his face at once at the same time. This was rather indicative of his good humor and successful adaptation. We suspected that he was very free of complexes. His philosophy was that perfect form which never disturbed or hindered its subject. He was an effective leader and rose to prominence in our class slowly but steadily by the recognition of his worth. When he walked he leered from side to side and on laughing his shoulders bounced up and down as if they were on springs. He went to church. He had athletic diversions. He received packages from home and ate the nuts and pretzels they bought. His hair was falling out and so he used Dr. Bernsterin's tonic. This didn't worry him. He joked about it, true to form. He was respected by all who knew him. His position rather pre-eminently gained for him the distinction of "fine fellow."

Hahnemann Hospital Philadelphia, Pa.
Medicine

RICHARD PAUL SHIRINIAN

Edgewood, R. I. Providence College, Ph.B.

Glee Club

"DICK" had one great difficulty in keeping down a very black beard all through our four years together. From nine o'clock to five he could change from a clean-shaven fellow into a marooned explorer type with a heavy growth. He was carefree and unconcerned in most matters of routine. However, he was always preparing elaborate outlines of every course. At the most untimely occasions he would burst into song. He and his partner Flynn often came through the halls together, each attempting to reach the higher key on the scale. And the songs they sang! Some were sad and dreamy about "way out in the west" or "over the hill" and others were just plain rotten about——. This place marks a censor's erasion. "Dick" was always looking for some group argument where he could push in and, with one foot on a chair, start gesturing and talking about basic philosophy. Sometimes these dissertations were hopelessly unclear, but they had all the charm of the unknown. His "happy-go-lucky" manner relieved these talks of any too serious strain. Singing, jesting, or working "Dick" never lost his happy method.

St. Joseph's Hospital, Providence, R. I.
Surgery

GERALD H. SLOAN

Carroltown, Pa. St. Francis College

Knights of Columbus

SLOAN, partner to the union with Blevins, more silent, more distant as the years went by. He grew in this reserve as others grew in frivolity. None could conjecture his deepest thoughts. Superficially he revealed interest only in the other man alongside of him. During lecture, it was his feature to talk irregularly to the one beside him. References were made to the thesis of the lecture, to the presentation, or to subjects very extraneous. At any rate, the remarks were lost in the general plan of things. He spoke of things as if he didn't care. Nonchalance, savoir-faire, and all that. The beard on his face was always very black. It was so heavy that even after tending it, the black stubs still made him a little too virile looking. At any time, pertinent or not, he characteristically spoke above a relatively quiet class. He was mildly sarcastic. He could laugh louder than any other. We suspected that he was skeptical of all things. This broad sweep of philosophy included professors and their dogmas. A quiet worker who got there for all his apparent indifference, he took life with an easy flourish and never worried about anything.

Children's and St. Luke's Hospital
Medicine

ALAN EUGENE SMITH

Brooklyn, N. Y. Hahnemann College of Science, B.S.

Orchestra (1, 2, 3, 4); Newman Club

"SMITTY," we called him. It was not at all elegant but rather fitted this very young man among us. He sat on the first seat by the rostrum in the fire house with a medical dictionary tracing off a certain professor's mistakes in spelling. It was rather a vantage point for taking notes and there began the historic mimeograph sheets which were passed out the next day for a nickel apiece. Many a man found in the lecture room a cozy corner where he could rest and dream while "Smitty" sat on his front seat and took the notes. It was a service that none forgot. He made as much out of the class as possible, but had to retire when some of the doctors discovered that he was stealing their thunder. After that he was urged many times to return to his old form, but he looked back and saw the compulsion of the faculty over his shoulder. In our later years he started buying *Colliers* and *Saturday Evening Posts* to read in his numbered seat on Friday afternoons. On Thursday at clinic hour we would hear a call and turn to see "Smitty" hold the new-dated *Post* as if a discovery. He developed a "razzberry" once and when the lights went out he ordered a change of slide by this terrible noise. How this little man has grown? He has reached the third stage in the cycle of Will Shakespeare and the other four are to come.

Hahnemann Hospital, Scranton, Pa.
Obstetrics

BERTRAM HARTZELL SMITH

Haddon Heights, N. J. Wheaton College, A.B.

Orchestra (3)

BERTRAM'S academic debut as far as the class was concerned was spectacular. As a Freshman he delivered a lecture on the vascular system of the human body. Those of the class who were awake testify to the merits and accuracy of his dissertation. Intellectual interests are certainly too abstract to suffer hereditary transmission, yet this is the probable source of his interest in medicine. Most of us envied him for his early contacts with the sick which it was possible for him to establish as assistant to Dr Smith, Senior. This early training was not evident from any of Bert's own display. His silence was a masque for more than one instinctive virtue. He openly revealed an interest in bridge. His companions were so well-known in this pastime that it is not necessary to comment now. When his amusement was attuned to some incident that brought forth general laughter, Bert roared above the rest. He was quick to change in his manner from that of quietness to that of easy merriment. His friends and associates were well-acquainted with this quality.

West Jersey Homeopathic Hospital
Medicine

CHARLES MIDDLETON THOMPSON, II

Abington, Pa. Transylvania University (Kentucky)

Gamma Eta Kappa; Pi Kappa Alpha; Editor-in-Chief of MEDIC (4)

THE walls of his room were adorned with satirical prints. His desk-top, holding papers of record, histories of persons, outlines of pages was as disheveled as a poet's hair. The gradual editing of the MEDIC found him closer to these papers which later grew into an orderly annual. He began his job with the argument that he wanted "something different in our book" that it was to be less "amateurish." His speeches at staff-meetings were punctuated with blinking eye-lids and a wildly moving finger. In class when a tedious lecture provoked him, he made protests against certain colorless phases in the curriculum. Dalliance with nebulous ideas was a keen pleasure to him. He showed a tendency to shun the commonplace and to be interested by the bizarre. Nature endowed Charley with a passion for beauty in the abstract; perfect phrases, perfect lines of color and all symmetrical things. He was by no means a languishing esthete—for his escapades were numerous enough to excite the concern of his friend, Ware. To the latter's half-joking remonstrances, Charley listened quietly but in the end he would assert, "When I work, I work; when I play, I play." Capable of great efforts, Charley was indolent about things distasteful to him. He was a man of many and colored moods, changing as the winds or in reaction to the latest book. Silence and merriment occupied his mind alternately.

Abington Memorial Hospital, Abington, Pa.
Internal Medicine

HARRY ERNEST TOMPKINS

Germantown, Phila., Pa. College of Science, B.S.

Track Team Captain (2); Associate Editor MEDIC; Phi Alpha Gamma

"ERNIE" was prominently smooth and mannered but at times when irritated he could paradoxically end an argument with "Nutz" or some other vulgarian epithet. Again after luncheon he had a flair for asking, "Got a tooth-pick?" and using one rather publicly in the next few minutes. These were the most serious anomalies in his make-up but most often he was a conformist. Conservatism was the mark of his activities and he was sure to attempt to dampen over-enthusiasm or rabid judgments. With this quality it was irregular that he should be mildly cynical. He forever said that he had to see to believe, with especial reference to therapeutics. Apparently this was a healthy state of mind that it should encourage his deeper studies and his attention to bibliography. He was markedly reserved at many times but became very animate when asked for an opinion. He introduced many new books and pamphlets into our class. His compends were original and indispensable. He was alive to the importance of extra-curricular reading. We should speak of neckwear which impressed itself on a class on Monday morning and encouraged all sorts of whistles to blare forth. His greatest interest was in the clinic of internal medicine.

Abington Memorial Hospital, Abington, Pa.
Internal Medicine

MICHELE VIGLIONE

Philadelphia, Pa. Hahnemann College of Science

Circolo Italiano (1, 2); Class Vice-President (4); Vice-President of Institute (4); Business Manager of MEDIC; Class Secretary (1)

"MIKE" compassed about three centuries of medical advance when he grew up from the barbers' trade to the position of the twentieth-century physician. He studied Histology then in an empty chair between customers, and with the usual efficiency of a master technician in any chosen trade. He was graceful in his choice of words, and the power of his intellect could be revealed by his fluent logic. He had the quality of giving to every question a very different aspect. So different often that it was easier to forget the subject than to retrace, or to gainsay Mike. He didn't trust himself to any "favorite study." He would be just as satisfied as a lawyer, a poet, a salesman, or a tradesman, if he could be an expert. "A little wine loosens the tongue" was one of his sidelong utterances, emphasized with a "Chesire Cat" grin and a chuckle. This may have been relevant to his "Wet" sympathies, but surely "Mike" was never so obvious. In everything he said we suspected something deep and cryptic. Shelley and the Elizabethan poets most often flavored his literary personality. There is a resemblance here between him and these figures. "Mike" would have been a worthy guest in The Mermaid Tavern.

Hahnemann Hospital, Philadelphia, Pa.
Internal Medicine

CARL NASH WARE

Millville, N. J.

Rensselaer Polytechnic Institute
Virginia Military Institute, B. S.

Theta Nu Epsilon; Assistant Business Manager of MEDIC

CARL entered from military school. This early education colored his personality for the four long years. Though his speech, which was characteristically slow and hesitant, never was sharp or staccato, he never forgot the old army stride and how to pound those heels. Somehow he typified virility. He could by shaking up his hair a little and clawing those big hands look the part of the roughest character in an age. Then he could polish up and look the part of real gentility. Transformations like this were easy for Carl. He could one minute sit in his room as the very serious student discouraging any interruption, and the next join the rest of the quarters gang in throwing grapes or "fixing someone's room." Carl had the encampment taste for ballads and ditties. He presented much rhyme and music to the class. Certain ones like "My Girl Lil" and "Oh, Sister You'll Be Called On" became so accepted that they resembled class anthems, and were only kept from actual recognition by their indelicate humor. We remember his restful nature and his ability for sitting semi-military fashion, head down, waiting for the bell. He was master at the art of "riding" someone, but kept quiet at the mention of "fire-escapes." Week-ends were his failing and how he took them! Thompson and he were never separated. The union started the first day in the Freshman year. They regularly bought each other "unemployed apples."

Hahnemann Hospital, Philadelphia, Pa.
Gynecology

DOUGLAS CLAUSER WASLEY

Shenandoah, Pa. Hahnemann College of Science, B.S.

Orchestra (1, 2, 3, 4); Glee Club (2, 4); Phi Alpha Gamma; F. and A. M.

"DOUG" was the exemplar of that big brother spirit, especially from the fraternity aspect. He carried with him and his bow-ties and colored shirts a modest grin that was more prominent when he laughed boldly. At times, this happy mien was only a masque for some internal trepidation, some deep excitement. He would sit on the bench outside the sacred office with the other, "it doesn't mean anything" boys and appear very easily until his turn, when he would look very uneasy, eyes become big, and nervously explain "Aw, gees, I have forgot everything I ever knew." Then out of his confusion he would find the way to correct answers and to reflect the perfect study. "Doug" at times was gullible. There was no end to telling him fairy tales and getting attention. He believed almost any probable fable until disillusioned, and then he good-naturedly laughed to tell you that "he knew you were fooling." He took long walks, and when coming through the halls he still was the sturdy hiker where he pounded his loud leather heels. Gymnastics rounded out curves where biceps and triceps were planted, and he became one of our "physical men." At Reading Hospital as a Junior Interne he wrote histories and once they say he attempted a tonsilectomy.

Hahnemann Hospital, Philadelphia, Pa.
Surgery

ISADORE WESSEL

Philadelphia University of Pennsylvania, A.B.

"WESS" is of that mighty host whose sojourn to slumberland is frequent and periodic. The explanation for this is far afield. She lives in Wilmington and despite this fact is still elegible for Wessel's affections. We are under oath not to reveal the source of the information which brings to our attention the fact that Wessel bought round trip tickets to Wilmington in great lots. In the prominence and squareness of his chin one conjures a picture of quiet aggressiveness and an intolerance for sentiment. Unfortunately his ruffled curly hair explodes this illusion. He will spend one year at the Women's Homeopathic Hospital. During his Senior year his notes were a model of authenticity for they were written on the official Hahnemann stationery. He was very complacent and rarely perturbed. He never betrayed signs of alarm before, during or after an examination. His nonchalant acceptance of these necessary evils excites our admiration. His manner of walking about suggested a pompous and strict dignity. He didn't waiver, he didn't become excited, he didn't emote. After knowing him for these long years it is natural to add that the manner was generally admired.

Women's Homeopathic Hospital
Internal Diagnosis

KENNETH ROBERT WESTON

Allentown, Pa. Penn State College, B.S.

President of Class (1); Student Council (3); Glee Club (2, 3, 4); Basketball (2, 3); Sigma Omicron Sigma; Phi Alpha Gamma; Theta Xi

"KEN" left Penn State renowned for his activity in football and in student association. As president of our Freshman Class he often needed a heavy gavel to keep the unruly discussions in order. He always found time to keep his averages high, even though he was an inveterate movie fan. Any spare time he could afford was spent in learning card tricks and making quarters disappear. For all of his modesty and dignity "Ken" possessed a certain amount of buffoonery. He could appear to be very serious and quiet, then noticing someone's attention he could just as suddenly go through the passages of some trick or repeat some half-baked joke. At these times his face would light up at his own amusement. Once he had been set on an idea, hell, high-water, and hard-pulling horses couldn't dislodge it. In the most noisy class debate we could expect a quiet word from "Ken," which would be like oil on angry waters. We can't forget his earnest promotion of class comradeship. "Ken" carried the same sincere feeling into his deeper friendships.

Allentown General Hospital, Allentown, Pa
Orthopedics

ERNEST GEORGE LOUIS WIEBUSCH

Waco, Texas Baylor University, A.B.

F. and A. M.; Glee Club (4); Order of Mystic Shrine; Phi Alpha Gamma; Treasurer (4); Class Treasurer (2, 3, 4); Ptolemy Secretary (3); Ensign in U. S. Naval Flying Corps During World War; MEDIC Staff

"TEX" tells us that he will likely locate in or near his home town in the Lone Star State. Of that we know little. It is of the years between when he was prodigal that we write. His memorable announcement will not soon be forgotten. The finale of a class meeting was usually, "The following fellows have not paid their dues." Then began the personal interviews, "Tex" holding a black receipt book, with an outstretched hand. His vigorous speeches before the class exhorting us in the name of patriots, fellow countrymen, etc., rivaled the enthusiasm of Patrick Henry of Virginia. "Tex" should have had an army to lead or a bailiwick to muster. At times he was trying hard to get Texas into the union. He was great for standing on his hands. He followed batting averages closely. Early in the morning he went into Ping Pong room and had an hour's practice with George Myers. During the tournament one year "Tex" almost reached the finals. The whole partisan class was there, urging him on so much that "Tex" almost went to pieces. It is rather noteworthy that he always spoke with respect for everyone. His methodical daily program, his precision make this Texan a man of the hour.

Clara Barton Memorial Hospital, Los Angeles, Calif.
Pediatrics

JOHN HARMON WILSON, JR.

Cynwyd, Pa.

University of Penna.
Franklin and Marshall

Glee Club (2, 3, 4); Phi Alpha Gamma; Sigma Phi Sigma

"JACK," who was sometimes converted in "Jock," was the magnet that attracted Yarrington. We are not sure which end of the combination was the attracting end, but the union was rather tenacious. Jack had to dispense chewing gum and life-savers to his partner and sometimes he was requested in a friendly sort of way to finish that history on their case. To this he would react conspicuously by looking up and protesting, "What dya mean." This brave gesture usually was followed by a quick smile and a chuckle that preceded Jack's walk down the hall to do that particular and bothersome history. He chewed gum thoughtfully and with finesse. Everything was done with the same perfect form and delicacy. Jack's hair was curly, he wore bowl-shaped trousers, double-breasted suits and sported a silk kerchief. These with a big, wooley overcoat and a derby completed his debonnair costume. He went in for the extravaganza of good times in the intervals between his periods of serious study. He usually had the best date on any party. He found time for extra-curricular social excursions. He said little about these and left us only to conjecture.

Mountainside Hospital, Montclair, N. J.
Surgery

CHARLES THOMAS YARINGTON

Wandy, New York Hobart College, B.S.

Basketball (1, 2, 3); Phi Delta Theta; Phi Alpha Gamma;
F. and A. M.; Ptolemy

ONE of Charlie's favorite diversions was telling stories of how tough he was in college. He came to Hahnemann with a "big, bold, bad" front and a broad smile that was part of him most of the time. He could say "Huh?" harder than any other man, and developed something new when he said "Geepers Cryprers." He was always calling for "Skookum" (Cooper). This facility for fitting people to names was characteristic of him. It was fun for the observer to hear him attempt to "ride" someone. Everything he said in such play was good-natured and harmless, and no one was hurt. The attractive note in Charlie's makeup was his absolute self-independence. He was no different in his manner before the interviewing staff or the class meeting. He was unaffected and natural in any environment. He could put more humor into an ordinary experience than a professional clown. He worked hard, he played hard, and he slept hard—rather Rooseveltian. He was notorious for the number of ladies he attached at one time and then let drop. Once he explained that he hadn't made up his mind on an internship for he "might fall into a big practice on graduating." He laughed and we laughed over this—we knowing that such self-assertion had colored the man among us.

Robert Packer Hospital, Sayre, Pa.
Obstetrics

JOHN ZAPPALA

Philadelphia, Pa.

Temple University
Haverford College

Baseball; Il Circolo Italiano (Treasurer)

ZAPPALA was a model of inconspicuousness until the senior year. It was then that the belated miracle of metamorphosis occurred. Perhaps his courage was bolstered by a moustache and one summer of medical experience. Next to Viglione he enjoyed the irritating pleasure of having his name consistently mispronounced. Before the senior year the shell of reticence was broken only during the baseball season. At that time, authoritatively and without blushing, he discussed his favorite sport and quoted the number of hits made by the second substitute infielder for the Pittsburgh Team of 1910. Then his boldness extended from the confines of sport to every phase of student activity. Why it was nothing for him to ask questions in class! He did it with an urbanity that defied not only description but also professional dignity. His close relation to Primiano prove that friendship thrives on disagreement. These two would disagree. everywhere, anytime, and for no reason at all. They argued decidedly but not decisively. John's poise was so perfect that he became a competent master of ceremonies—fearlessly introducing many people into the world because of his flair for Obstetrics. He even learned to fall asleep as quickly as Dr. Mercer.

St. Mary's Hospital, Philadelphia, Pa.
Medicine

CHARLES JOSEPH ZELINSKI

West Collingswood, N. J. Hahnemann College of Science, B.S.

Hahnemann Orchestra (1, 2, 3, 4); Kappa Pi Sigma

HERE is one of the many who claimed an interest in Obstetrics. Charlie may have been sincere in this very laudable choice, but wasn't the remark made before Dr. Mercer started his phone calling in the early morning? It was Charlie who in recitation flushed so deeply when called on. He took the question with a gulp, climbed up onto it, slid back, climbed some more, then stumbled for a loss until he finally laughed nervously as if it were all in fun. In the meantime from the collar up he was on fire. Charlie walked into class stiffly like a generalissimo in the Polish army. He was as straight and as tense as a board. In the summer of 1927 he sailed for Europe. Evidently he saw Paris. The tales he told us during lectures the following fall about the dancing girls, the tambourines, and so forth, made us hopelessly unsettled about a choice of profession. Some of us considered being gigolos with a retinue of dancing partners. Finally in his talk he got to Poland, but after a while we had him back to our favorite stopping-place. The doctor, in taking the roll, ended with Charlie's name. This was the signal for the opening of note-books. Charlie's common expression in the early years was "I got a date tonight." After his marriage in August, 1929, this was taken for granted.

St. Mary's Hospital, Philadelphia, Pa.
Obstetrics

Hughes

HISTORY

HISTORY

GENERALLY the story of an individual begins at the moment of his birth. The first lusty cry of the infant is the signal that starts the biographical pens to scratching and the paternal relatives to bragging. But in the Orient a more scientific viewpoint is held. There, age is determined from the time of conception. In reviewing the life-span of a class in medicine is it not proper that we should, for the moment, turn Oriental and chronicle our class from its scientific beginning?

And so begins our "Book of Genesis," the story of the creation of the Class of '31. As Adam was formed from the dust of the earth, so was the class formed from a stack of papers on a mahogany desk. From the north came sounds of tumbling walls, of murderous hammers, of grunting trucks, as the old Hahnemann College building was erased. Under Broad Street, to the east, burrowed the subway, evidenced by an avalanche of thundering, pounding, shouting, whistling, rending noise. Noise, noise, noise, dust, vibration, heat, smoke, noise! Noise was everywhere.

And in the midst of it, oblivious to it, seemingly reveling in it, Doctor Pearson sat moulding his creation from that stack of papers. He worked rapidly, almost feverishly, in his deliberate, methodic fashion so peculiar to him. Here was a letter from an applicant; here one from a physics professor in Wichita, Kansas; here was one from a suspender manufacturer in Brooklyn; here one from an alumnus; and still another from a doctor in South Philadelphia. Each must be read and weighed; each must be answered; each represented a part of that whole he was forming. Gradually, carefully, he built. A unit from Delaware was utilized, another from Texas, from Rhode Island, Kentucky and Japan, from India, Massachusetts, Cuba, Ohio and New Jersey, Michigan and Pennsylvania. Material from all these states was used by the worthy doctor in his labor.

And finally, after days of tireless effort, he called to his side his secretary and handed him a list. "These are accepted," he said simply. His creative effort was concluded, and the class was conceived.

Into the waste basket went the scraps that were left. What possibilities went with them? What Listers? What Pasteurs? What Mayos? What Oslers might those applications have contained? Perhaps there was one who would have borne the blue and gold banners of Hahnemann to the pinnacles of medical or surgical success. We say, perhaps! But the best remained on that precious list in the secretary's hands, the chosen people of Doctor Pearson.

On the evening of October the third, nineteen hundred and twenty-seven, into the Elkins Amphitheatre marched the one hundred and twenty-seven select. In the pit sat strange members of a strange faculty. One of these stood forth and spoke seriously of "noble traditions—, endless study—, midnight oil—, illustrious graduates—, co-operation between student and teacher—, self sacrifice—." He was applauded and sat down.

Doctor Pearson glanced about. Could this possibly be the result of his careful planning and moulding? "Why, that one fellow up there looks like an idiot! And I'll swear that chap beside him never completed a high school course. That bald headed one looks as though he might turn out to be a good chemist. I wonder if that is Doctor Smith's son? How did I ever choose that silly looking lad with the spectacles and moustache? The life of a dean is certainly a trying one."

Soon the assembly disbanded and the eightieth annual session had begun.

FRESHMAN YEAR

HAHNEMANN Medical College and Hospital during that year was not a very edifying institution. The hospital building and the nurse's home, both on Fifteenth Street, were built of an unattractive mud colored stone. The fire house, temporary quarters of Anatomy and Histology, was sheepishly hiding behind the district police station. On Broad Street were being laid the foundations of the new hospital; and just to the south, brazen, ugly and unadorned stood the college building. During its youth and middle age this structure had served as a garage, but now, as though afflicted with General Paresis, it strutted and posed in the role of Hahnemann Medical College.

As far as we can remember, the ground floor was comprised of an Out-Patient Department, a grand piano, a bust of Samuel Hahnemann, and a huge sign on the wall saying "BLOW YOUR HORN." The second floor, much more interesting to the student's appraising eye, harbored the technicians and the Pathology laboratory. The third floor was the seat of the Physiology Department and the smoking room, while the fourth floor—, ah yes; the fourth floor—, was the happy hunting grounds of the Chemistry Department, where Freshmen were always in season. The building was fitted throughout with concrete floors, frail wooden partitions, and noise. Who can forget that noise? Who can say he doesn't recall in horror those snorting steam shovels that spoiled every lecture, and the riveting guns that beat a tattoo throughout the year? Noise! The very word is terrifying.

Medicine

FIRST YEAR—FIRST HALF

HOURS	MONDAY	TUESDAY	WEDNESDAY	THURSDAY	FRIDAY	SATURDAY
9—10	Physiological and Clinical Chemistry Lectures and Laboratory Pearson, Hepburn and Chandler					
10—11						Principles of Homœopathy Conference Boericke
11—12						
12—1						
1—2	Anatomy Lectures Phillips				History of Medicine Lecture Ramsay	
2—3	Histology (Including Neuro-Histology) Lectures and Laboratory Snyder and Lorenz		Medical Terminology Lecture Campbell			
3—4						
4—5						

Subject to change.

FIRST YEAR—SECOND HALF

HOURS	MONDAY	TUESDAY	WEDNESDAY	THURSDAY	FRIDAY	SATURDAY
9—10	Pharmacy Laboratory Borneman		Physiological and Clinical Chemistry Lectures and Laboratory Pearson, Hepburn and Chandler			
10—11						
11—12						Principles of Homœopathy Conference Boericke
12—1						
1—2	Anatomy Recitation Phillips	Anatomy Recitation Phillips	Anatomy Lectures Sylvis			
2—3	Anatomy Laboratory Phillips Hartley Sylvis Shollenberger			Embryology Lectures and Laboratory Snyder		
3—4						
4—5						

Subject to change

On the fourth floor of this humble building the Class of '31 was actually born. It blinked its eyes and stared about at its strange constituents; spoke shyly to them; shook their hands; smiled and felt at home. Then in walked its creator, Doctor Pearson, Dean and head of the Department of Chemistry. He stepped to the platform, looked at his watch and said briskly, "Gentlemen, it's exactly nine o'clock. That's all right. We are getting off to a prompt and punctual beginning. Don't ever let it be said that a single minute is wasted in this department. Now if my good friend Doctor Chandler will distribute—."

The gist of that opening lecture will remain always a delight in our memories. It began with a detailed description of the intricacies and thoroughness of the modern factory. It pictured the raw material riding on endless belts past workmen who tempered it, cut it and pieced it together; the inspectors who checked the work, the wrappers, the clerks and finally, the finished product in the hands of the public. Very cleverly our dean drew his analogies. Hahnemann College is a factory where physicians are made.

We were the raw material, entering on Broad Street. We too were to be tempered and cut and fitted together, and inspected, wrapped, labelled and turned out on Fifteenth Street to an unmerciful public. Would we meet the rigid demands of the inspectors? Would our minds and bodies withstand the long hours, the countless examinations and the pitiful sights we were to encounter?

The lecture seemed to convey the thought "All hope abandon, ye who enter here." But it had the desired effect. In our breasts swelled the spirit of conflict. "We shall gird our loins and go forth to meet and conquer these menacing ogres. We are not afraid. We, Doctor Pearson, shall justify your selection. You will be proud of your son."

This spirit walked with us as we passed up Fifteenth Street at one o'clock; it lagged behind as we turned in past the police station and it completely disappeared at the entrance of the fire house. Here was the stronghold of Anatomy, that mighty demon whose language awed us and whose immensity frightened us. Truly, we quaked and trembled as we awaited his first word.

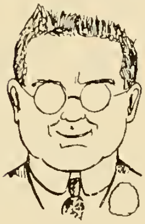
Doctor Phillips was formally known as Associate Professor of Anatomy. He it was who talked (we won't say lectured) to the Freshmen each day at one o'clock. His voice was quiet and sincere, his gestures unassuming, his every action was retiring and reticent. Can't we see him now as he stood before us in his white coat with the cuffs turned up, piece of chalk in hand, drawing child-like sketches on the board to illustrate the triangles of the neck? Can't we see him again, puffing out his cheeks to demonstrate the action of the Buccinator muscle? His immeasurable value seemed to lay in his ability to inspire in us a desire to be like him, a student and a man.

The class as a whole reacted well to the course in Anatomy. They semed to enjoy taking home a bag of bones on that first night, and they liked the sketching hour each day from one 'til two. And George—, yes, of course, George—, hobbling silently about, with polite salutations and inevitable cigars, surrounded always with an atmosphere of mystery through which broke occasionally a vague story of Daddy Weaver and his inseparable Harriet. We shan't forget those first days of Anatomy.

But things were brightening. Already we had met two of our professors and they seemed strangely human. The individual members of the class, too, were becoming acquainted. They found that the idiot was a Phi Beta man from State; and that bald headed one knew more of liqueurs than chemistry; and the silly looking lad with the spectacles and moustache knew three nurses in the training school. They found that one could eat for two-bits in the automat if one weren't too particular about spilled soup and elbows. They found that sitting on running boards on Broad Street was, from an esthetic standpoint, an excellent means of studying Anatomy.

But Anatomy, from a Histologic standpoint, was in the offing, and at two o'clock the course began.

"Gentlemen—, but lots of times we didn't have any—, at the third week the foetus—, hasn't that girl a long—, the epithelium, lining the uriniferous tubules is—, Smith, how do you spell—." All these phrases are intimately linked with the name Doctor Snyder. His lectures were delightful, no other word can describe them. A dry subject bored him even more than it bored his listeners. Consequently we find his more involved talks studded with pleasantries and jokes making Histology acceptable,—even enjoyable. To most of us he will always remain a mystery. Who was Doctor Snyder? The poker-faced tyrant who examined us orally? The jovial, smiling, joking Tommy we sometimes knew? The methodic, sincere scientist who lectured? Or was he the austere Thomas M. Snyder who promenaded up Fifteenth Street, with cane and boutonniere on those sunshiny Indian Summer days? Of only one thing are we sure; tyrant or scientist, smiling or austere, he was first and last our friend.



The first day was past. To their various homes and apartments went the students. Out came the address books, the phone numbers. The ice tinkled happily in the glasses and the conversation of friends was pleasant. The Class of '31 was standing out from shore, every sail filled.

How refreshing are the memories of those school days! Would that we could live them again. Tales are told of the happy student life in Berlin and Vienna; of the beer gardens and cafes, where classmates and teachers were wont to gather of an evening and toast the ladies with foaming steins, and discuss the contemporary problems of science and politics. Students throughout the world are in essence the same; they are brothers under the skin. What matter if it be Berlin or Philadelphia? In den Zelten or Mount Vernon Street? Fraulein Schmidt or Miss Smith? Beer or synthetic gin? The underlying spirit remains the same. Youth at heart is a worshipper of Bacchus, and the Class of '31 was young. "You say you've forgotten? Why, I remember well the evening you dropped in to see Bill and me. You said the night was too still and hot and you couldn't stay alone. 'Besides,' you added, 'the moon will be full tonight and I've worked awfully hard.' So you took off your coat and put on a record. I can hear it now, it was 'Blue Skies.' And then we mixed a few, and called Ruth and Betty, and that dark eyed girl who lived on Rittenhouse Square. Of course! I knew you hadn't forgotten. When, I wonder, shall we meet again under such happy stars?"

But our thoughts wander, and see—, it is already Wednesday. Today we are to have class elections. But first we must meet again the Chemistry Department.

Doctor Pearson was ably assisted in his teaching by Doctor Joseph Hepburn, A.M., B.S. in Chemistry, M.S., Ph.D. We cannot forget him. He was Bill Lentz's worst customer. He wore a derby in the summer time. He was slouchy and small. He could lecture even while pictures were being removed from the wall and handed about. He could tell the dullest jokes we ever heard. He could lean against a wall that wasn't there. It was said that he lived and talked with albino rats, and that he had reduced the task of eating to the mere taking of a pill. To him went the students, the nurses, the faculty, the staff members, with their probelms. Were you preparing a paper on "The Spinal Cord"? Were you thwarted by a problem in Physics? Had you patient developed Paralytic Ileus? Doctor Hepburn was the man you sought. And you were received as one of equal knowledge. You were advised, instructed and helped. Of course you were! Because Doctor Hepburn was a scientist, a teacher and a gentleman. Too much respect cannot be paid him; too many flattering superlatives cannot be used in describing him.

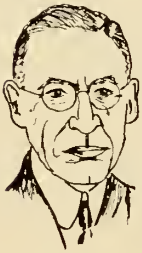
Doctor Chandler, the third member of that chemical triumvirate, specialized in

"ether fires." Like a well bred bird dog in a field he would stalk through the maze of students and laboratory tables, delicate nose uplifted, eyes shining, his every muscle tense and trembling with anticipation. Stealthily, warily he would advance. Suddenly there would be a rustle, a crash, a shout and we would look to see—, what? A quail frightened from a thicket? A pheasant winging away? No! An "ether fire—!" Then would ensue a short vicious struggle, in which the offending fire was extinguished and the luckless student berated. And that evening, in the Chandler home, we could imagine our proud hero telling of his catch and wistfully describing "the one that got away." The course in Blood Chemistry, as taught by Doctor Chandler, would have been better named "A Course In Blue Blood Chemistry." We found it a delightful mixture of New England dialect and—, well, New England dialect. That he was sincere in his effort to make us gentlemen and chemists, we are thoroughly convinced. Perhaps no one ever told him the fable of the silk purse and the sow's ear.

The organized minority warring against the unorganized majority—, how often we have seen it! And who wins? Among the voters at the first election for class officers was a group of men from the Hahnemann College of Science. Their candidate was picked and they were behind him to a man. On the other hand, the unorganized faction was composed of representatives of a score of colleges. They had never met before and were unconscious of the merits of their classmates. Whom should they choose? "Weston," someone suggested. "Who is he?" "Let's see him," were the shouted replies. Weston stood up, and the die was cast. When the ballots were counted it was announced that Weston's magnetic personality had sufficed to weld those tottering strangers into a solid majority. Beneath his name in another portion of this record you may read the legend "Class President I."

Now the academic year was flowing swiftly and surely past us. Fraternity rushing held our minds for a space. Glee Club and Orchestra called for candidates. A class smoker, held in the Gladstone Apartment, further cemented our fast growing amenity. Abe's drug store and Smith's soda fountain were discovered. A fight behind a garage recalled Frank Merriwell days. Some men found that just around the corner was a restaurant where twenty-five and twenty equaled fifteen. In short, we were becoming acclimated. Even the Histology quizzes failed to excite us. We were on our way, gathering momentum and happy.

Christmas approached. Holidays! Home! Turkey! Then back to the Kjeldahls, the "unknowns," the ether fires, the muscles, the microscopes. "Time and tide wait for no man," says the adage. Mid-year examinations came ominously and faded in the dim, dead past. February brought us a new sensation in the shape of Doctor Sylvis, Professor of Anatomy. We wonder beneath what star was Doctor Sylvis born? Perhaps, if you know something of Astrology, you can determine the star from his description. He was a pompous man, somewhat given to blustering and cigars, after the manner of Theodore Roosevelt. His every remark was emphasized with accentuated actions. For example, if he were describing the lumbar plexus of nerves, he would say, "—comes forth in a lash of branches—," and he would pull back his coat and indicate with sweeping hands the course of the nerves in question, starting back in the lumbar region and following forward over an immensity of waistcoat and trousers to the groins. Then he would step back from the screen. "Next picture," he would say. You see, he always lectured with the lights out and the pictures in Gray's Anatomy reflected on the screen. From across the inky blackness his voice would come booming: "—and the anterior branch divides dichotomously into—," and the students went on sleeping soundly through the most complete series of anatomical lectures ever given. For, first and last, above all else, Doctor Sylvis was an anatomist. No tiny blood vessel, no obscure nerve tract evaded his notice.



And with February too, came Doctor Bornemann and his course in Pharmacy. Gently and rapidly to the first two rows he spoke of the art of concocting divers solutions and emulsions. In our memory is a period where mortars, beakers, powders, suppositories, filters, pills and ointments run about in riotous confusion like so many goblins on Hallowe'en. One day we made Red Iodide of Mercury tablets. How proud we were when the little pink discs tumbled clean and symmetrical from the porcelain tile. To think that here, with one flourishing gesture, were enough pills to cure a thousand agonized throats! Why, it semed incredible. And again one day Doctor Bornemann took us walking through the woods and fields of Delaware County. To some of us, his observations on the Rhus Toxidendron and Dandelion were interesting, but to others a swimming hole was more alluring. The trip was merely another attestation of the completeness of the course in Pharmacy. All praise and thanks to Doctor Bornemann, the "Whispering Baritone," whose chief desire was to strengthen the bonds that unite physician and pharmacist. If only all of his profession were as patient, as gentle and as quiet as he!

March came in, with its Histology finals, like a lion, and went out, carrying anatomy dissection, like a lamb. Peaceful passive afternoons in the fire house—, white coats and scalpels—, ball games at Shibe Park—, this was the order. The class, in a selection honoring all that is diplomatic, suave, gentle and calm, elected Closterman to its Sophomore presidency. In this choice we can see the effect of the happy, pacific existence we were living; we can see the influence of such men as Phillips, Bornemann and Shollenberger.

And so the year drew to a close. There was no wild celebration, no blaring trumpet, no weeping, no display. Trolleys kept running down Fifteenth Street; carpenters and plumbers worked on noisily in the new Hospital; the subway continued to evolve. Only this—, one day the college failed to open. The students had gone home—, that's all.

SOPHOMORE YEAR

A YEAR ago it was a muddy hole. A year ago men shouted in its depths and giant machines labored. Just a year ago, how ugly it was! We had cursed the bedlam which arose from the abyss; we had dammed the cause of such turmoil. Just a year ago!

How impossible it is to describe the thrill we experienced when we first saw the new Hahnemann Hospital. There it was, beyond doubt, soaring clean and majestically into the autumn sky. Our hospital! Our Hahnemann! Certainly pride was our foremost reaction. We would stand across Broad Street and admire its serene immensity. We would look for it as we approached from a distance. We would take our friends past and say carelessly, "That's our new hospital. Rather nice, isn't it?" To us it promised a brighter future, better instruction, a more modern education, increased opportunities and conveniences and above all, a fitting monument to our creed, Homeopathy.

We were indeed a happy group as we flung our hats into the ring and started the second year of medicine. And why shouldn't we be happy? There was Wally Kratz frowning good naturedly from his cage; there were old friends to greet; there was Mrs. Slocum distributing locker keys; there was the new roster to be conquered; there were parties to be planned. Who wouldn't be happy?

Medicine

SECOND YEAR—FIRST HALF

Hours	Monday	Tuesday	Wednesday	Thursday	Friday	Saturday
9—10	Anatomy Laboratory Phillips Hartley Sylvis Shollenberger	Medical Jurisprudence Griffith	Anatomy Recitation Phillips	Anatomy Laboratory Phillips Hartley Sylvis Shollenberger		Anatomy Recitation Phillips
10—11			Applied Anatomy Lecture Hartley			Applied Anatomy Lecture Hartley
11—12			Pharmacology Lecture Boericke Krick			Pharmacology Lecture Boericke Krick
12—1						
1—2	Physiology Lecture Widman		Anatomy Lectures Sylvis			
2—3	Physiology Laboratory Widman Scott		Bacteriology General Pathology Medical Pathology Lectures, Laboratory and Recitations Sappington Favorite, Fisher			
3—4						
4—5						

Subject to change

SECOND YEAR—SECOND HALF

Hours	Monday	Tuesday	Wednesday	Thursday	Friday	Saturday
9—10	Physical Diagnosis Lecture Snader	Physical Diagnosis Lecture Snader	Medical Jurisprudence Griffith	Anatomy. Special Demonstrations Recitations and Reviews		
10—11	Toxicology Lecture Pearson		Applied Anatomy Lecture Hartley	Bandaging and Splints Emergencies Minor Surgery and Technique Practical Work Shollenberger and Bristol		Applied Anatomy Lecture Hartley
11—12	Physical Diagnosis Practical Work Snader, Roepke White		Pharmacology Lecture Boericke & Krick			Pharmacology Lecture Boericke & Krick
12—1						
1—2	Physiology Lecture Widman Scott		Pharmaco-Dynamics Lecture Closson	Pathology Recitation Favorite and Fisher	Pharmaco-Dynamics Lecture Closson	
2—3	Physiology Pharmacology Toxicology Laboratory Widman Pearson Hepburn		Bacteriology General Pathology Medical Pathology Lectures and Laboratory Sappington Barthmaier Favorite, Fisher			
3—4						
4—5						

Subject to change.

But alas, all wasn't sunshine. Not in vain had the guns of Chemistry, Histology and Anatomy bombarded our ranks. Nineteen names were missing from our roll; nineteen classmates had stumbled. We recalled Kipling's phrases "I've drunk 'is beer a score of times," and "'Is cot was right 'and cot to mine." Poor fellows—!

Nathan Griffith, LL.B., was the first professor we met. Perhaps the less said about his course the better. In fact, what can we say about his course! Our description would certainly invite criticism. Let's merely state that the subject of Medical Jurisprudence was ably presented on Tuesday mornings at nine o'clock and that Colonel Tucker supervised the final examination. Isn't that enough?

And then came a continuance of Anatomical dissection. The roster called for attendance on four mornings of the week but we found that a little expert anatomizing on one morning permitted wholesale cutting on the others. It was usual throughout that year, and throughout the Junior and Senior years as well, to hear at noon one student question another, "Did he call the roll this morning?" Oh! They were happy and careless days.

And the Anatomy Department presented another continued series of lectures from Doctor Sylvis. As in the Freshman year, his excellent discussions on the Brain and Spinal Cord failed to stay the hand of "tired Nature's sweet restorer, balmy sleep."

But the Sophomore Year was not entirely without its premier performances. We met for the first time the Professor and Head of the Department of Physiology, Doctor Widman. "Muscle tonus" was his most characteristic expression and fishing his hobby. One day he stopped lecturing and stepped into the smoking room to rebuke the Science School students who, with noisy antics and sportive gamboling, were disturbing his talk. How we laughed when he returned, chagrined, to report that instead of Science men, these roisterers were dignified Seniors. His course, like his personality, was quiet and pleasant. Even in his final examinations Doctor Widman was meticulously complete. It was not unusual for him to quiz one man for a full hour.

And still speaking of Doctor Widman, we must remember that he never interrupted our pre-lecture songs. At one o'clock, while we chanted the immortal strains of "We'll Sing, We'll Sing, We'll Sing to Lydia Pinkham," or "Glory, Glory, Dear Old Hahnemann," he would tread patiently back and forth until the last echo of "—Let's raise hell while we're here," died away in the farthest corner of the building. And while on the subject of songs, let's not forget "Oh Sister, You'll Be Called On," and the Christmas hymns in December, and the host of popular tunes that Jerry played so well on the piano.

But to return to Physiology. There were the laboratory periods, where hundreds of frogs were sacrificed daily at the command of Doctor Scott. "Pith a frog," he would say. We would forthwith rush to the buckets in the corner and search for a big bull-frog with strong muscles. Returning to our desks we would "pith" the poor creature and surmount him on shiny apparatus that to assemble would test the ingenuity of a master mind. "Snap" would go the contact; "kick" would go the muscle; "zip" would go the lever, and there, on the smoked drum, was a record of a contraction. "OKed" by Doctor Scott, dipped in shellac, hung to dry, its ultimate fate was in a voluminous laboratory report. Frogs, levers, drums, shellac, hours on hours without end—, that was Physiology.

Samuel W. Sappington, M.D.! Professor and Head of the Department of Pathology and Bacteriology!

Here is the name that was most feared in college, most often heard at examination time and most respected always. In short, here was the "bogey man" of Hahnemann. As Sophomores he terrified us; as Juniors he appalled us and as Seniors he awed us. Wheresoever he went respectful and fearful silence preceded and followed. Clothed in an immaculate white coat, he would scamper mouselike here and there, always accurate, always hurrying. Into the lecture room he would rush. In rapid, high pitched voice he would deliver a magnificent lecture. Then out again, leaving us to scribble on for five minutes. Wouldn't we like to have a copy of his lecture on Syphilis! "—and after the Crusaders had passed through," he said, "all of Italy was syphilized." Witty? Yes. Scientific? Indeed. A teacher? Of course. Humane? Well—! We liked to call him a representative member of our faculty.

Associated with the Pathology Department and conducting its laboratory hours were Doctors Hopp, Favorite and Fohlweiler. The latter two we called "The Happiness Boys"—, no one knows why, but it was a name suggested by some wit and adopted by the class. The first named, Doctor Hopp, was indeed a character. "Youse'll never be sturgeons unless you study the Typhord Bacillus," he would say. And then he would arrange us in single file and march us about the room to collect microscopes, cans, slides and sputum. Contrary to custom and predictions, the class appreciated Doctor Hopp and was genuinely sorry to see him leave.

Wednesday mornings, throughout the year, brought us a course in Applied Anatomy presented by Doctor Hartley, Head of the Department. Here we learned the practical application of the mass of information we had been accumulating. The layers of the scalp, the triangles of the neck, assumed undreamed importance when discussed from the surgical viewpoint. We cannot forget the morning when Doctor Hartley, scarce noticing his chart and to the huge delight of the class, described in detail the outlines of the stomach the while his vagrant pointer followed the picture of the liver.

Wednesday mornings, too, brought us Doctor Krick on the subject of Pharmacology. This was our first experience with a young general practitioner on a purely medical and practical topic. Eagerly we drank in his stories of patients and cures; breathlessly we listened to his tales of battle with disease, of drugs and of serums. In typical school boy fashion, we named him "The Miracle Man."

During the Christmas holidays in nineteen twenty-eight the transformation of the old hospital on Fifteenth Street was completed and on the arch over the entrance was chisled the inscription "Hahnemann Medical College." How different it was from that garage! Here, everything was still and orderly. Here, in the basement, was a student recreation room where a fellow could play decent bridge. Here was locker space in abundance. Classroom "A" was terraced and large. And on the first floor was Wally's new cage, and the administration offices, and the Pathology department; not to mention a modern library and reading room. The second floor immediately proclaimed to the Olfactory nerve endings that here was the seat of Anatomy, with its counterpart, Histology. And on the third floor numerous laboratories and lecture rooms provided a new happy hunting ground for the chemical triumvirate. Finally, beneath the roof, Doctor Widman's Physiology department held sway, sporting two lecture rooms and a huge and modern laboratory.

Into these ample quarters we gladly moved when we returned in January of twenty-nine.

But in spite of the change and the different atmosphere, school life went on as usual. The second semester gave us a course in Physical Diagnosis, taught by E. Roland Snader. For weeks we drew lines on each other's torsos and memorized the outlines of the heart and lungs. Then for more weeks we percussed the same torsos, imagining dullness here and resonance there And finally, day of days, we bought stethoscopes and applied them to heart and lungs. What a sensation it was to hear for the first time the "lub dub" of a heart, and to distinguish bronchial and tubular breathing. And suddenly, a trolley car or a truck would pass on the street below and our sensitive ears would swear it was an extra systole. From group to group, from man to man Doctor Snader would wander, insisting always on the value of Physical Diagnosis, always earnest, always teaching.

In the vote for Junior president, Mert Hill received the plurality. Again the class chose an entirely new type of personality. Hill represented the politician, the modern statesman whose ready wit and pleasant speeches made him an instant favorite. Fraternity politics was rife at each of our elections, but in none was its influence seriously felt. It merely added a glamour, a certain romance.

From Washington Irving's Legend of Sleepy Hollow we quote a passage that, abstractly, may remind us of those hum-drum summery school days in laboratory and lecture room when the very monotony of our existence drugged us and transported us into a world that has since seemed unreal. Speaking of a school house he says: "From hence the low murmur of his pupils' voices, conning over their lessons, might be heard of a drowsy summer's day like the hum of a beehive, interrupted now and then by the authoritative voice of the master in the tone of menace or command—."

JUNIOR YEAR

DOCTOR PEARSON has promised us that in the interim between Sophomore and Junior years we would evolve from boys to men. We all rather dreaded that thought. We liked to be boys; to sing bawdy songs; to put frogs in pockets; to play hooky and see ball games. We didn't want to be men.

And so, rather fearfully we returned to Hahnemann as Juniors and, perhaps, as men. Anxiously we scanned each face; eagerly we watched each action; and happily we broke forth, "Oh we'll sing, we'll sing, we'll sing to Lydia Pinkham." We hadn't evolved; we were still boys and the dean was wrong. True, Doctor Smith's son had raised a mustache—, but look, he's going off to the movies. Yes, the bald headed one had married—, but see, he's betting five dollars on the Athletics.

But wasn't the Junior year different from the preceding? Lecture after lecture faced us. Behind us were the endless hours in laboratory; behind us was the blood-thirsty Chemical Triumvirate; before us stood new professors, new subjects, beckoning, calling us on.

Medicine
THIRD YEAR

HOURS	MONDAY	TUESDAY	WEDNESDAY	THURSDAY	FRIDAY	SATURDAY
9—10	Materia Medica Boericke	Gynecology Lecture D. B. James	Obstetrics Lecture J. E. James W. C. Mercer	Surgery Ashcraft Brooke	Surgery Hunsicker Leopold Killian	Obstetrics Lecture J. E. James W. C. Mercer
10—11	Clinical and Special Pathology—Laboratory First Half Year Operative Surgery Practical Work Second Half Year Steinmetz and Martin		Autopsies Favorite Fisher	Clinical and Special Pathology—Laboratory First Half Year Obstetrics Second Half Year Mercer and Tomlinson		Materia Medica Recitation Krick
11—12			Surgery Quiz Geary			Medical Diagnosis Lecture Steele
12—1						Surgery Second-Half Geckeler
1—2	Clinics, Lectures, Demonstrations, Individual and Sectional Dispensary and Hospital Work See Special Schedule					
2—3	Surgical Pathology Lectures Laboratory and Recitations Elliott Sylvis					
3—4		Neurology Lecture Steinhilber	Surgical Clinic Northrop	Roentgenology Electro-Therapy Frank	Obstetrics Lecture and Quiz Clemmer	
4—5		Pediatrics Lecture Redman		Medicine Recitation Coyne	Recitation Medicine Ferguson	

Subject to change.

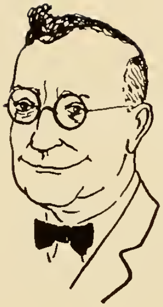
THIRD YEAR—SPECIAL SCHEDULE
1 P. M.

SECTIONS	MONDAY	TUESDAY	WEDNESDAY	THURSDAY	FRIDAY	SATURDAY
1	Eye, Ear Nose and Throat Clinic	Medical Clinic Golden and Wells	Eye, Ear Nose and Throat Clinic	Therapeutic Clinic Boericke and Williams	Rectal Diseases Dispensary	
2 A	Genito-Urinary Dispensary		Genito-Urinary Dispensary		Genito-Urinary Dispensary	
2 B	Orthopedic Dispensary		Orthopedic Dispensary		Orthopedic Dispensary	
3 A	Medicine Dispensary		Medicine Dispensary		Case Taking Conference	
3 B						
2 P. M.						
FIRST HALF YEAR	Surgical Pathology Lectures Laboratory and Recitations Elliott	Physical Diagnosis Conference Half-class McEldowney Conferences Radio- and Photo-therapy Five weeks Frank	Lecture Demonstrations Non-Pharmacal Therapy Entire class	Physical Diagnosis Conference Half-class McEldowney Conferences Radio- and Photo-therapy Five weeks Frank	Lecture Demonstrations Non-Pharmacal Therapy Entire class	
SECOND HALF YEAR		Urologic Clinic Ten weeks Half-class Ashcraft	Nose and Throat Eye & Ear Entire class Weaver Nagle Palen	Orthopedics Ten weeks Half-class Brooke	Nose and Throat Eye and Ear Entire class Weaver Nagle Palen	

Subject to change.

Gynecology, with Doctor Earl Craig! Here was a man who never called the roll, but whose lectures were always well attended. What better applause could we give than that? To emphasize a sentence he would dash across the room and dip and rush backward. Then to the side he would plunge and with a magnificent gesture, say dramatically, "Gentlemen—, never treat an infected cervix for fear of carrying infection up." He tried mightily to teach well, and he succeeded.

And conducting a parallel course was Doctor Mercer, Professor of Clinical Obstetrics. From him came wild stories of midnight dashes from home to hospital, when the head was on the perineum and the Ford had two flat tires. "You'll learn to sleep standing up," he'd say, and "—one big pain and out she pops, right in your hands."



We could see by the notes he carried that he had a definite, ordered series of lectures to deliver, but his love of story telling always completely overpowered him and back and forth he would pace, with perpetually smiling mouth and constant black bow tie, telling story after story. At the end of a lecture, our papers were blank but our heads were full of practical obstetrical facts.

But Neurology! Ah yes, that was different. When Doctor Steinhilber finished talking all pens were dry and all note pads were filled. His voice was monotonously sing-song and his inflections were monotonously uniform. Monotonously he would repeat important phrases—, sometimes twice, sometimes thrice, "Never make a diagnosis of Embolus without a cardiac etiologic factor. Never make a diagnosis of Embolus without a cardiac etiologic factor," was characteristic. But who, may we ask, had time to be bored by monotony when writing about a million words a minute? Who didn't thank God for those repetitions that permitted breathing space? And who didn't sigh with relief at the end of the year and say, "Well, we certainly were given a good course in Neurology?"

Doctor Sappington was there again to heckle us. He was wittier than ever, this time on the subject of Clinical Pathology. And Doctor Boericke, of whom later we shall have more to say, injected pleasure into the dry subject of Materia Medica.

But the prize lectures of the year came from Doctor Ashcraft, Professor and Head of the Department of Urology. At nine o'clock of a Thursday morning the door in the right wall of Lecture Room "B" would open and admit a tall dignified man, with double breasted blue coat and picadilly collar, with hair turned silvery white and with a mouth that continually smiled, as though its owner were ever happy and amused by an intensely funny world. He would walk to the pedestal, take a pair of glasses from his vest pocket, adjust them to his nose and peering over them, smile graciously at the class. "Gentlemen," he said once, "the three most important specialities are Obstetrics, Gastro-Enterology and Urology." At this point he would remove his glasses, replace them in his vest pocket and again smile at the class. Then he would blink, produce another pair of glasses from his right coat pocket and continue: "I call these the most important specialities because by the first we are born, by the second we live and by the third, gentlemen, we die." Returning his glasses to his right pocket, he would smile, blink and produce still another pair from his left pocket. Outstanding among his lectures was the one on his beloved "Tumors of the Bladder." Doctor Ashcraft, we feel sure, will ever remember the class of '31 as a group of men who knew when and when not to laugh at a joke.

Doctor Elliot's course in Surgical Pathology was a paramount feature of that Junior year. There are some who insist that Doctor Elliot was once a sailor, but you know, and we know that his habit of hitching up his pants was nothing more than a "tic." Thoughtfully and wisely, before each of his lectures, there were distributed printed sheets containing the subject to be covered. Thus it was unnecessary for us to take notes and gladly we sat and listened to this boyish looking surgeon with the Buster Brown Collar, as he related manifold facts, drawn from a wealth of clinical experience.

And when at three o'clock the lecture was completed, we would journey with reluctant steps to our two hours of torment in the laboratory, where Doctors Sylvis, Dickinson, Favorite and Fisher held sway. All afternoon we would stare at one slide, until our minds were alive with wrath and our tired eyes could see nothing but the slow-moving minute hand of time. Laboratories! By now they had come to bear "the hue of dungeons and the scowl of night."

And speaking of torment—, but wait! On Fifteenth Street, just below the college, was a store where Liberty magazines were sold. Toward the end of each copy were two cross-word puzzles. On Friday afternoons and on Saturday mornings dozens of copies of Liberty were sold to members of the Junior class. Cross-word therapy we found to be specific in the treatment of acute or chronic boredom. Do you suppose the publishers of Liberty had anything to do with the appointment of—?

Forgive us if we interrupt—, but hark! Do you hear that strange voice? It comes from a trim little man with gray hair and a mustache and it repeats over and over, "Danger to the life of the mother, danger to the life of the child and uterine in-er-tia." How rapidly he talks; it's silly to attempt to take proper notes on such lectures, we'll buy them from Smitty. Who is the man? Why, surely you remember! It's Doctor James. Of course! Who else has that habit of smacking his lips after each sentence, as though to say "Gosh that was good"? And certainly no one else could teach Obstetrics so thoroughly or so rapidly. Doctor Clemmer? Well yes, he hurried too. but not quite as much as Doctor James.

Suddenly we found ourselves in the midst of a mad pack of examinations. Wildly they leaped at our throats; they tore our clothes and our flesh; they snarled and bared huge fangs, dripping with bloody saliva. A more intimidating assemblage we had never seen. From all sides they came, Materia Medica, Gynecology, Medicine, Pathology, Obstetrics, Surgery—; no sooner would we conquer the one than another would take its place. We weakened; we fell to our knees and raised our failing arms for protection.

Saved! At the eleventh hour! By the Christmas Holidays! How blessed they were that year, after our battle with the examinations; how refreshing to some of us who, perhaps a bit more impressionable than others, were unnerved by the pathos and the suffering which prevails in a hospital.

The magnificent Elkins Amphitheatre saw us officially for the first time in our Junior year. There, on Wednesday afternoon we attended Doctor Northrop's surgical clinics. There we met Doctor Williams and heard his splendid lecture on Digitalis. There Doctors Golden, Wells and Boericke presented their cases. But best of all, it

was in this marble arena that we first saw the Orthopedic Department in action. Doctor J. A. Brooke, its head, was a rather diminutive figure in comparison with his henchmen. These last were a tall and brawny lot, with lowering expressions and bulging muscles, reminding us of a wrecking crew. And indeed, a wrecking crew they seemed when a poor little tot with bowed legs or clubbed feet, was wheeled in. While Doctor Brooke was presenting the case, Doctor Tyler would anaesthetize the patient. And then all of them, four or five in number, would pounce upon the helpless kiddie and with mallets and chisels, with saws and gimlets they would hack away at an arm or a leg, until from sheer exhaustion they would stop and sew up the wounds. Doctor Brooke, in his habit of physically demonstrating certain deformities, reminded us of Doctor Phillips. In the midst of a lecture he would hobble about the room with lordosed back; or again he would stiffen his leg, turn in his foot and comically imitate the walk associated with hip dislocation.

And so, with diligent study, with lectures, comedy, pathos, clinics and laboratory, the year moved on. Courses under Doctors Redman, Leopold, Hunsicker and Killian occupied us for a time. The last name showed us what real sincerity in a teacher meant. His lectures to him were a religion, so much so that his whole attitude and bearing became almost ecclesiastical and we sacrilegiously nick-named him "Reverend."

And then there was Doctor Frank Frosch, Associate Professor of Gynecology. He continued Doctor Craig's series of lectures. Rotund, quiet Doctor Frosch! Have you forgotten how terribly careful he was to pronounce each syllable and how laboriously he would say such words as "pathogenicity" and "introitus"? The fact that he was an ardent pathologist was shown by his insistence on the "biopsy." Look again at the notes you took during his lectures and you will remember at once the thoroughness and wisdom of this man.

The roster shows Dispensary work in the Genito-Urinary, Orthopedic and Nose and Throat Departments. It shows Physical Diagnosis under likable Doctor McEldowney and X-ray with Doctor Frank. Doctors Schofield and Shallcross were added to our list of acquaintances. All of these courses and events we met smilingly. Examinations attacked us again and kept attacking until in two weeks we had taken twenty-four difficult finals. The year was drawing rapidly to a close.

A meeting, called hastily between classes, resulted in the election of the following officers for the Senior year:

President—Nevin H. Seitz.

Vice-President—Michele Viglione.

Secretary—Gerald O. Poole.

Treasurer—E. G. L. Wiebusch.

Council Representative—R. F. Northrop.

Here again, the class showed remarkable wisdom in the selection of its leader. Seitz was a man of deep and profound seriousness, who hadn't an enemy in the class or among the faculty members, and who utterly deserved the highest tribute we could pay him. We were proud to call him representative and happy in the shelter of his leadership.

SENIOR YEAR

NINETY-THREE men reported for classes in September of nineteen-thirty. Ninety-three of the original one hundred and twenty-seven had weathered the buffetings of three years. And they showed the results of the struggle. These were not the boys of the Freshman year; these were not the Sophomores who kept Green Street alive at night; nor were they the Juniors who sang hilariously before each lecture. They were men, serious, earnest and quiet. Some came from hospitals where they had served as Junior internes, and others came from their homes. Some commuted daily to nearby hospitals; some acted as Juniors at Hahnemann. The dean's prediction had come true—, one year late. No singing now! No happy, laughing faces! Men!—we were all men.

The class was so divided and separated into Obstetrical, Medical and Surgical sections that days would pass in which we would see nothing of some of our classmates. Absences were common, since roll calls were few. Everyone seemed worn out and anxious to hurry through the year as quickly and easily as possible. Vacations weren't long enough and the three-year grind was showing its effect.

Medicine

FOURTH YEAR

Hours	Monday	Tuesday	Wednesday	Thursday	Friday	Saturday
9—10	Individual work in the Wards and Clinical Laboratory Ward Classes or Sectional Conferences					Medicine Lecture Golden
10—11	1. Medicine. 2. Surgery. 3. Obstetrics and Gynecology					
11—12	One-third	Gastro Enterology Eberhard	sections in periods of ten weeks each			Advanced Pathology Sappington
12—1						
1—2	Individual and sectional Dispensary and Hospital work (See Special Schedule.)					2.30 P. M. Municipal Hospital in Sections (Subject to Special Notice)
2—3						
3—4	Prescription Writing Borneman Therapeutics Lecture Griggs Van Tine	Materia Medica Lecture Boericke	Surgical Clinic Northrop	Prescription Writing Borneman Therapeutics Lecture Griggs Van Tine	Materia Medica Lecture Boericke	
4—5	Medicine Lecture Golden	Bickley Levis Larer Korndoerfer	Hygiene Lecture Horn 4.30—5.30	Surgery Lecture Northrop	Neurological or Pediatric Clinic Steinhilber Raue	

Subject to change.

FOURTH YEAR—Afternoon Dispensary Work

1 to 3 P. M.

Sect.	Monday	Tuesday	Wednesday	Thursday	Friday		Wks
1	Medicine	Medicine	Medicine	Medicine	Medicine		3
2	Medicine	Medicine	Medicine	Medicine	Medicine		3
3	Therapeutics	Therapeutics	Therapeutics	Therapeutics	Therapeutics	Including Gastro-Enterology	3
4	Therapeutics	Therapeutics	Therapeutics	Therapeutics	Therapeutics		3
5	Pediatrics	Pediatrics	Pediatrics	Pediatrics	Pediatrics		3
6	Neurology	Neurology	Neurology	Neurology	Neurology		3
7	Skin	Skin	Skin	Skin	Skin		3
8	Ear, Eye, Nose and Throat						3
9	Obstetrics	Obstetrics	Obstetrics	Obstetrics	Obstetrics	Including Gynaecology	3
10	Obstetrics	Obstetrics	Obstetrics	Obstetrics	Obstetrics		3

On Saturday afternoons the Senior students will go to St. Luke's and Children's Homoeopathic Hospital for ten weeks instruction.

However, there at least was one lecture which everyone attended, in spite of the fact that there was no roll-call. This was the Surgical lecture presented by Doctor H. L. Northrop, Professor and Head of the Department of Surgery. To him we had unanimously voted to dedicate our book. We looked upon him as the acme of professional dignity and the whole-hearted friend of every student. He had rushed one hundred and fifty miles to aid two of our classmates who were injured. He had sped from Philadelphia to Trenton on a similar mission. His life belonged to suffering mankind and to his pupils. Can't you picture his genial, ruddy face as he stood lecturing in Room "B"? Can't you recall his recitation of countless cases to prove that the acute abdomen should be opened? "I remember a man from Darby, who worked in Strawbridge's as a tie salesman. One day as he was returning from work, he was struck at Broad and Filbert by a hansom cab—." His memory for details was amazing and his vocabulary, together with his method of delivery, was well nigh perfect. Never shall we forget his lectures on "Highlights of

the Abdomen" and "Fractures of the Skull." It was an unforgettable pleasure to take a course under this distinguished, scholarly surgeon.

And equally pleasurable was it to attend the classes of Doctor Harry Eberhard, Professor of Gastro-Enterology. Under his glowing description, his Chestnut Street office assumed the proportions of a repair shop where gastric ills were treated and cured by the thousands; where technicians in trim white frocks passed interminable duodenal tubes; where electrical appliances were used in the ultra-scientific treatment of simple constipation and belly-aches; in short, where mountains were made of molehills. We were his "boys," eager and anxious to learn, and his course enlarged from the prescribed fifteen weeks to almost a complete year. "Gold nuggets" and "sheet anchors" studded his course; earnest enthusiasm and sincerity marked his lectures..

Doctor Garth Boericke may well have been called the "best known man on the faculty." For four years he had lectured to us on the subjects of Homeopathy, Pharmacology, Materia Medica and Therapeutics. Surelv there is not an alumnus living who can forget his "preambles" and his "fourth class determinative symptoms." "Here is something to hang your hat on," he would say, and again, "this remedy is the hot stuff." In his suave and sophisticated way he was a born humorist whose witticisms we feel sure would have made him an instant favorite in the most sedate of regal courts. And as a teacher he was ideal. It was his unhappy lot to present the driest and most difficult course on the Senior roster and yet we found ourselves listening eagerly to his drug pictures. None of us could appreciate the labor involved in preparing and delivering a lecture on Homeopathic Materia Medica, else we surely at the year's end, would have presented Doctor Boericke with an appropriate bouquet.

The trip to Allentown was perhaps the most noteworthy feature of that year. It occurred just before the Christmas holidays and was nothing more nor less than a wild orgy of beer drinking and insanity. The condition of some of the inmates certainly drove some of us to beer, but there were others who didn't need any driving—; in fact, some didn't see any inmates. But that is neither here nor there; your memories can never forget Allentown. Let us merely remind you of the excellent clinics conducted by Doctor Hoffman and then, if you please, let us hurry on.

The death of Doctor G. Morris Golden was a shock which stunned us for some time. Coming as it did in the very midst of his lectures, we felt the loss keenly. His chubby, earnest countenance, his habit of saying "again," his attention to the tiniest detail, all made a remarkable impression on us which time has had great difficulty in erasing. We attended his funeral services in a body and saluted the memory of this friend and teacher.

What a mad jumble that Senior year was! Surgery clinics each morning with Doctors Ashcraft, Leopold, Webster, Steinmetz and Elliott! Obstetrics lectures from Doctor Wait or Doctor James or Doctor Clemmer! Medical lectures! Gastro-Enterology! Doctor Bert on Saturday mornings! Dispensaries in Medicine, Gynecology, Surgery, Neurology, Obstetrics and Pediatrics! D. B. James! It was awful. And what a load it was to throw on the shoulders of men who were tired out at the very beginning.

Dermatology dispensary we shall never forget. Doctor Bernstein sat at his desk, attired in frock coat, piccadilly collar and spats, and "wise-cracked" for two hours at each and every one of us. He remarked on our enunciation, our pronunciation, our habitation, our habiliment, our ancestry—, on anything and everything. If you tried to explain, he would hand you a rope and say "Tie it outside." He was bald—and advocated the use of "Bernstein's Hair Tonic," insisting that it was non-poisonous, contained a high percentage of alcohol and mixed well with giner ale or White Rock. He swore, shouted, stormed, tore his hair (we beg your pardon, "figuratively" he tore his hair); he wispered, laughed, joked—! No, we never shall forget Doctor Bernstein.

Nor shall we forget Doctor Wells, the man who so characteristically would say, "Put out your tongue," and "Class be excused." He appeared extremely young and reminded us, in a way, of Calvin Coolidge. He rarely became dramatic, and seldom digressed from the subject at hand, even to the slightest degree. It was his custom to appoint a student to write symptoms or treatment on the blackboard, and then, when the time came to refer to the list, he would erase it carelessly and write down entirely different views. Why in thunder he ever did it we haven't yet decided. But his lectures were clear-cut and understandable and his discussions of Homeopathic treatment were beyond comparison.

And in the Medical Department too, was Doctor Williams. When we first saw him we said "What is this banker doing in the lecture room?" He had the typical appearance of the business man who cuts coupons all morning and golfs all afternoon. But when he started to speak we could easily understand why he was there. More complete lectures we shall never hear, especially on the subjects of Diabetes and Heart Disease. He, and we too, deplored the fact that we had to take notes in his lectures. He flatteringly taught us as though we were physicians. Doctor Williams was remarkably well liked and respected by the class, both for his sincerity and for his ability.

And finally, let us recall Doctor Saul, who in our Junior year, lectured on Allergy and in our Senior year, on Medicine. As he talked we closed our eyes and imagined him in his office of an evening, attired in stylish evening clothes, discussing Diabetes or Obesity with his ultra-fashionable patients, the while their chauffeurs waited in Pierce-Arrows and Rolls-Royces. Because that is the type of man he was! He lectured artlessly and heartily on various modish diseases, principally his beloved Allergy. It was a pleasure to sit and listen to this gentleman of morning suits and spats. And why, we wondered, have so many doctors such boyish faces?

There was installed in the hospital during that year and amid much ballyhooing and publicity, an infernal contraption called the Scialyscope. It was supposed to project a view of the field of operation onto a screen in a different room. The voice of the operator was transmitted through a loud speaker. Because of this—, this

machine, many of us were robbed of an opportunity to advantageously hear and see one of our most eminent faculty members, namely Doctor D. B. James, Professor and Head of the Department of Gynecology. Nevertheless, we learned to know his husky voice as he stood in the Women's Operating Room, peering up at our faces and speaking quietly and thoroughly on his subject. We remembered that once his oratory assumed dramatic proportions when he discussed the causative social factor of Specific Salpingitis.

And then there came a time when everything seemed to go wrong. The roster was a mess; the lectures were awful; we couldn't study; "histories and physicals" nauseated us; dispensaries were boring; in general, we were breaking down. And as June approached, we became even more careless. Spring days came and monotony—, a few hurried weeks of preparation, and the finals. Several grand brawls! Hangovers! The Academy of Music! Speeches! Diplomas! Hurried good-byes! A few tears! And there we were—, graduates in Medicine. It all seemed so easy, so utterly silly. Why, only yesterday we were Freshmen! What has happened? Where are we?

* * * * * * * *

"Like bits of wreckage which, meeting on an empty sea, cling together for a moment before they are separated by the tides and the wind." "Like varidestined birds who gather for the night in the one tree, and in the morning depart for divers worlds—."

Thus of friends speaks a modern writer. And we add, "Like the pigeons who made their home on the window ledge at Hahnemann and huddled close through the icy nights of winter—. The pigeons who flung across Philadelphia's skyline on glorious vernal mornings—, who brought to the college's grim reality a suggestion of sunny glades and fields afar—."

Look back, O Classmate, on those school days. Close your eyes, and lo—you are sitting again in the laboratory, in the lecture room, at the bridge table—; you are walking happily to lunch; you are pouring drinks for the party. Who was your best friend? Who sat with you? Walked with you? Drank with you? Oh, it is pleasing to recall his words and his thoughts. Now turn to his picture in the MEDIC and the memory is complete. We charge you, Classmate, never to forget us.

Frienships more beautiful than love, were formed during those years, only to be dissolved by the merciless hand of Time. Friendships, that in a world less cruel would have endured through ages, were shattered by grinning Necessity.

Fling out your banners, Members of '31. Come! Shoulder to shoulder and arm in arm we will advance, as we advanced to meet grim visaged Anatomy, to do battle with these more formidable foes. Time! Necessity! The World! Hah! What care we for this mighty array. Onward! Memory is our weapon, and with Memory we shall destroy them. Together we shall scale their walls and dwell in the Past, that glorious land of friendship which they guard so jealously. Once again will the old building ring with our songs; once again will the glasses be raised in a toast to "youth." Come with us, Classmate, we beg you.

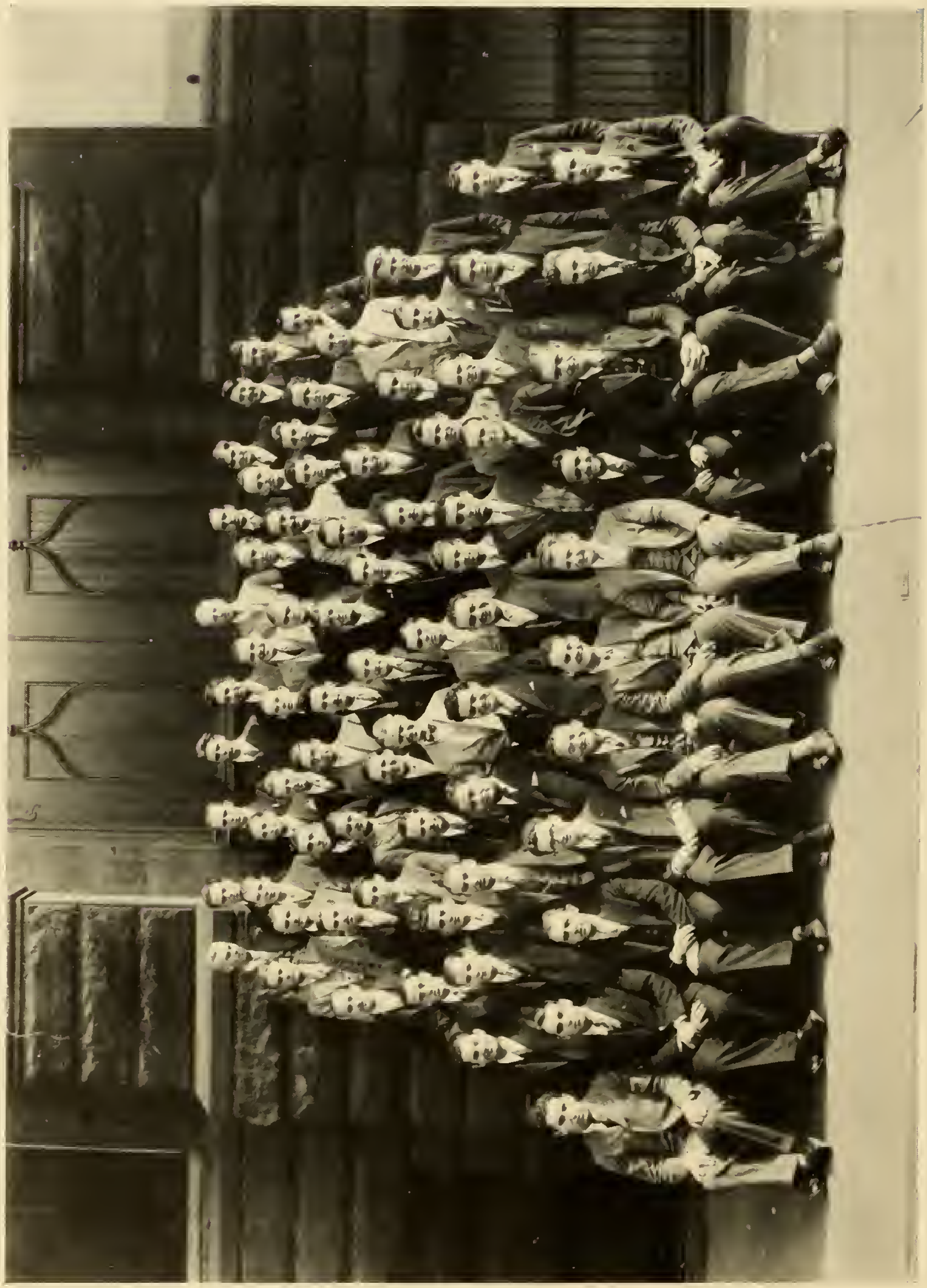
And ere we turn our faces again to the future, let us build here in the Past an altar. We must fashion it somewhat like a window ledge. And on it, pagan like, we shall enshrine our own symbol of friendship—, two pigeons, huddled close—.

Richard F. Northrop.

FINIS

Hughes

JUNIORS



JUNIOR CLASS, 1932

OFFICERS

President....................Anthony Joseph Di Ielsi
Vice-President ....David Sharkis
Treasurer ....Manuel Sall
Secretary....................Rayford Elwood Wright
Student Council................Robert William Boben

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Ephraim Raymond Ambler, Jr.
Louis Abraham Amdur
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Nathan Artsis
Russell Samuel Ash
Harry Lon Aussprung
Charles Philamore Bailey
Herbert William Barron
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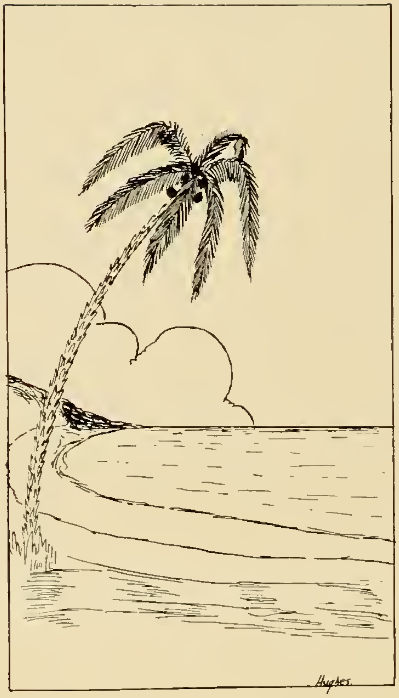
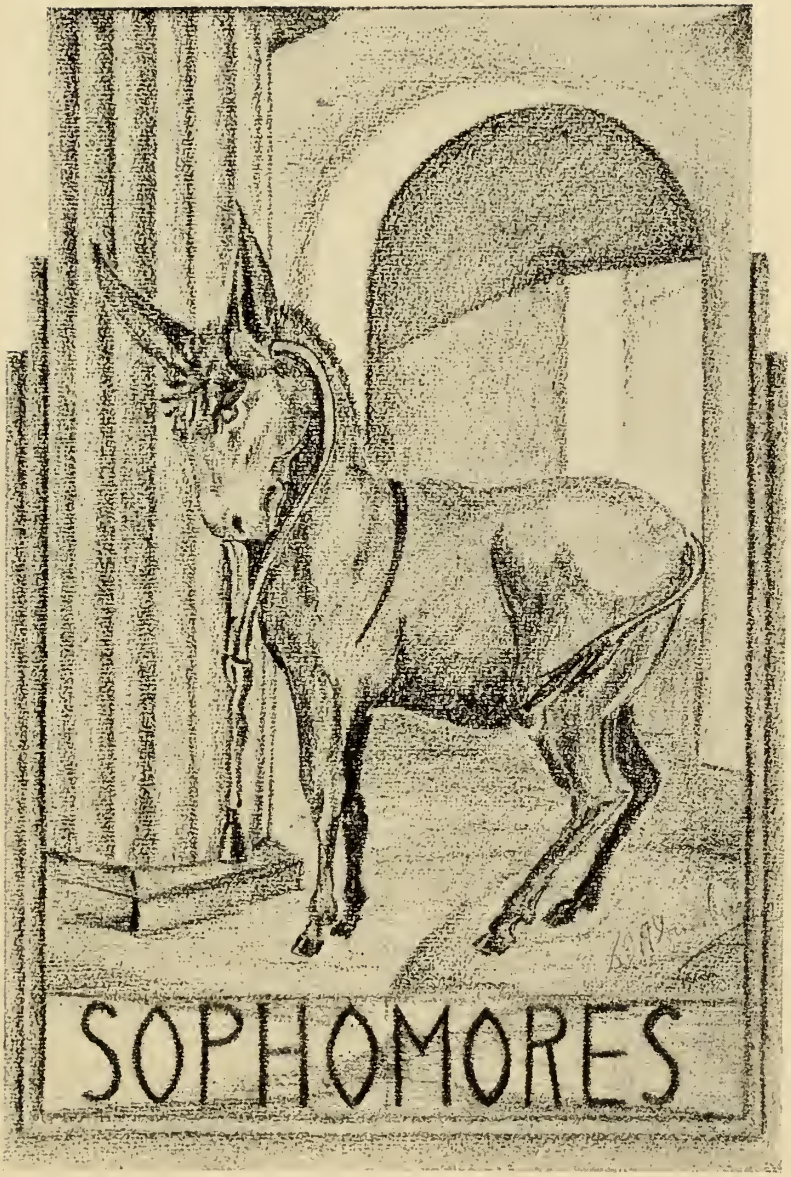
Hubert Nathaniel Jones
Seymour Samuel Kimmel
Laurance Wilkie Kinsell
Andrew James Klembara, Jr.
Olive Arthur Kobisk
Jacob John Kohlhas
John Anthony Koreywo
David Howard Krochmal
Abram Bernard Kurland
Harry Paul Landis, Jr.
Richard Paul Laney
Louis Lapin
Anthony La Russo
Alphonse Albert Lepis
Earl Carl Leyrer
Frederick Charles Licks
Andrew John Lotz
Herman J. Lubowitz
Edwin Duncan MacKinnon
George Robert Mankus
Nathan Manus
Anthony Marsico
Nicholas Dominic Mauriello
Patrick John McGlynn
Henry George McKeown
Wadsworth Lee Miller
Robert Elmer Mitchell
Raymond Christman Moyer
George Thurman Noden
Emmett Francis O'Gara
Dimitry Simon Dibich
Anthony Domenick Diodati
Ralph MacFarland Donaldson
William Henry Driebelbis
Walter Lewis Eckert, Jr.
Hyman Epstein
Harold Alvin Erlenbach
Thomas Sheldon Fannin, Jr.
Nathan Albert Fegley
Laurence Everett Finney
Leon Allyn Frankel
Richard Mathew Free
Ray Clifton Gabler
Nathan Nieman Ginsburg
Andrew Wirt Goodwin, Jr.
Walter Grossman
Charles Frazer Hadley, Jr.
William Weaver Haines
Philip Halpern
Bernard Hark
Robert Saul Heller
Harry Samuel Hoffman
Stephen Arthur Oliva
Joseph Francis Pacelli
Anthony Picollo
Frank Anthony Quattromani
Santiago Jorge Rabadilla
David Francis Reilly
Donald Wood Richie
Frederick A. Riemann, Jr.
Isaac Harry Rigberg
Earl William Roles
Daniel Merrill Rosman
Isadore Kenneth Rosner
Vance McCormick Rothrock
Henry George Sahl
John William Scheuer
Nathan Geoffrey Schuman
Manuel Heine Shear
Muse Alfred Sheppard
Malachi Wilson Sloan, Jr.
Walter Anthony Spelyng
Barney Anton Stegura
Ignace Bernard Stegura
Charles William Straub
Martin Elias Swiecicki
Kurt William Thum
Harold LeRoy Trexler
Warren Leon Trexler
Henry Symforayn Urbaniak
Frank Clinger Wagenseller
Robert Wible Wallace
Jack Leslie Weinstein
Frederick Charles Witwer
Adam Follmer Yerg


Hughes.

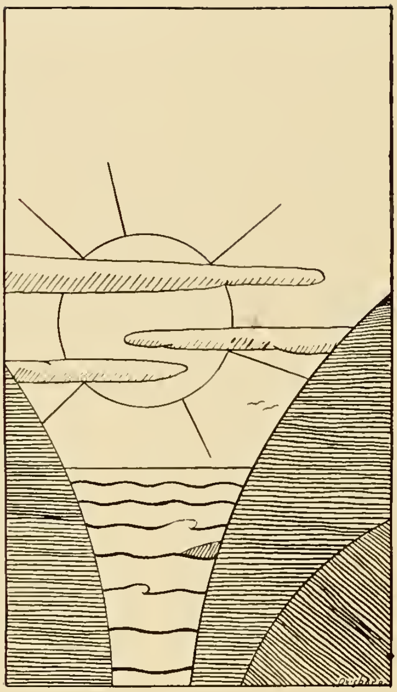

SOPHOMORES

SOPHOMORE CLASS, 1933

OFFICERS

President........................HARRY ELBERT DARRAH
Vice-President............THOMAS LIVEZEY LAUGHLIN, JR.
Treasurer........................EDWARD STUART MAGEE
Secretary..................DONOVAN MEREDITH JENKINS
Student Council...........HORACE FENELON DARLINGTON

John Michael Amore
John Lewis Anspach
Edward Lewis Axelman
Russell Henry Barnes
Samuel Stanley Barr
George William Beacher, Jr.
Melchior Edward Becker, Jr.
Isaac Watson Betts, Jr.
Maskell Bates Black
Arthur Gaius Blazey
Frank Clinton Bowers
Ralph Mackay L. Buchanan
Jesse Evans Pierman Burns
John Dominick Caggiano
Albert Angelo Cammaroti
Orlando Mario Carozzino
Livingston Chunn
Frank Patrick Colizzo
William Edward Connelly
Benjamin Cooperman
Curtis Franklin Culp, Jr.
John Holmes Davie
Charles Spencer Davison
Nicholas Derrico
Peter Gerardo Di Bono
Anthony James Di Marino
Aurelio George Di Renzo
Anthony Angelo Donato
Romeo Raphael D'Onofrio
Harry Eugene Douds
George James Dwyer
Herbert Henry Eighmy
James Nicholas Evanoff
Samuel Stephen Farago
Robert Hirst Farringer
James Cyril Flemming
Gladstone Edwin Francisco
Gustav Alfred Frank
Willis Cadwallader Gerhart
Ernest Peter Gigliotti
Floyd Dare Gindhart
Donald Geoffrey Gladish
Charles Earl Green
Theodore Lawrence Greenwald
William Pemberton Gregg
George William Grenhart
Oscar Broughton Griggs
John Ross Hague
Earl Stephen Hallinger, Jr.
William LeRoy Hann
Paul Sylvester Herr
John Danes Hubbard
Gerald Lee Infield
John Joseph Jablonski
Paul Marshall James
Charles John Jaworski
Richard Chisholm Johnson
Alexander Dillon Jordan
Roosevelt Juele
Nubar Karakashian
John Mumford Keese, 3rd
Edward John Keiza
Howard Anderson Kerr
C. J. Kleinguenther, 3rd
Joseph Vincent Kowalski
William Daniel Krazinski
Robert Donald Leonard
Carl Raymond Madera
Wesley Franklin McCahan
Lewis Ross McCauley
Joseph William McHugh, Jr.
Robert John McNeill, Jr.
Ralph Bates Megahan
Eugene Harold Mercer
Theodore Linton Mercer
Joseph William Messey
Karl Fenton Metzger
John Scott Miller, Jr.
Samuel Robert Miller, Jr.
Harry McDuffy Moore
Harry Joseph Morrin
Dwight Lester Moyer
Lewis Leon Newman
Anthony Philip Nicosia
Edward Ignace Ornaf, Jr.
Thomas Ewing Patton
Carlyle Allen Payne
Robert Penington, Jr.
Domenic Matthew Pescatore
Chas. Buckley Peterson, Jr.
John Pickering
Alfonso Louis Pierro
John Anton Postner
Edward Wright Provost
William Henry Quinn, Jr.
Robert Francis Rapp
Robert Lowell Redfield
William Leon Ritter
Samuel Sample Romagosa
Thomas A. Ruddell, Jr.
Roberto Sandoval
Brant Burdell Sankey
Caesar Frank Sarni
Ralph Elmer Schachterle
Carl William Schoenau
Allen Colby Service
Kenneth Lee Shaver
Robert Elliott Slemmer
Keum Sung Sohn
Francis Davis Speer
Edward Brandt Strahan
Stanislaus Joseph Sulkowski
Otto Carl Tomec
Paul Jay Tomlinson
Robert William Traganza
John Termini Valenti
Ralph Charles Venturo
Thomas Visgilio, Jr.
Carl P. Wagoner
Crothers Emerson Walker
Joseph Albert Walker
William Arthur Weaver, Jr.
Roland John Whitacre
Byron Donald Wilkins
Stanley Osborn Wilkins
Arthur Abraham Wilner
Arthur Jerome Wise
Wm. F. J. Wittenborn
Ralph Chadwick Worrell
Charles Frederick Yeager
Metard Atche Yessian
Samuel Earl Young
George Clayton Zimmerman
Wm. Wallace Zimmerman, 3rd



FRESHMEN

FRESHMAN CLASS, 1934

OFFICERS

President......................William James McElroy
Vice-President....................John William Hardy
Treasurer..................Edward Dallett Sharpless
Secretary.....................Peter Joseph Labowskie
Student Council.................George Milton Knauf

Horst Albert Agerty
Charles Alfano
John Joseph Anastasi
Emrys William Andrews
David Anthony
Albert Carl Armbruster
Charles Henry Baldwin
Frank George Barnard
Joseph Knight Beans
Harry Oscar Beeman
John Joseph Bender
Louis Joseph Berenato
Alfred Burt Borden, Jr.
Frederick Alton Bowdle
John Lich Boyer
Joseph Vincent Brennan
William Jones Brooks
James Joseph Bruno
John Francis Burke
John Paul Burkett
Edwin Wetmore Cauffield
William Paxson Chalfant, Jr.
Frank Albert Cheganski
John Joseph Coletta
Thomas Agnew Conway
John Berchman Conwell
John Robert Cox, Jr.
John Joseph Curtin
Walter Kenneth Czerwinski
Wilbur Stafford Davison
William Francis Delaney
Anthony Emil De Tullio
Albert Emanuel Deutsch
Laurence Patrick Devlin
Edward Miller Dicks
Louis Charles Di Joseph
Francisco D'Imperio
George Anthony Di Nicholas
Dominic Anthony Donio
William Edward Donohoe
Edmund Eugene Duredski
Lewis Albert Easer
John Benton Egee
Hugh Wilson Eikenberry
Homer Burkert Fegley
John Rutherford Felch
John Boleslaus Filip
James Stuart Fleming
David Adamson Fluck
Edward John Ford
William Henry Frazee, Jr.
Edward I. Geller
Everett Edward Genther
John Robertson Glassburn
Jesse Theodore Glazier
Joseph Stanley Glinka
Michael Grasso
Royce Vansant Haines
Marvin Benjamin Hand
Arthur Ashton Hartley
Robert La Mer Hoke
James Frederick Horlacher
Joseph Arthur Horneff
William Vernon Hostelley
Samuel Bishop Hughes
Harry Samuel Huhn
Samuel Snyder Huntzberger
Sigmund Mitchell Jaczack
Walter Anthony Jarzab
Marcos Rodriguez Jimenez
Eldridge Walton Johnson
Aharon Moses Tarnez Kalashian
Joseph Kassab
David Keyser
John Vinson Keyser
Reginald John Konopka
Abraham Kramer
Edward Nathan Lamson
James Garren Langford
Samuel Benjamin Lapin
Samuel George Lastick
Clarence Andrew Laubscher
George Anthony Laux
Wilbert Garfield Layton
Arland Arthur Lebo
Edmund S. Lewandowski
Yale Sander Lewine
Otto John Libener
Louis Davis Lippitt
Carl Everett Lorenz
Nicholas Edward Marchione
Philip Marshall
Lewlie Irwin Maske
William Dummett Mayhew
George Henry Clay McKeown
William Charles Meineke, Jr.
Charles Belden Miller
Cledith Aten Miller
Edwin Ephron Miller
Paul Reveri Miraglia
Harold Schrope Morgan
Wasel Muholelage, Jr.
John Anthony Napoleon, Jr.
Ross Nelson Noll
Louis Cornelius Nuyens
Joseph Francis O'Neill
Vincent Renato Pessolano
Michael Peters
Charles Mathew Pohl
Samuel Clayton Polcino
John Kenneth Potter
Marcel Alexander Powidski
Emerson Augustine Read
Walter Alday Rihl
Frank John Robertson, 3rd
Frederick August Ruoff
Gatian Frank Santor
Paul Shelley Schantz
Clinton Ridgway Schneider
George Rudolph Schubart
Walter Anthony Schultz
Zdzislaw John Stankiewicz
Shermer Haines Stradley, Jr.
Theodore Brooks Sutnick
Edward Thegen
Roscoe Marlin Thome
Seward Myers Transue
Francis James Trunzo
Charles Burkle Turnblacer
Placido Venuto
Joseph Clement Vosefski
Frank James Walenista
Richard Franklin Wallace
Floyd Roscoe Ward
Matthew Patrick Ward
Harvey Crema Warren
James Clyde Warrington
Charles Millard Waters
William Noel Wesner
William Work Widdowson
Willard Aubrey Wilson
Russell Gorshuch Witwer
John Dowling Woodward
Richard Johnson Worst
Robert Edwin Wright
John Hislop Yeaman
Edward William Zak
Joseph John Zawislak
Anthony Allen Zenszer
Edward Henry Zwergel

HOSPITAL

THE NEW HOSPITAL

JOHN M. SMITH
Superintendent

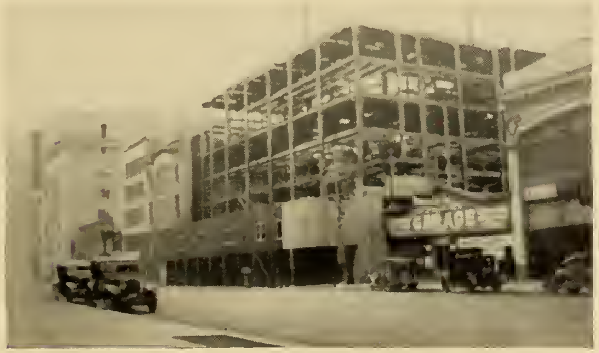
THE new nineteen-story Hahnemann Hospital on North Broad Street is one of the finest additions to modern advance in hospital structure. Erected after infinite labors and planning, it stands in testimony to the ardor of its creators. There is nothing more imposing than an inspection of this great institution, which was conceived and dedicated for the express purpose of service.

The idea of a new hospital building was discussed several years before the actual organization of a unified committee. In January, 1927, the first committees were organized at a private meeting of the hospital associations. At this time the appointment of a Campaign Manager was authorized. This official was to be a professional and disinterested person who would efficiently lead the financial foundation. Colonel Louis J. Kolb was appointed Chairman of the Building Committee. The Campaign Committee was formed of six members of the Board of Trustees, with Mr. Walter Hering, as Chairman.

The campaign began actively in the spring of 1927, in the month of April. The goal was set for two million dollars. Early in June at a general banquet of all interested persons at the Bellevue-Stratford Hotel the Campaign was closed and the results were announced. Two million, seven thousand dollars had been subscribed.

Work on the architectural plan was started at once. The old college building on Broad Street was demolished. This work was started on Commencement Day, June, 1927, and was a spectacular event. The oldest living graduate dug out the first bricks. There were speeches by prominent members of the college and hospital staff.

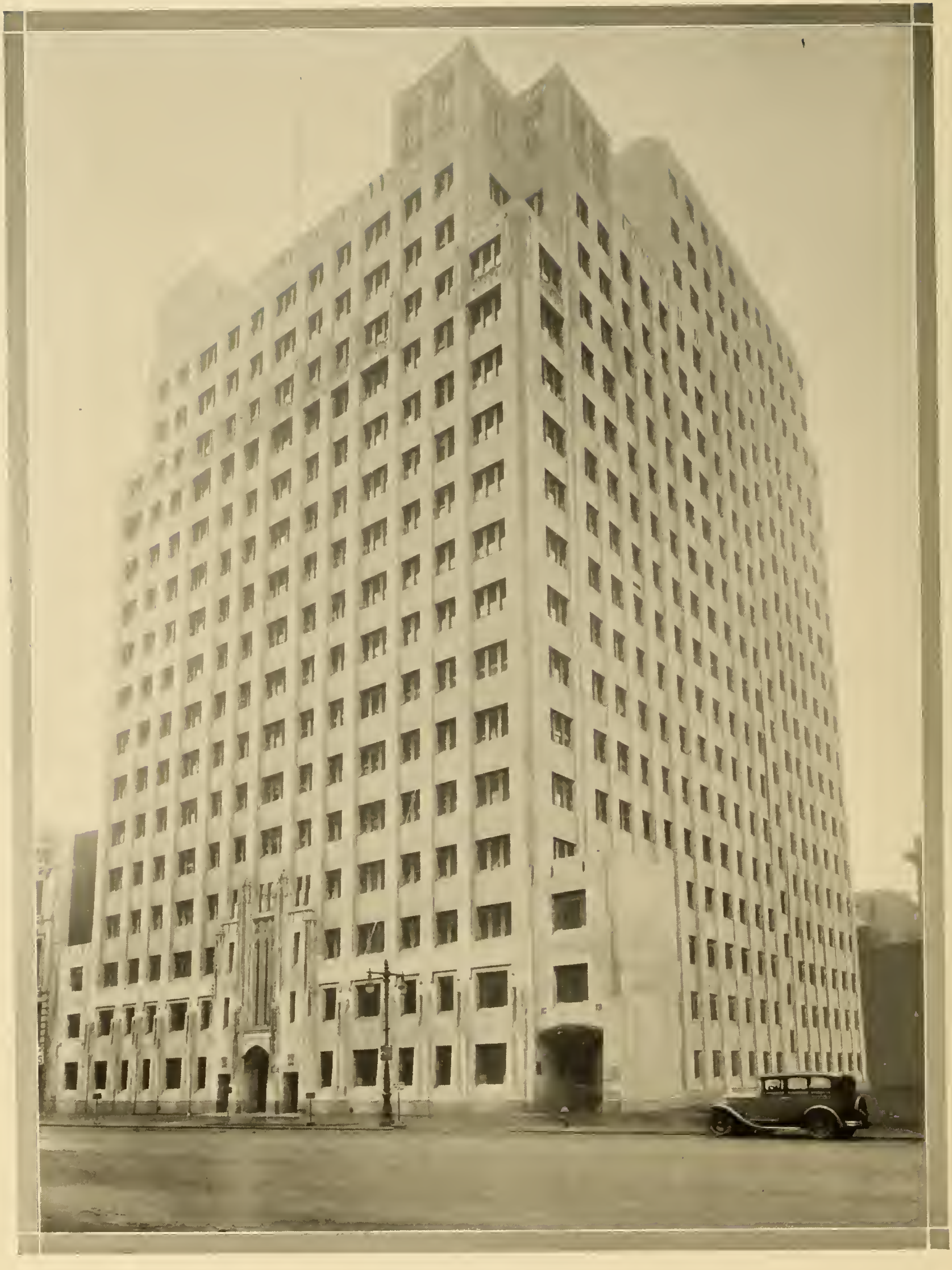
The demolishment was completed in August of the same year. The next scholastic year was convened in a building temporarily rented just south of the old structure on Broad Street.



GOING UP

The foundations were placed in September. Throughout the next fall students in the laboratory between exercises would look down on the rising mass of concrete bases. In January, 1928, they were very much interested in watching clumsy derricks lift up great arms of steel.

On April 23, 1928, the cornerstone was laid. At this



HAHNEMANN HOSPITAL

time there were appropriate ceremonies. The programme included addresses from alumni, faculty and staff. The college had a short recess in observance of the event.

The process of transfer from the old hospital to the new began on September 30, 1928. The tenth, eleventh and twelfth floors were first occupied. The moving was completed on December 24, 1930. The metamorphosis had occurred. A great cause nurtured in the dreams of its founders was realized in the new structure. The quest had been fulfilled.

DR. R. W. PLUMMER
Medical Director

Nothing had been taken for granted. Every facility, every bit of equipment had been added to the general arrangements. The new hospital had achieved a modern and efficient station. When the first patients were moved from the old to the new building they were visibly impressed.

Fifteen of the finest hospitals in the country, nine of them affiliated with medical colleges, were thoughtfully studied at first hand and many experiments with equipment were conducted before selections for the new hospital were decided. The private room system was especially elaborate. There were constructed 185 single private rooms on the tenth to the seventeenth floors. Fifty-two of these had complete bath-rooms, including showers. The tenth floor, devoted to maternity work, had private rooms in the front half and semi-private rooms in the rear half. It also contained a spacious and well-planned nursery. Every private room had a nurses' call system, a telephone, a radio installation, special night lights built into the wall near the floor, sidelights for general illumination and connections for reading lamps and other electrical conveniences.

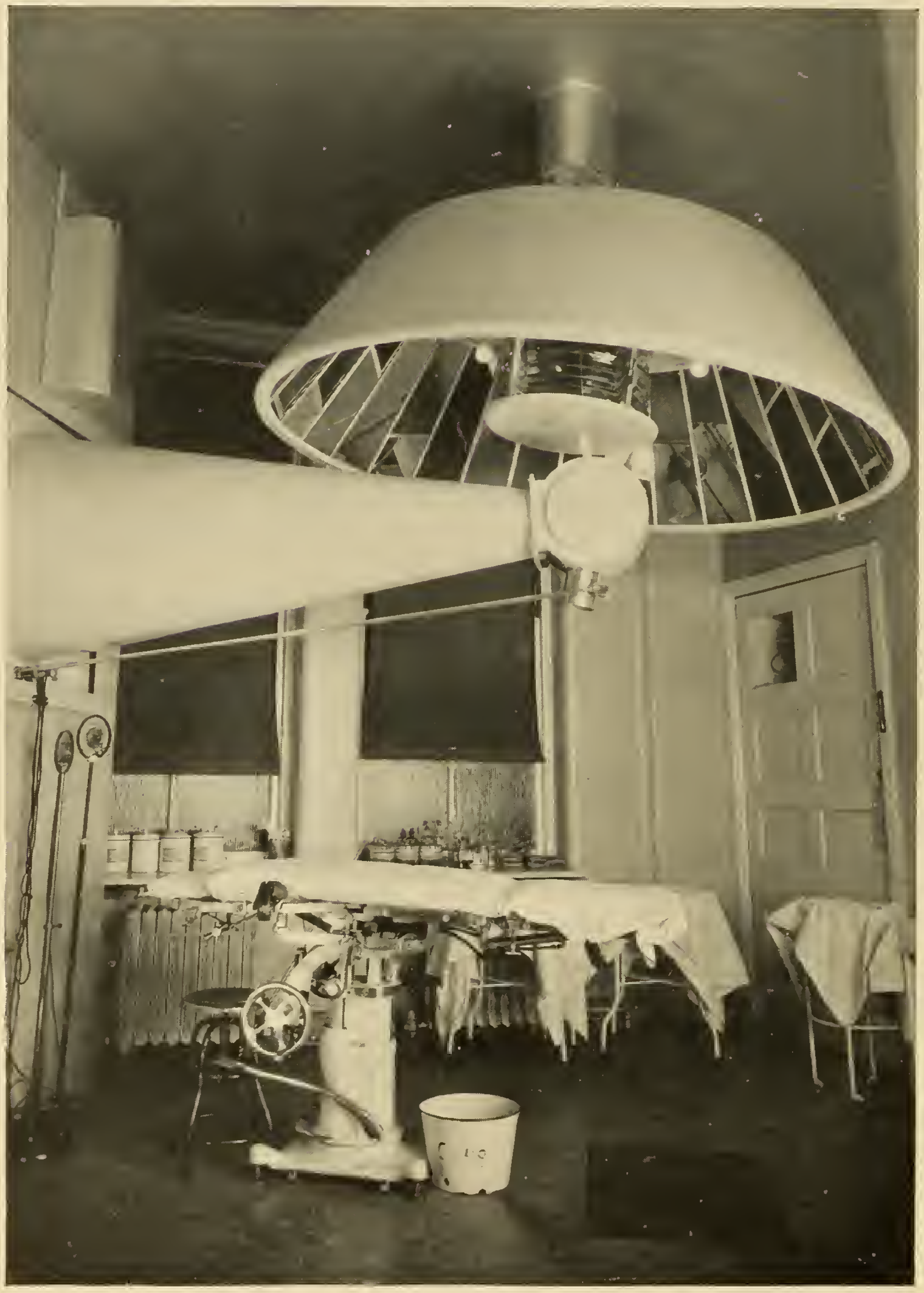
READY FOR OCCUPANCY

The finest in hospitalization was offered for the comfort and convenience of the sick. The plan of a new ideal in hospital service was encouraged and realized in the entire scheme.

It was especially indicative of the spirit and co-operation of the student body when they contributed almost en masse during the early days of the campaign. This contribution, in the form of pledges, was their share in the erection of the new hospital.

ST. LUKE'S AND CHILDREN'S HOMEOPATHIC HOSPITAL

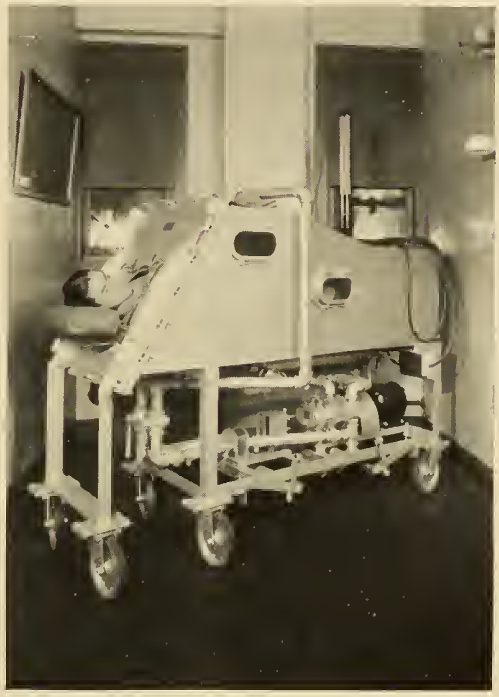
MUNICIPAL HOSPITAL



THE SCIALYSCOPE

THE MODERN CLINIC

THE hospital system is constantly extending itself. Most recently we have witnessed those great advances in mechanics and equipment which have given to this era its reputation of scientific aggressiveness. We have been fortunate in growing these new things; so receiving them in our education naturally and without the marvel that casts a haze over the appreciation of an invention. In our clinical experience as students we were introduced to the "Respirator" and the "Scialyscope." Both, still in the experimental stage, signify, as they stand, for a greater expertness in the handling of modern teaching and therapeutic problems.

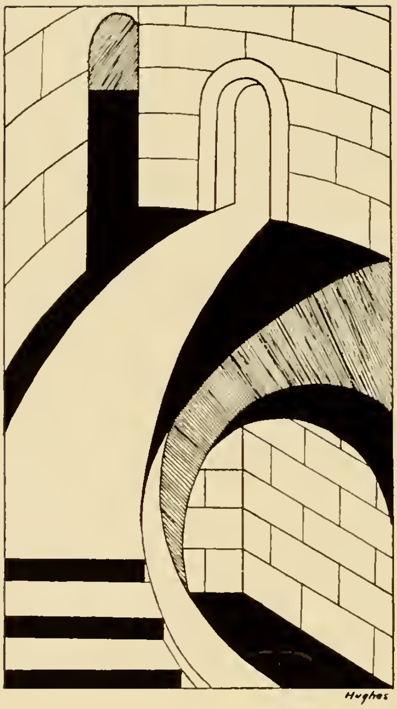

THE RESPIRATOR

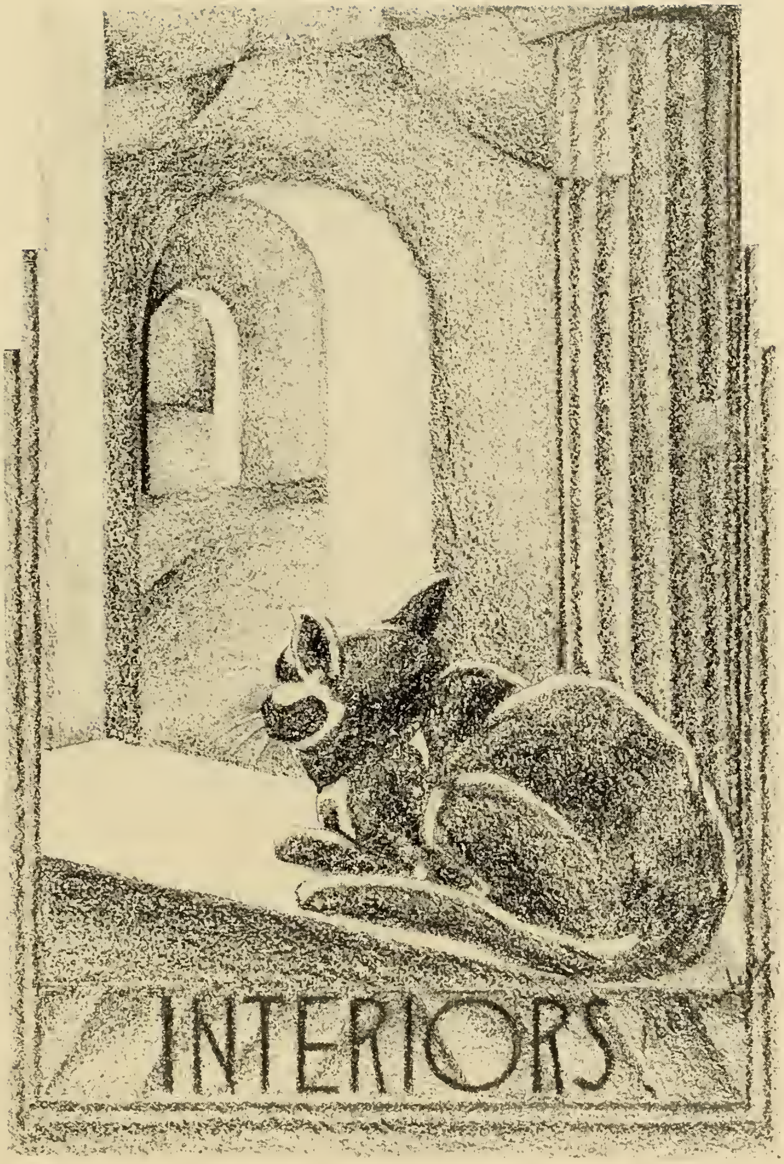
The "Respirator," installed on the seventh floor of the hospital, in the Pediatrics Department, has been already successfully applied in those cases of respiratory failure from muscular palsey. Notable publicity has been given to "stunts" and unusual "cures," but the excitement having passed away, a rational evaluation has given this instrument its proper estimate. The corps of nurses and assistants in the Pediatrics Department have been trained to both rapidly and efficiently place an emergency case in the "Respirator." Its installation was part of the hospital program of giving to each modern advance a worthy trial.

The "Scialyscope" was installed about the same time. All who see it are impressed with its massive and imposing construction, curious to know its history and its principle. It was developed about two years ago from the original "Scialytic." This was invented by Verain, Professor of Industrial Physics at the University of Algiers. The "Scialytic" was a beacon lens of numerous mirrors which were so arranged as to give the operative field a faultless illumination. This lens is the unit of the "Scialyscope." The "Scialytic" makes use of a light source which is surrounded by a Fresnel lens, giving to the rays a horizontal direction. These rays reflect on the trapezoidal mirrors which cover the interior periphery of a metal dome. The inclination of these mirrors is such that the rays come from all sides, converging toward the operating field, which is evenly illuminated. The use of such an arrangement in the "Scialytic" permitted the development of the "Scialyscope."

On the axis of the dome and below the Fresnel lens is the system of projection. It is a metallic tube capable of movements on a spring. In this is an objective. The rays after crossing this come to a pentagonal prism which permits the exposition of the image integrally redressed. This image is received on a transparent screen fixed in a partition of the adjacent room. This tube resembles the frustrum of a cone, the base of which is fitted to the area of the screen.

The projected image is enlarged three times. This is presented in natural colors by a spectral change in the tinted prismatic lens. The operator's voice is carried through a suspended microphone piece to a loud-speaker in the projection room. The didactic course is thus presented to the students.


Hughes


INTERIORS

DR. NORTHROP'S CLINIC

The Surgical Clinic of Dr. Herbert L. Northrop

FROM 1890 to 1895 Dr. Northrop served as anaesthetist in the clinic of Dr. C. M. Thomas and Dr. Wm. B. Van Lennep. Later he became associated with Dr. Van Lennep as his clinical assistant. In 1897 he held his first sub-clinic on Monday afternoons for Senior students. In 1918, after the death of Dr. Van Lennep, he became chief of the clinic which to us seems to be so great a part of his personality.

There are between a hundred and twenty-five and a hundred and forty cases treated annually. These cover the variety of most surgical diseases. After some inquiry it was reported from Dr. Northrop that his most difficult case in the clinic was one of spasmodic torti-collis in which he resected the spinal accessory and four posterior cervical nerves. Dr. Rufus B. Weaver, ever interested in the human nervous system, attended. The patient recovered completely. Dr. Northrop's most enjoyable work depends upon its didactic possibilities, and includes Thoracic and Head Surgery. Patients are sent to the clinic by Alumni, staff physicians and through the usual dispensary channels. The Junior and Senior Classes with a scattering of interested outsiders make up the audience.

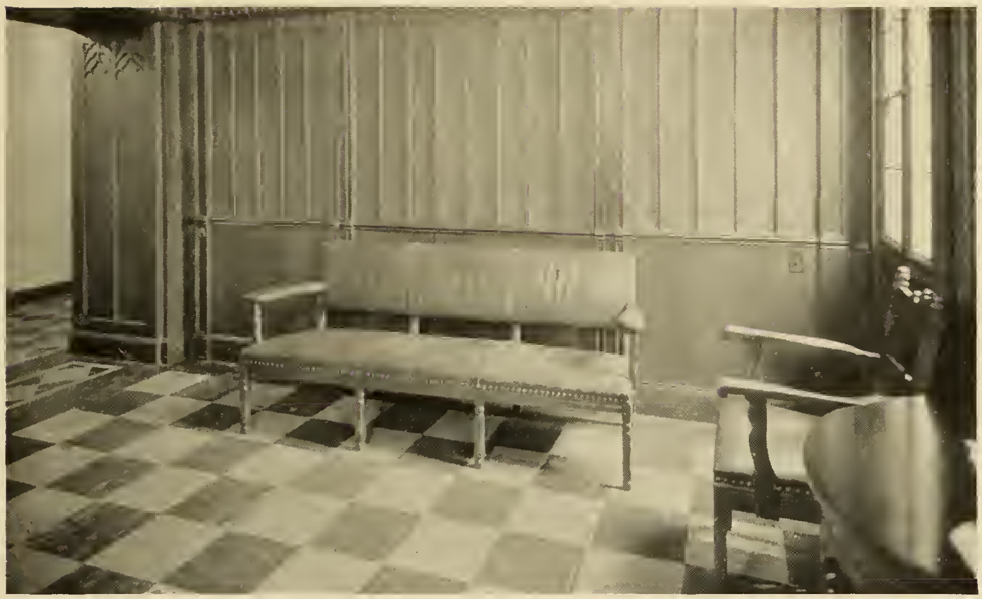
Dr. Northrop is never so deeply engrossed in his operative method to forget his assembly of students. His instructive commentary, both scientific and informally casual, colors his clinic. He is at heart a teacher. At four-thirty when the Senior Class leaves for another lecture, he is visibly disappointed, desiring that they could stay by him until the last case was presented. It is usually six o'clock before he leaves for his dinner in Melrose Park.

Dr. Northrop considers the general clinic valuable and utile because it gives the larger number of students the opportunity to see the greater number of cases and that it advertises legitimately the surgical work done at Hahnemann. He believes that it gives a proper and legitimate stage effect, showing off the operative method in an elevated surgical environment which is warranted and desirable.

We can't soon forget the clinic of our chief and patron. We shall always remember his ambidextrous grace, his gentility and his friendliness while demonstrating to the students a finer and more perfect surgical technique.

THE LIBRARY

DR. BOERICKE'S OFFICE



CONTRIBUTOR'S ROOM

DR. SNYDER'S OFFICE

WALLY'S OFFICE

STUDENT'S ROOM

ANATOMY LABORATORY

PHYSIOLOGY RESEARCH

PATHOLOGY LABORATORY

MEDICAL DISPENSARY

SURGICAL WARD

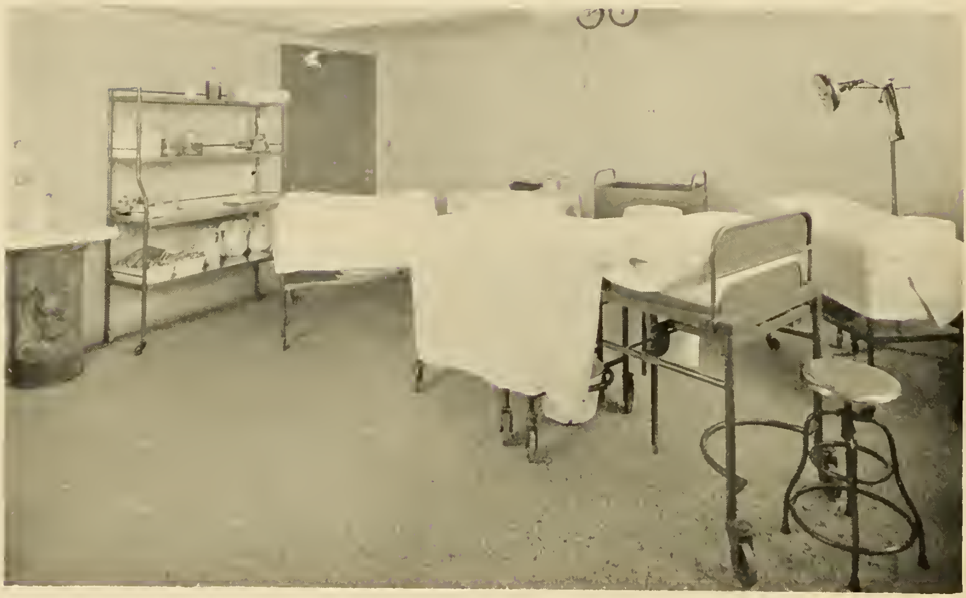
MEDICAL WARD

STAFF ROOM

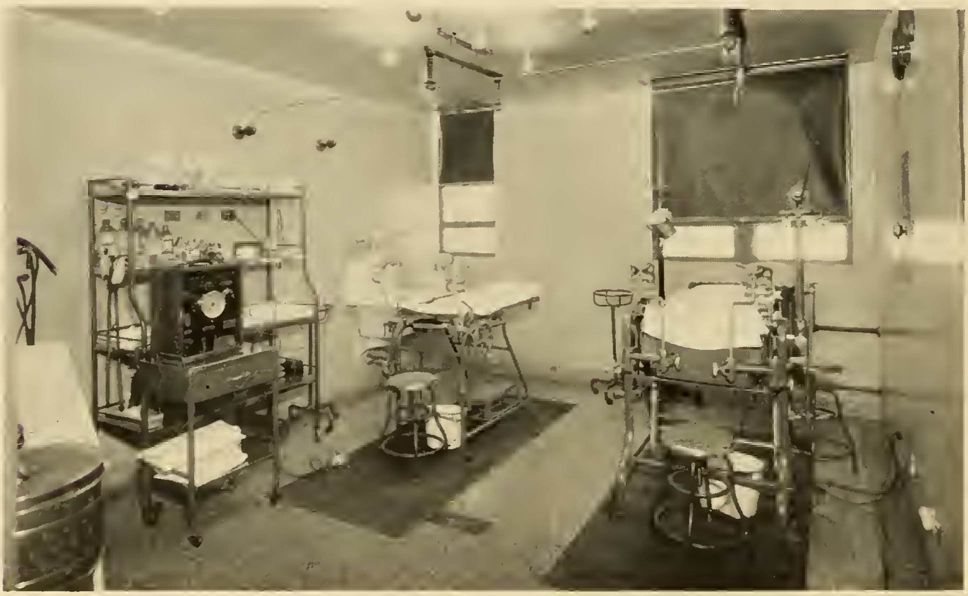
HOSPITAL CORRIDOR

PRIVATE OPERATING ROOM

ACCIDENT WARD

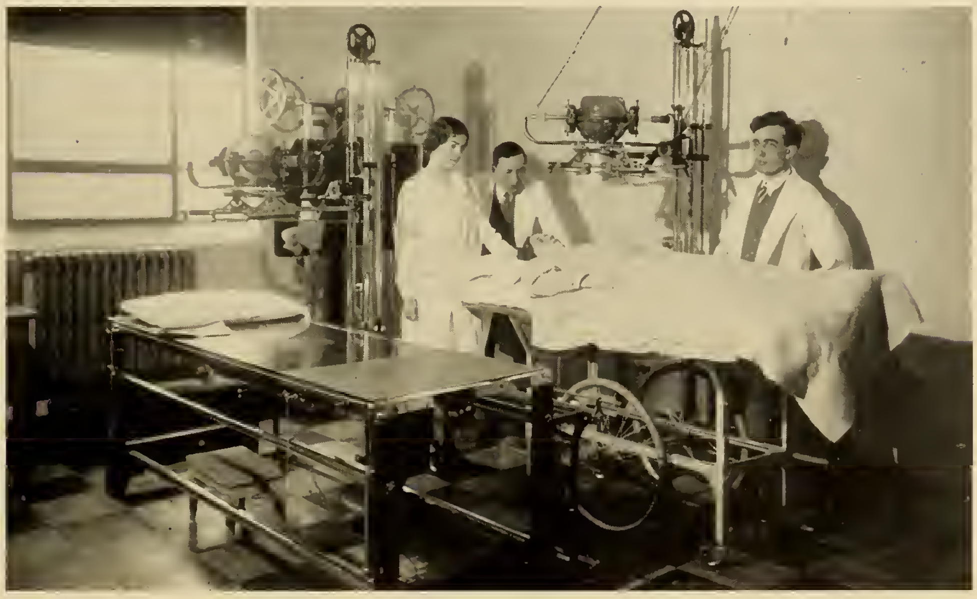


DELIVERY ROOM



CYSTOSCOPY ROOM

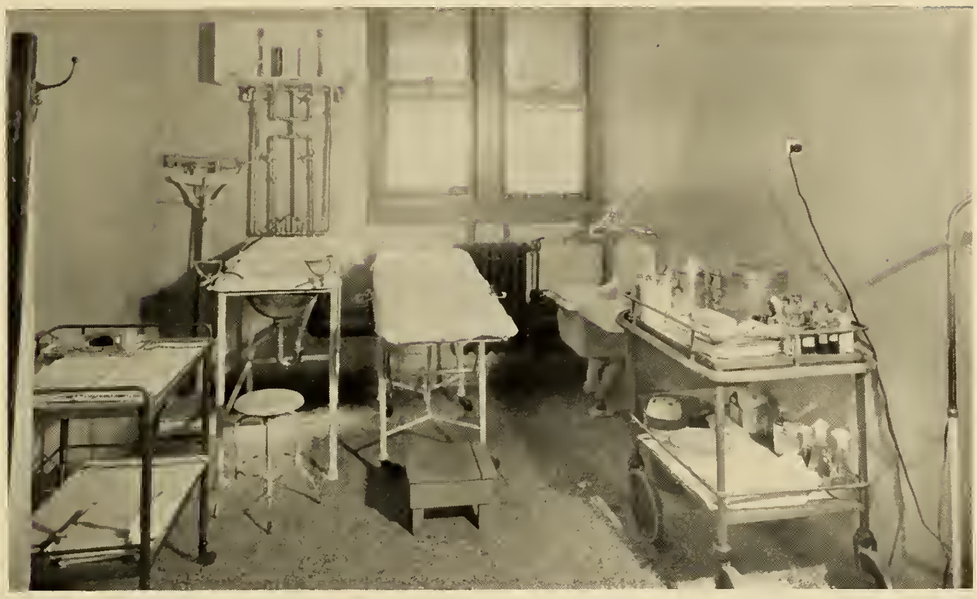
PRIVATE ROOM



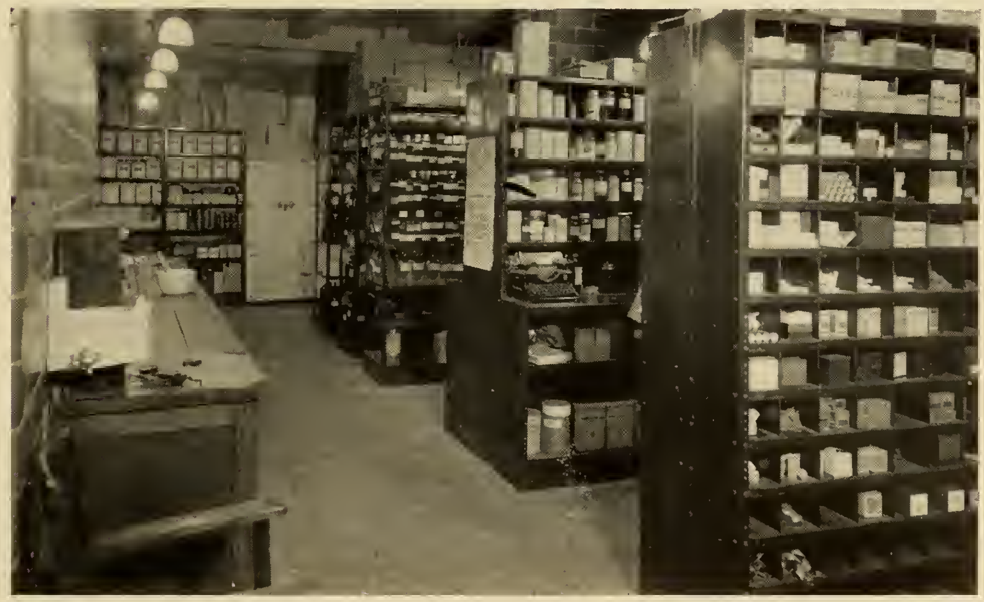
X-RAY

PHYSIOTHERAPY

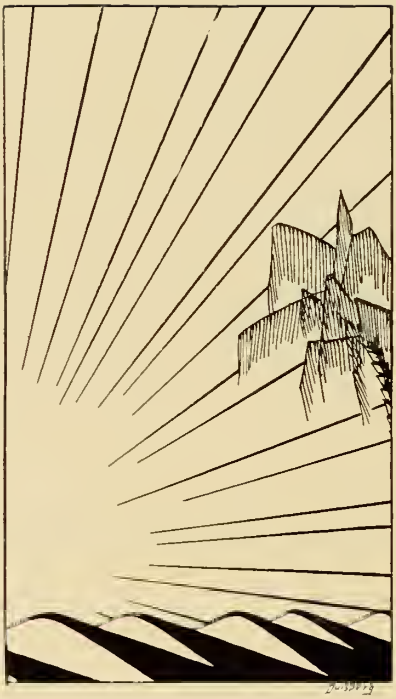
DEEP X-RAY THERAPY

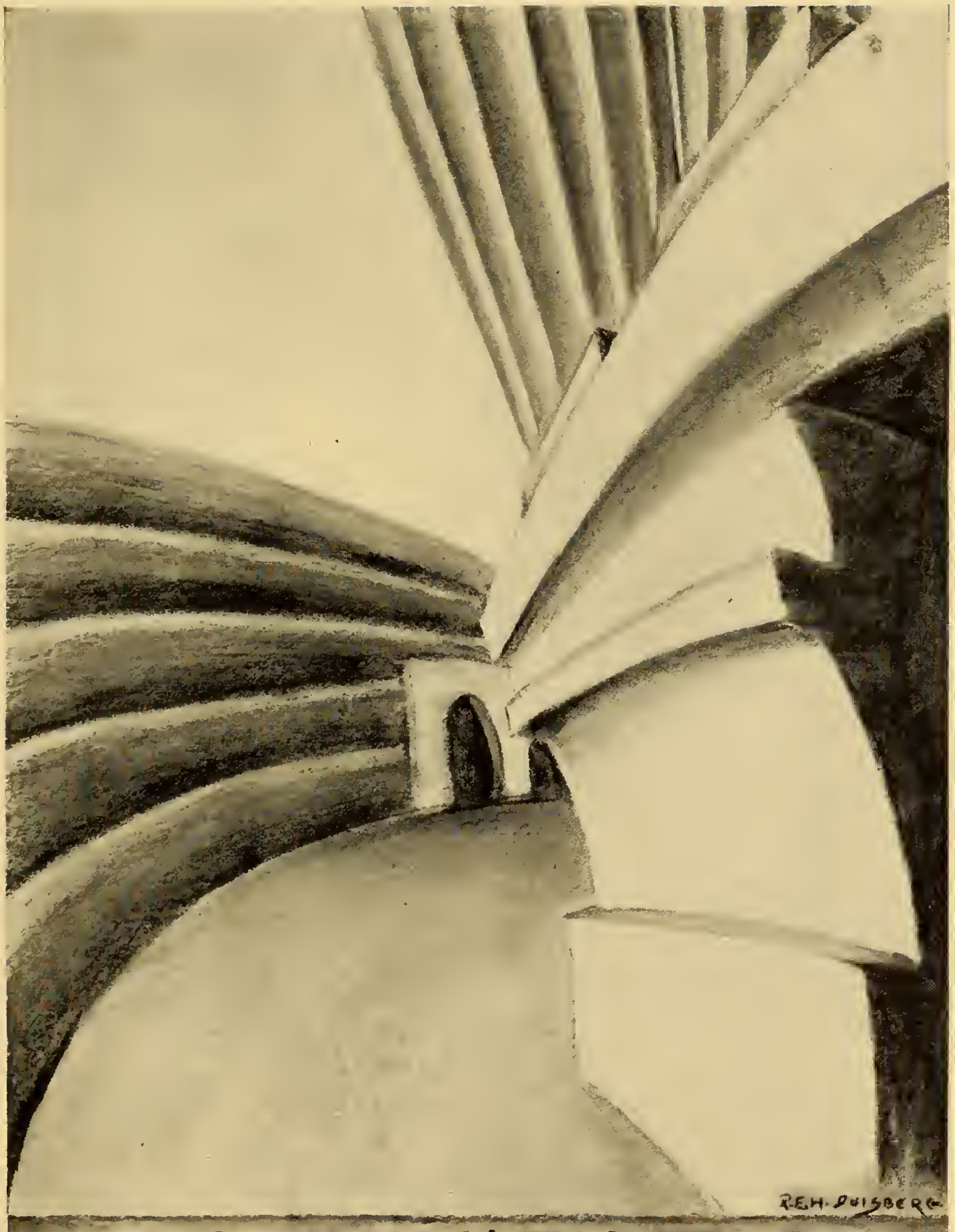


GYNECOLOGY EXAMINING ROOM



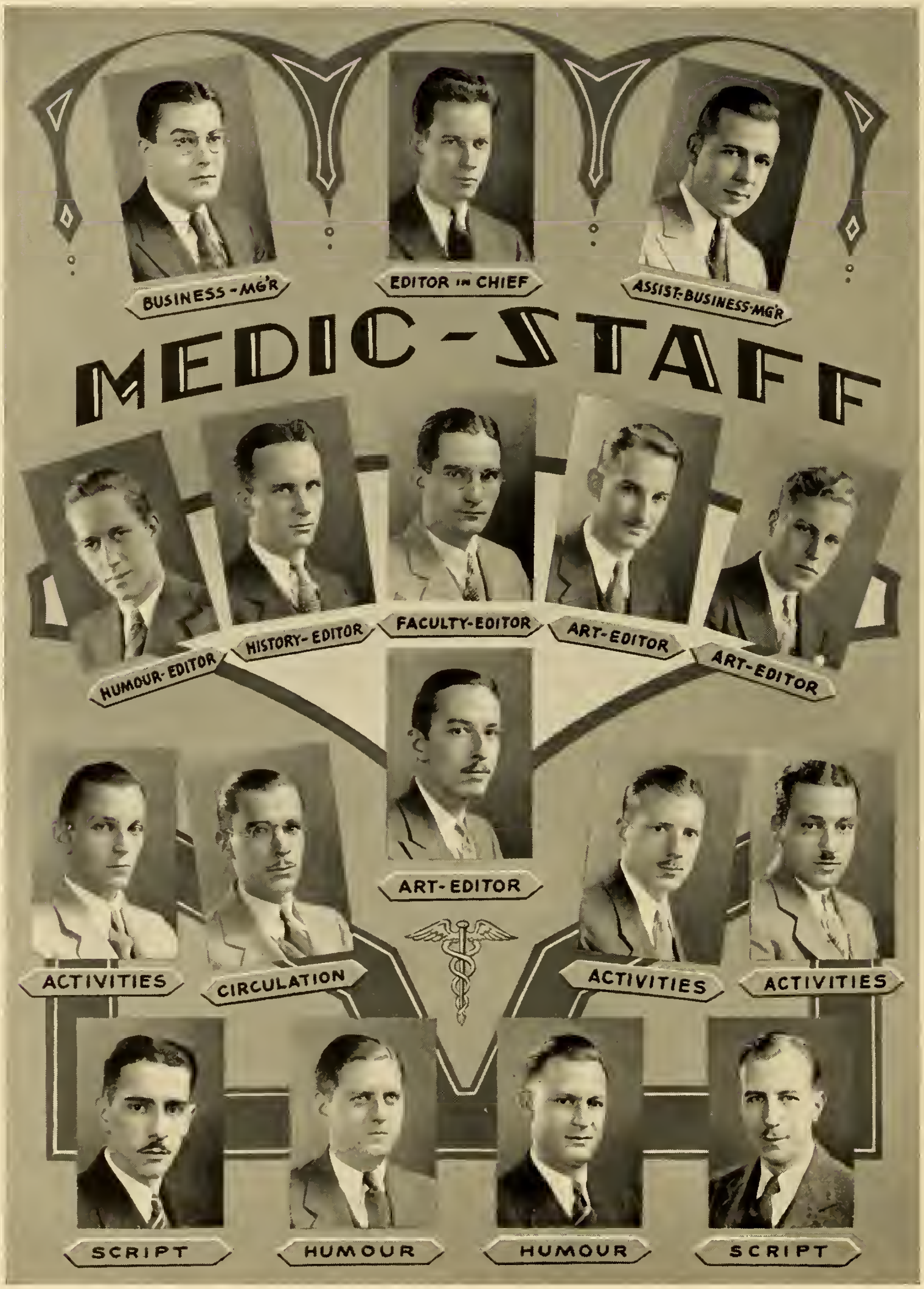
PHARMACY


Duisberg



ACTIVITIES

THE
STAFF
J BUTLER


BUSINESS - MG'R
EDITOR IN CHIEF
ASSIST. BUSINESS MG'R
MEDIC - STAFF
HUMOUR - EDITOR
HISTORY - EDITOR
FACULTY - EDITOR
ART - EDITOR
ART - EDITOR
ART - EDITOR
ACTIVITIES
CIRCULATION
ACTIVITIES
ACTIVITIES
SCRIPT
HUMOUR
HUMOUR
SCRIPT

STUDENT COUNCIL

President	Nevin H. Seitz
Vice-President	Michele Viglione
Secretary	James B. Butler
Treasurer	Gerald P. Fincke
Senior Class Representative	Richard F. Northrop
Junior Class Representative	William Boben
Sophomore Class Representative	Horace F. Darlington
Freshman Class Representative	George Knauf

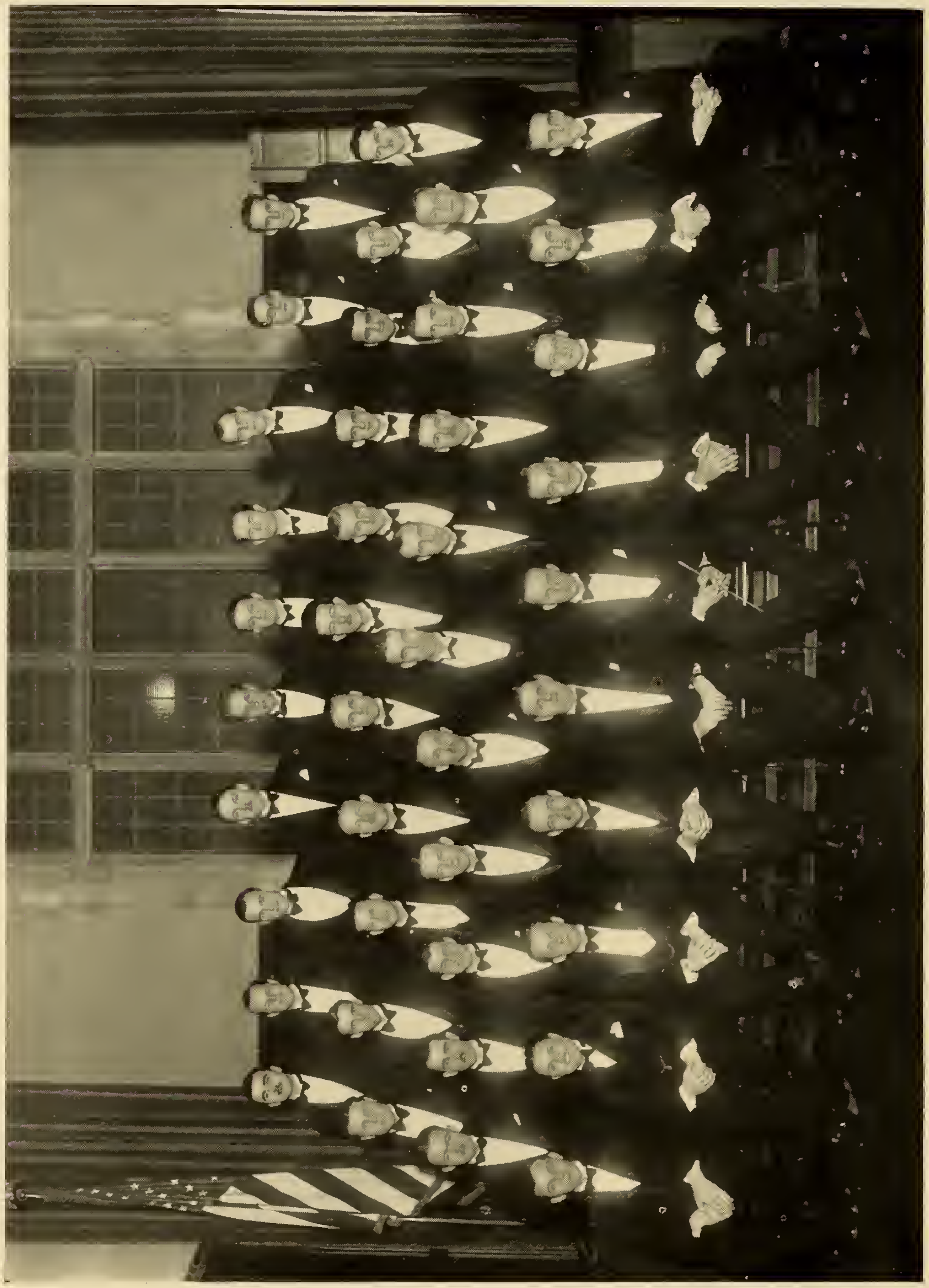
HAHNEMANNIAN INSTITUTE

SINCE the opening of the college on its present site in 1885, there has functioned a student organization known as The Hahnemannian Institute, and popularly known among the students as the Institute. Old records of its activities are found in the minute books of the Institute that repose in the college library. They tell a very interesting story.

In the early days of the organization, it was the custom of the members to meet weekly and discuss subjects pertinent to medicine and Homeopathy. Many interesting conferences are recorded. Dues were levied and assignments were made for presentation at later meetings. The student body being small and more homogenous, the meetings were very successful. It was the custom for each member to append his name to the minute book. The signal honor of the organization was the presentation to each member of the graduating class a diploma of graduation from the Institute. Many of these certificates have been preserved from the early days of the organization.

In 1930-31. the officers were, Nevin Seitz, '31, President; Vice-President, Michael Viglione, '31; Secretary, James Butler, '31; and Treasurer, Gerald P. Fincke, '31. A better group of officers could not have been elected from the student body and their work warranted the students' confidence.

The Institute sponsored a smoker at the start of school to make the new students familiar with the older men. The smoker always served its purpose. Later on, near Thanksgiving, the social calendar called for an informal dance. As a climax the Institute concentrated its energy on the Blue and Gold Ball.



GLEE CLUB

GLEE CLUB

Conductor........................Henry S. Ruth, M.D.
Student Conductor................Kenneth R. Weston
Manager..........................Albert F. Schmidt

FIRST TENOR

Richard P. Shirinian, '31
Ralph M. Donaldson, '32
Bernard Hark, '32
Harry S. Hoffman, '32
Jacob J. Kohlas, '32
Charles S. Davison, '33
J. Scott Miller, Jr., '33
John J. Bender, '34
Wilbur S. Davison, '34
Dominic A. Donio, '34
Carl E. Lorenz, '34
Russell G. Witwer, '34

SECOND TENOR

Melvin F. Ames, '31
Benjamin J. Cottone, '31
James E. Flinn, '31
Richard F. Northrop, '31
Anthony Pino, '31
Nevin H. Seitz, '31
Herbert W. Barron, '32
Harold A. Erlenbach, '32
Virgil A. Hudson, '32
George T. Noden, '32
Horace F. Darlington, '33
Thomas L. Laughlin, Jr., '33
John J. Jablonski, '33
Robert Penington, Jr., '33

FIRST BASS

Lester L. Bower, '31
E. Doty Dake, '31
Harvey F. Enyeart, '31
Henry J. Kohler, '31
David D. Northrop, '31
Walter R. Seip, '31
J. Harmon Wilson, '31
E. Raymond Ambler, '32
Lawrence W. Kinsell, '32
Earl C. Leyrer, '32
Rayford E. Wright, '32
Ralph B. Megahan, '33

SECOND BASS

Franklin B. Cooper, '31
Gerald P. Fincke, '31
E. Merton Hill, '31
Arthur B. Ream, '31
Douglas C. Wasley, '31
Ernest G. L. Wiebusch, '31
Nathan A. Fegley, '32
Paul J. Tomlinson, '33
Crothers E. Walker, '33
Edward J. Ford, '34
William H. Frazee, '34

THE first Glee Club at Hahnemann was organized in the year 1900, and the organization persisted since that time. The club for the most part was run by student leaders and student managers. At one time, some few members of the faculty, who were sufficiently interested, contributed funds for the purpose of obtaining a professional coach. This was done for two years and meeting with no unqualified success, the plan was abandoned. Following this, the club was fortunate enough to persuade Dr. Henry S. Ruth to devote some of his time to the training of the club. A word or two of appreciation is most certainly in order here.

As student leader in his undergraduate days, Dr. Ruth was directly responsible for one of the best-trained clubs ever produced at the college. The club was deeply indebted to him for his interest and appreciated very much the time he gave and the work he did in its behalf. It is hoped that he will continue to act in this capacity.

This year there has been a complete reorganization of the club and all prospective members, new and old, were given try-outs.

As a result, Dr. Ruth was able to assemble forty-five good voices. The club has been faithful in its rehearsals and the society has been able to put on one of the best programs in recent years.

As an added feature, the club presented The Hahnemann High Hatters, a trio singing in the modern manner. This trio is composed of D. Northrop, R. Northrop and R. Ambler.

Kenneth R. Weston has acted as Student Leader and has been successful in holding together the club which numbers among its members twenty-three of his Senior classmates. Paul M. Kistler has been the combined manager of the musical clubs.

Up to this time, the club has presented concerts for the Rotary Club, International Students' House, WFI, and for the Annual Blue and Gold Ball.

These concerts have been well received and other concerts are being planned for the remainder of the season.

THE ORCHESTRA

THE ORCHESTRA

Coach .... Lieut. Joseph Frankel
Director .... David Sharkis
Business Manager .... Russell R. Rubba

VIOLINS

Leon A. Frankel
Atche Yession
Douglas C. Wasley
Wesley F. McCann
Dwight L. Moyer
Domenic A. Donio
George Di Nicholas
Russell R. Rubba
Leopold S. Lipsitz
William C. Meincke
William C. Meinecke
Edward Thegem
Savitz
Joseph S. Glinka
Maral A. Pourdski

CELLO

Marcus Jiminez

STRING BASS AND TROMBONE

James Andrew Klimbara

TRUMPETS

Nevin H. Seitz
Watson I. Betts, Jr.
Irvin B. Berd

TROMBONES

Jesse P. Burns

CLARINETS

Nathan N. Ginsburg
Chas B. Miller

OBOE

Burdel B. Sankey

FLUTE

Emerson A. Reed

DRUMS

Harry Leon Armsprung

PIANO

Orlando M. Carrozzino

LIBRARIAN

Wm. C. Meinecke

ASSISTANT LIBRARIANS

Dwight L. Moyer
Louis A. Amdur

THE Hahnemann Orchestra has developed from a minor unit in the college activities to a state of maturity in a short period of time. In our Senior year it numbered twenty-five members—the instrumentation being well balanced with strings, reeds, woodwind, brass and percussion. The members attended weekly rehearsals conducted after school hours. The interest was well reflected in the concerts given from time to time. By means of these concerts and a broadcasting program, the orchestra did its share to uphold the reputation of Hahnemann in the social features.

The orchestra was under the direction of David Sharkis, '32, a graduate and a professional musician. Lieutenant Joseph Frankel, well-known band leader, has been of material benefit to the orchestra, lending his active interest, time and skill to rehearsals. The combined efforts of the leaders resulted in placing the orchestra on a very high plane.

The details involved in the maintenance of the orchestra were ably and faithfully attended by the manager, R. Rubba. The spirit of co-operation, combined with the loyalty and interest displayed by the individual members, reflected credit to such an organization.

THE BLUE AND GOLD BALL

Chairman
Paul M. Kistler

David D. Northrop	Gerald P. Fincke	Jacob J. Kohlas
Henry J. Kohler	Russell R. Rubba	Horace F. Darlington
Albert F. Schmidt	William R. Boben	George M. Knawf

Faculty Advisor
Dr. Henry S. Ruth

THE Fourth Annual Blue and Gold Ball and Concert was held in the main ballroom of the Penn Athletic Club on Saturday evening, April eleventh. This annual prom has been rapidly gaining impetus since its inception four years ago and this year's affair far surpassed the preceding balls both in entertainment and attendance.

The committee with Dr. Henry S. Ruth as faculty advisor and Paul M. Kistler as chairman, secured ninety patronesses. These wives of the faculty and alumni and friends received after the concert in their respective boxes in the "Diamond Circle" and added great charm to the evening.

The orchestra opened the concert with a stirring overture following which the Glee Club and High Hatters alternated until the musical clubs had brought their program to a close with the Hahnemann Song. At the next curtain—with a rolling of drums and a flourish of baton the Casa Loma Orchestra of Detroit were revealed, banked with high palms and seated on a terraced platform.

With this entrance, to the closing strains in the wee hours, the band furnished dance music of the highest order which delighted even the most critical.

As the last curtain was drawn, the students and alumni parted with one more pleasant memory of dear old Hahnemann to muse over in the days to follow.

BASKETBALL

Coach .... James E. Flinn
Manager .... Tiny Koreywo

William Brooks
Fred Bowles
Herbert Eighmey
James S. Fleming
David Broslow

Floyd Gindhart
Paul Herr
Heine Sheer
Charles Jaworski

Edward Zweiger
Fred Ruoff
Albert Lepis
H. Becker
Charles Turnblaser

ONE of the few opportunities afforded to anyone who desired scholastic athletic diversion was the basketball team. This organization represented Hahnemann for twelve years as an active unit.

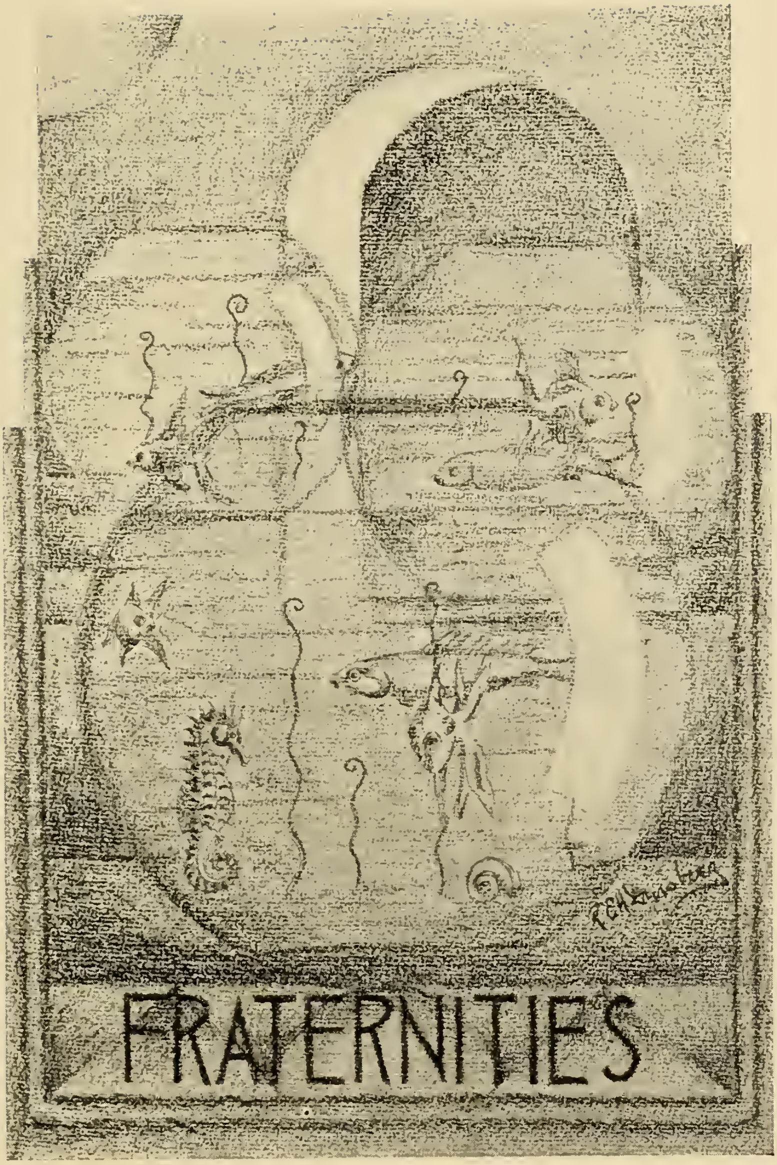
Obviously, basketball was a sport only for the undergraduate, to be later relegated, in the accumulation of dignity, with all the other strenuous pastimes. It did, however, give a certain group the opportunity to escape a completely sedentary life and its attended ills. The devotees, although capable of real personal conquest, entered into this sport with the amateur purpose of playing the game for the game's sake.

Dean Pearson deserved the credit for supporting the basketball enterprise. When funds from general source were inadequate, he generously contributed with his personal check. His love for sports and exercise not directed to professional competition made him an active patron.

Hahnemann was represented in the City College League, including Peirce, Pharmacy, Textile, South Jersey Law, and Optometry. At every contest our quintet presented a strong and competitive spirit. Outside of the league, there were sundry games with local small colleges.

The games and practice meetings were held at the Central Y. M. C. A.

Hughes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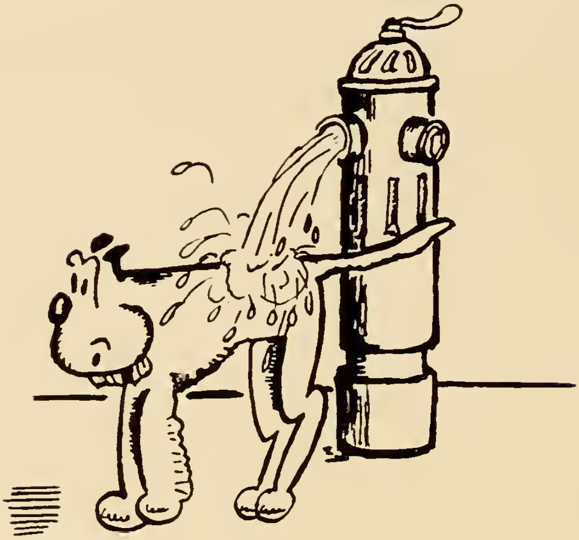
Duisberg

HUMOR

HUMOR

Though wearied now of life's dull cares,
Though now the eyes our old age bares,
Though arteries grow cold and hard,
Though now with prostates sleep is barred,
Though gout and rheumatism creep,
Though livers whine and kidneys weep,
Though bones are old and calcified,
Though all life's pleasures be denied,
We still retain our Humor.

We still sit down for just a space,
Recall the jokes, the men, the place
Of four past years at Hahnemann.
And if these pages bring to mind
The humor that we left behind
Then matters not what we forgot,
We still retain our Humor.



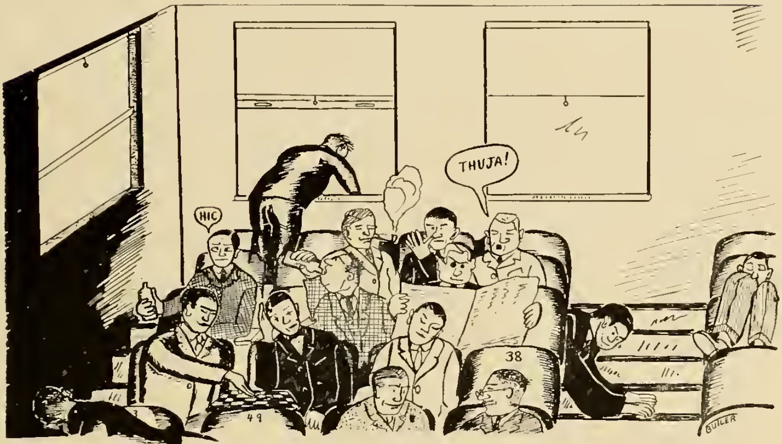
WHO'S WHO

WHO WAS—

WHO

THE CLASS BEFORE CHRISTMAS

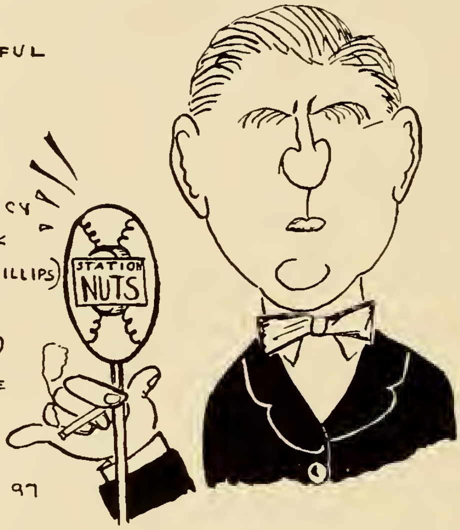
'Twas the class before Christmas when all through the room
The students were merry that now very soon
The year would be over and holidays here
And good old St. Nicholas would buy them a beer
The boys they were merry, and happy, and high
For liquids were flowing; the gin and the rye.
The professor he lectured in tone dull and dry
On sweet diabetes and why people die.
And as he droned on in monotonous vein
The boys were impatient to get on the train.
So feet began shuffling and papers were rustling
And everyone hoping that Fergy was hustling,
For vacation was calling and there we were stalling
And the prof, he was calling for order again.
Soon now the class would be over and done,
The treatment was reached, boy, are we having fun!
Now professor, he asks for a number of drugs
His patience is ended, he's soon going bugs.
When out of the din a voice raises on high
With a drug that's named Thuja, I thought I would die!
The prof, he's mistaken so off comes his coat,
That bold last remark, it sure got his goat.
He offers us down, but we all decline,
The class is excused and the moral we find,
Is—that drugs are dangerous.



"MUCKERS"

1 DOORNOB AT THE MIKE

STATION N-U-T-S
LOCATED IN THE BEAUTIFUL
NEW STUDIO AT THE
S.E CORNER OF THE
ANATOMY LABATORY
(OPERATING ON A FREQUENCY
OF ABOUT TWO A WEEK
DUE TO ABSENCE OF DR PHILLIPS)



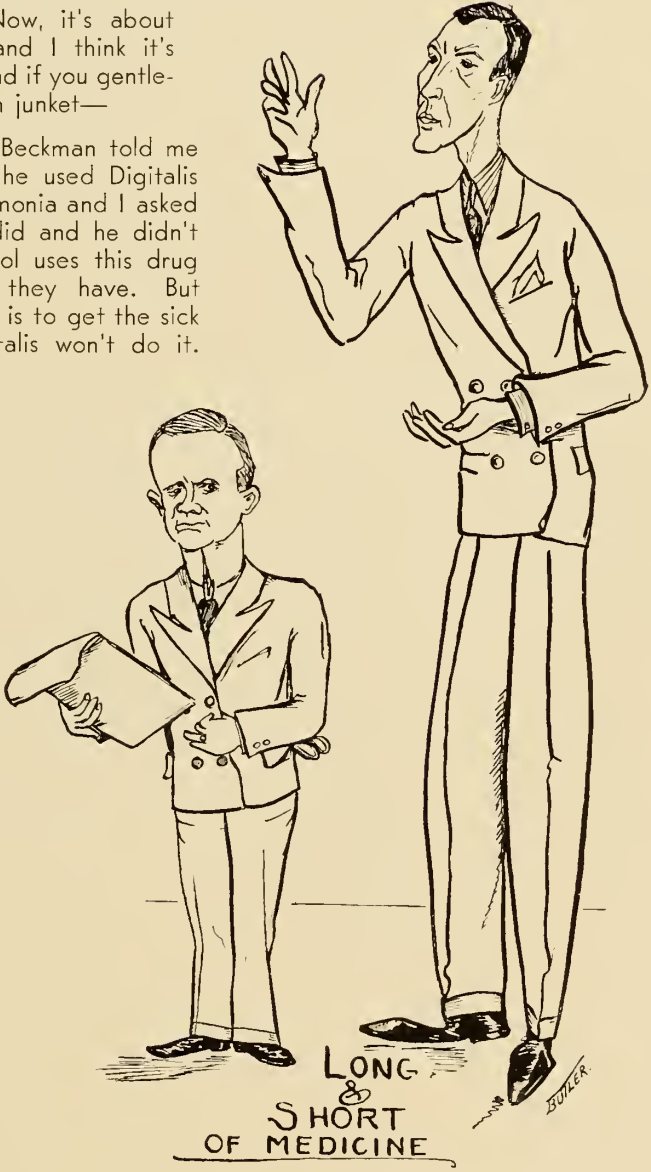
9.00 AM:—OPENING CHORUS
(CANCELLED NO ONE PRESENT)
9.03:— FAIRLY CORRECT TIME
43/5 SPLIT SEC. LATE (WAP).
9.05:— PICCOLO SOLO-SYLVIS.
9.07:— THE WRECK OF THE 97
(WRECKED BY WYMAN).
9.10:— TALK - 'THE LABOR SITUATION - DR JOHN E JAMES JR.
(NOTE: JESSE JAMES HAD NOTHING TO DO WITH ABOVE DISCORD).
9.15:— PAYING AT 40 FOR PLEASURE AT 20 - OR WHY WE SHOULD
DROP A WINDOW ON IT — DR PHILLIPS.
9.17:— PLACING THE X'S - SCHMIDT BACK FROM ROXBOROUGH REPORTS 3.
9.20:— TOTTERING HEALTH EXERCISES - DR. HEPBURN.
9.25:— DAILY COUNT OF MILK TEETH — DR SHOLLENBURGER.
9.30:— SONG - "I AIN'T GOT NOBODY" LEHMAN.
9.32:— TWO MINUTE INTERMISSION ANATOMY DISSECTION.
9.35:— THE DIFFICULTY OF HOLDING 24 HRS - DR. PEARSON.
9.37:— SLIGHT INTERRUPTION FOR COMPLETE STATION REPAIR.
9.40:— DIFFERENCE BETWEEN MUSCLE TONE AND MUSCLE TONUS—
DR WIDMAN.
9.45:— DARING EXPOSURES — DR. FRANK.
9.46:— THE FOOLISHNESS OF SURGERY— NORTHROP & NORTHROP.
9.50:— BLACK BOARD TALK — DR. CRELLIN.
9.51:— CHIMES — BALDWIN LOCOMOTIVE WORKS.
9.52 - 11.45:— OUT FOR A SMOKE

ENGRAVED BY
JOHN HELD JUNIOR

BUTLER

FERGUSON. Now, what I wanted to, or rather, I was about to and yes, here I have an article by Dr. Stevens and by the way, and speaking of Digitalis I believe that Dr. Stevens and I agree that we should use it in all cases of pneumonia. Of course not forgetting the high caloric diet of the liquid type. Now, it's about twenty after five and I think it's best to stop here, and if you gentlemen will read up on junket—

WELLS. My friend Dr. Beckman told me the other day that he used Digitalis in all cases of pneumonia and I asked him what good it did and he didn't know. The old school uses this drug because that's all they have. But what we're here for is to get the sick man well and Digitalis won't do it. Class be excused.



CROSS SECTION

The sewer rat carries the plague . . . up the main house drain connected to the water closet . . . Patulous to four fingers . . . in the knee chest position . . . dust will gather unless you have . . . clean teeth as they will fall out and be replaced by . . . an 8 by 10 X-ray plate after a barium meal . . . and gravy, gruel, junket, thick soup, peas . . . and feels better . . . but should be prohibited during the last trimester . . . although when done to the horse . . . and boggy tonsils . . . best treated by a Bucks Extension . . . also the females . . . until 2 to 4 P. M. do nothing locally . . . as the subject will probably have night sweats . . . and think she is in pieces in bed . . . but send the nurse . . . for extra systoles . . . and hold between thumb and first finger . . . the 24-hour sample . . . but if you have pain from hip to hip . . . twenty-six, twenty-nine, thirty-one, and twenty and a quarter . . . to twelve the books will be collected and placed . . . in a hanging outhouse . . . first removing all curtains, davenports, radios, pianos and bric a brac and placing them . . . in the pouch of Douglass . . . and should not be removed for two months . . . the woman will not tell you anything is wrong . . . until you are a Senior . . . then take out your useful drug book . . . and you will find these compound pills are dynamite . . . and clean out the resulting cavity and suture . . . self . . . as far as reading this is concerned.

OUR IDEA OF A PERFECT LECTURE

Asleep in bed, with a stenographer taking down a lecture broadcast by a mute over a dismantled radio station.

DR. SAPPINGTON BECOMES A LOCAL WIT

There was a young man from Bombay
Who thought syphilis had all gone away
but now he has Tabes
And saber shinned babies
And thinks he is Queen of the May.

ACTUALLY OVERHEARD IN GYN. DISPENSARY

How old are you?
'Bout eighteen.
Are you married?
Yes, suh!
Any children?
Yes, suh, I'se got a baby.
When was it born?
Tuesday, doctor.
What Tuesday?
I dunno, doctor.
How old is the baby?
Baby be two years and day.
What troubles you?
I'se got misery, doctor.
Where is your misery?
I don' know, doctor, I'se just got misery.
Ye Gods!—so have I!

JUST DRIFTING AND DREAMING

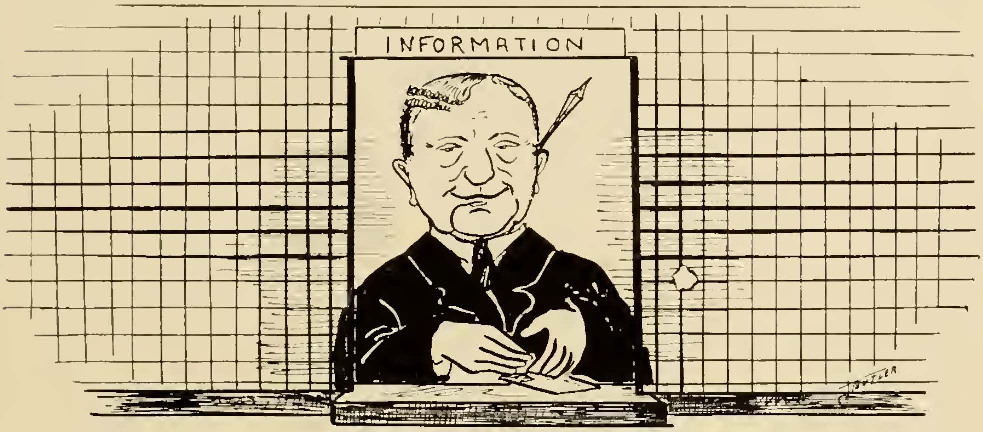
Place—Waily Kratz's rendezvous on the first floor.
Time—Eleven o'clock any morning.

THE DEAN—"Now, Wallace, if you'll get me a reservation for Indianapolis on the 2.44 P. M. tomorrow, I'll begin writing my speech now. The Chemical Propaganda Society of Indiana wants me to speak on 'Indol and Skatol as Factors in Human Happiness.' I'll compose the first paragraph and you can do the rest. Make it breezy—inject a personal appeal for every man, woman and child. And remember, the train leaves at 2.44 and not 2.43 or 2.45!"

WALLY—"Yes, Doctor—and do you want me to include the joke about what the cream puff said as it floated down the river?"

DR. WIDMAN (running into the sanctum in a state of hypertension)—"Mr. Kratz, tell me at once if Joe Blitsch paid his microscope fee back in 1902. My stubs are getting blurred—"

WALLY—"Certainly, Dr. Widman, don't you remember he gave you a five-dollar bill, four ones and the other dollar in dimes?"



DR. BOERICKE—"Kratz, get these grade slips out, will you? The first three hundred are for the underclassmen. I'll have the Senior marks out—"

The phone rings and Wally answers it—

"—Yes, he died in 1908 and his wife never married again. Finest student we ever had here—a cultured man in every respect. No, the wart was under the right eye, not over the left one. No trouble at all. Good-bye."

MISS FISHER—"Oh, Mr. Kratz, will you check these lists with me? That's a cute tie you have on."

WALLY—"Say, young lady, I think you had—"

THE DEAN—"Wallace, use the joke as it stands—only feature a jelly roll instead of the cream puff."

SEITZ—"Wally, have those carbolic acid samples for the Seniors come yet?"

WALLY—"Yes, and I wish you'd all take a good healthy gulp right now."

Hon. Nathan Griffith—"Kratz, notify the Sophomores that my examination will be held in that ——— ———— foul smelling ——— ——— of a Room E. And I don't want any ——— ———— cribbing, either! Why, those——— ——— ——— ——— think they can get away with murder!"

Wally—"Suppose you—"

Mrs. Slocum (almost choking with excitement)—"Mr. Kratz, two of those Unemployed Apple Kings are fighting and cursing downstairs. See if you can make them stop."

Wally—"My dear Mrs. Slocum, I'm not hired to—"

Dr. Mercer (shoving Mrs. Slocum aside)—"Say, Kratz, get me Saji and De La Vara *right now!* There's a Para Nine down in Gimbel's basement with the head on the perineum, eight inches dilatation and—"

Wally (beginning to get the Hippocratic countenance)—"Dr. Mercer, they're in the Library. If you'll just step in there—"

The Dean—"Wallace, you'd better write me a page or two on 'Cholesterin Crystal Phenomena during 1930.' They want me to make two addresses. Two of my finest friends are on the Program Committee."

George Meyer—"Mr. Kratz, you look happy this fine morning. Will you please be so kind as to inform me if the College intends to let those Hospital authorities continue to tell *me* what to do and how to do it?"

Wally—"George, I'm too busy right now to—"

The Dean—"Wallace, write a check for my 1927-1931 City Club dues. I received a reminder this morning which seemed slightly sarcastic to me. And telephone the Rotarians that I won't be down today. Hope they'll try to have a good time, anyway."

Weston—"Wally, fix up a notice about Glee Club practice, will you?"

Wally—"Listen, Handsome, do your own dirty work. I'm so dizzy now that—"

Dr. Sappington—"Here, Kratz, write for these Laboratory supplies at once—six gross of Agglutinin Activators, four Precipitin Pots, fourteen yards of Amboceptors, a year's subscription to *College Humor,* and three—"

Wally—"Doctor, don't you have someone in your department who can—"

The Postman—"Sign for these."

Dr. Bernstein—"Give me the names of all the chesty weisenheimers in the Senior Class. I want to whittle them down a couple of sizes when they come to me. Do that now, Kratz."

Dr. Widman—"See here, Kratz, in April of 1919 Jack Druzenwecski gave us a hot check for $11.25. Look up your records and see if—"

Miss Fisher—"Mr. Kratz, my ribbon needs changing. I'm in a big hurry, if you don't mind."

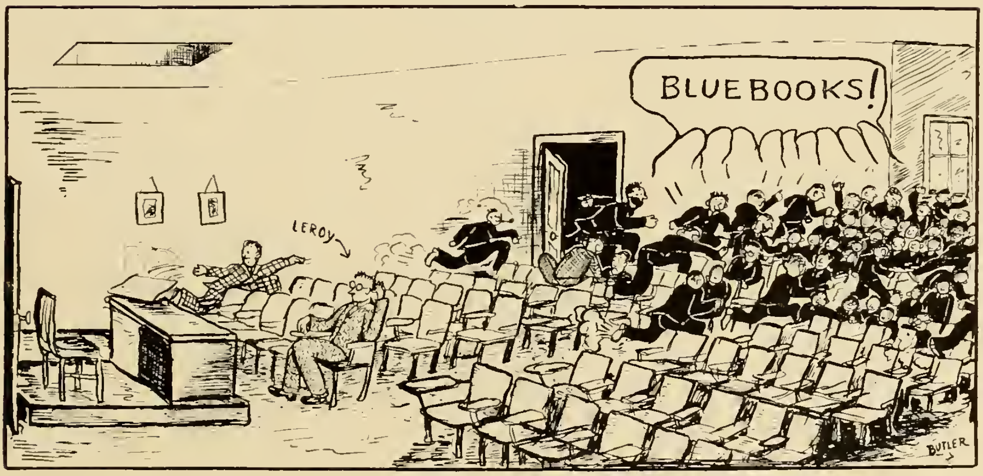
The Dean—"Certainly, my good friend, walk right in here. Mr. Kratz isn't at all busy. He'll be delighted to give you the name, age, favorite flower, weight and address of each member of the Class of '30. Wallace, Dr. Pflight here wants—"

Wally falls to the floor, frothing at the mouth, tearing his hair and reciting the multiplication table backward. His pupils are dilated and his pains are at five second intervals.

The Dean—"Well, this *is* a surprise. Just goes to show how some people like to amuse themselves when they're at leisure. Get up, Wallace, and quit clowning!"

(Health Bulletin—The Dean is expected to be out of bed in three weeks. The blow delivered with the chair leg was a sliding one and only a single parietal bone was fractured.)

REHEARSING GRAY



HEBEPHRENIA!

CATATONIA!!

PARANOIA!!

HALLELUJAH!!

THE ALLENTOWN TRIP
OR
A VISIT TO THE NUT HOUSE

On December the 15, 1930, a group of some ninety-four non-intelligent looking embryonic M.D.'s gathered at 69th Street R. R. Station for the purpose of being transported to Allentown, Pa., there to study the social, economic and prohibition questions in Allentown, and incidentally to view the Allentown State Hospital from the exterior and interior. Promptly at 9 A. M. these same men boarded an electric car, and from this point the story really begins.

The ride to Allentown was a complete success and no casualties were reported. Much to the surprise of the entire class several of our somberer members tumbled from their high places among the lesser Gods and did us the honor of bending the knee to Bacchus, in humble worship with the larger majority of the group. We suspect that some earlier, intensive training in other localities was partially responsible for their success in "staying with us." Our vehicle of transportation experienced some slight difficulty due to poor brakes and trolley poles, but by the grace of numerous guardian angels we finally discovered ourselves in Allentown.

Although the mayor of the city had neglected to provide the usual reception bands, the metropolis seemed quite ready to welcome us with open arms. Our caravanserie was the Hotel Allen and at this juncture the writer wishes to say that never has he seen such a fine understanding and forebearing group of inn-keepers as that hostelry provides. Having settled and established ourselves in our quarters, the entire group moved in a body upon the State Hospital. This indeed was worthy as it provided each of us with some idea as to where we might locate the institution on some future occasion.

Maniac—depressives we all know, how great or how little knowledge of the schizo-phrenias and G. P.'s we have acquired is a matter of individual tastes and trolley rides. What a find was "good-time Charlie's." Classes were held regularly and constantly, many were the discussions and problems which were settled. May the classes of the future sit often about one of Charlie's round tables and enjoy the cheer that is known there.

The Allen Hotel is an unusual place, vases sometimes decorate the third floor hallways and sometimes they decorate the lobby floor. Firehoses are always kept in readiness (unreeled), lights hang often at unusual angles, and all this, of course, only adds to the charm of the place. Telephones jingle often and Allentown is enjoying the stay of our Senior Class.

A walk through the halls is an education, the city speaks an odd dialect and the class has mastered it; "Sure, Charlie, two of the apple," "I'll raise you five," "Tell her to get a taxi," "No sir, we don't know anything about it," "Make it for two," "Hello railroad, I thay have you got any good ties, I've los' mine," "I'll take vanilla," "331 did it," "Oh, hell, everybody's crazy," "Here's the trolley conductor looking for his brake handle."

And so we wander through the week on the even (or uneven) tenor of our way. Something we learn of mental states, more we learn of life in Allentown.

On Friday of the week the class moved once again in a body upon the hospital and there each now serious student endeavored to recall and write in one of the famous "blue books," facts we should have learned! A great thing is the imagination!

And so on Friday evening these representatives of Hahnemann gave a last, long, lingering look upon this city of hospitality and moved onward to various destinations there to begin the holiday season. None of us, I am sure, will soon forget our Allentown trip. It was a class event long to be remembered. May Allentown and the State Hospital prosper.

"QUIT PUSHIN' ME."

NOTICE

The following paragraph is quoted from a letter received from Mr. Elmer E. Heimbach, Manager of Hotel Allen:

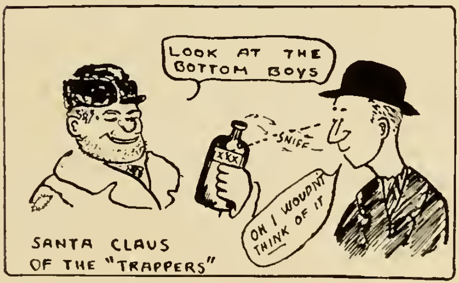
> "It is a pleasure for me to inform you that this class was all real gentlemen. We had no trouble at all in their conduct while guests at our hotel. A surprising fact was that we gave the best food that we were able to and not one plate was sent to the back kitchen with the usual remark that you get in conducting a hotel, 'I don't eat this. Give me something else.' Never in the history of my hotel experience have I come across such a large number of gentlemen as these ninety-four men who were perfectly satisfied with what was served them."

It is a real joy to receive such a compliment to the Class of 1931.

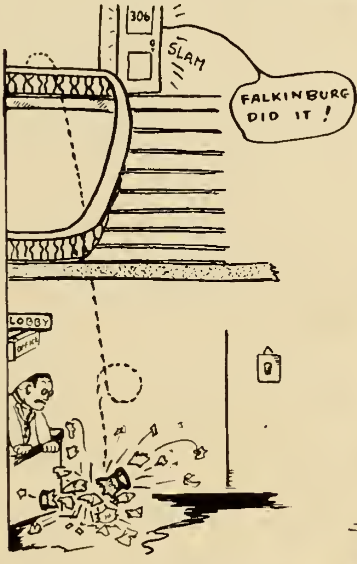
W. A PEARSON, *Dean.*

THE MANAGER TAKES A HAND

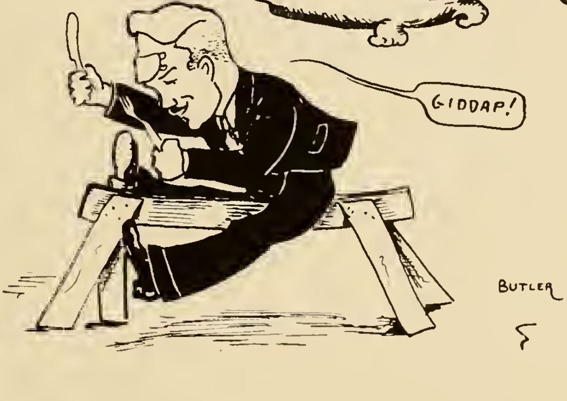
NUTS! YA POOR DUMBELL! -HE-HE-HE-HE-HU-U-U-UN-ECT. GIMME PEGGIES!
CHARGE IT TO SCHMIDT
TAP TAP


LOOK AT THE BOTTOM BOYS
XXX
SNIFF
OH I WOULDN'T THINK OF IT

SANTA CLAUS OF THE "TRAPPERS"



ON THE PROOVING SQUAD



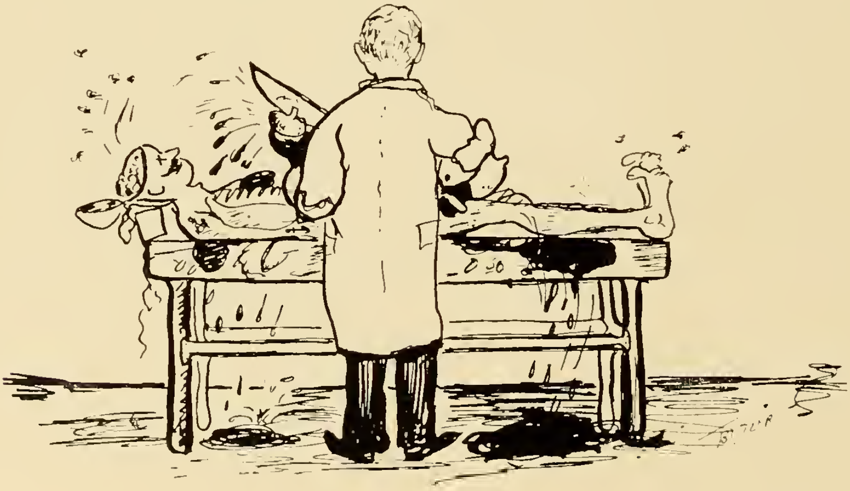
BLUE ALCOHOL BLUES

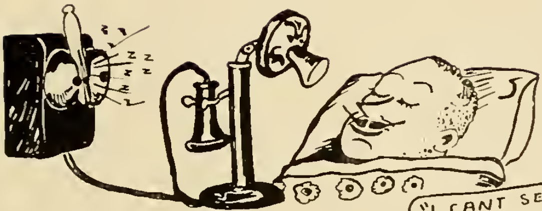
STUDENTS NOT ALLOWED TO
USE THIS PASSAGE AT ANY TIME

AT THE request of Dr. Sappington the various members of the resident staff were assembled in the autopsy room. George Myers beamed a white smile as he flitted hither and thither arranging instruments and passing out El Productos. Men spoke in nervous whispers and there was a tenseness in the air rivaled only by the tobacco smoke. The case history was being read: "——— white male, age 25 years, occupation medical interne ———." The voice droned on and on. Finally diligent labor and the observance of an exact technique was rewarded. Dr. Sappington lifted a gory hand for silence. As usual he was successful; the whispers ceased and the men crowded forward.

"Gentlemen," said this learned pathologist, "I am pleased to bring to your attention the pathological findings of a new disease which has made itself known to us during the last month by the unusual deaths of three of our internes."

He seemed to hesitate for a moment to let his words take effect and then with a coy smile and in much the manner of a "Jack Horner," he thrust a hand into the cadaver's abdomen and brought forth the newest advance in medical pathology—THE LARGE BLUE KIDNEY.

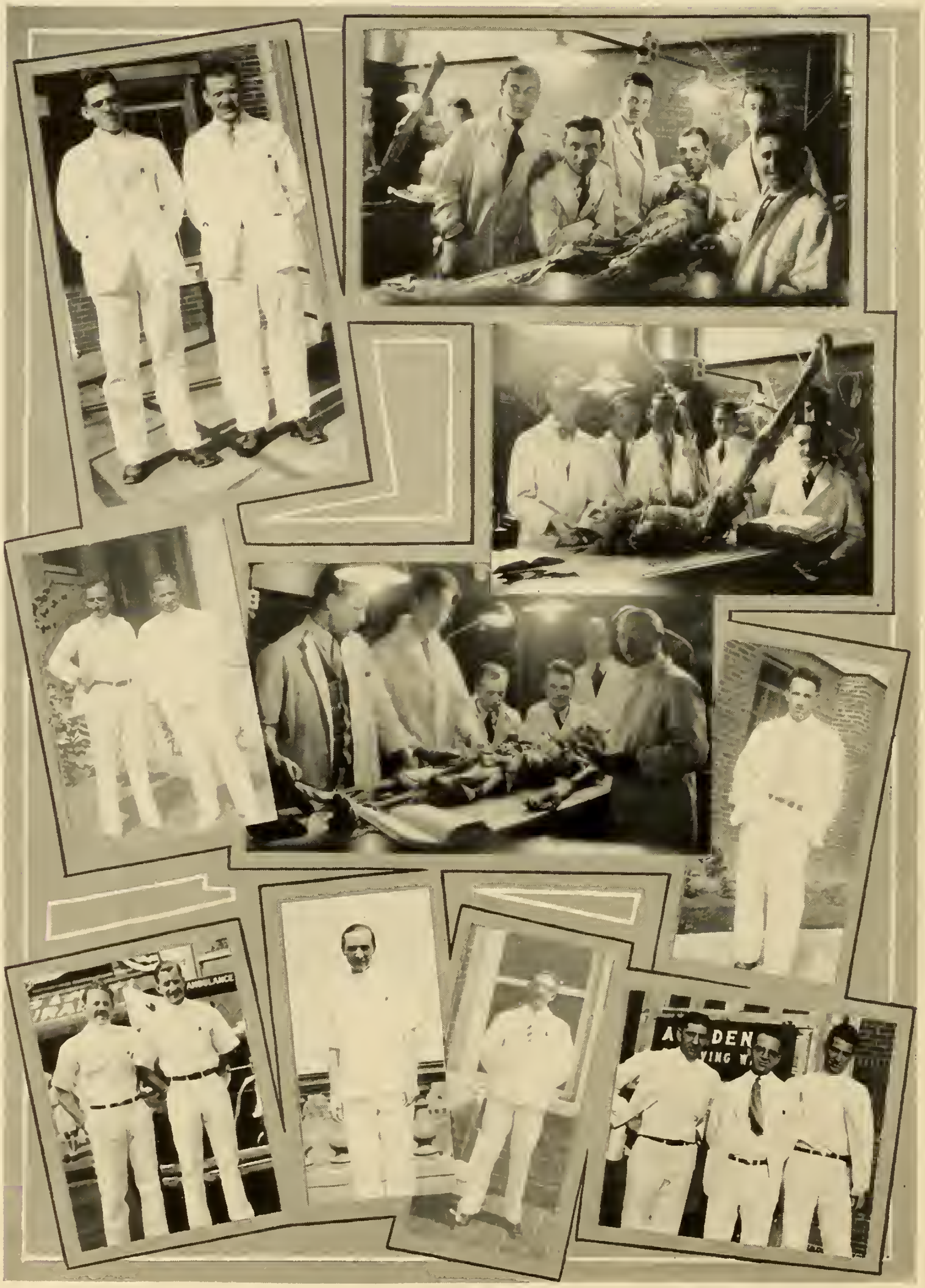




THOSE 3AM. CALLS

"I CANT SEE HOW YOU DO A VERSION ON A PLACENTA"

YES MAM THE OTHER DR. IS SICK SO I'M DOING THE FOLLOW UP CARE FOR HIM
FRESHMAN GETTING HIS EARLY CLINICAL EXPERIENCE


AMBULANCE
A DEN
VING W

WE NOMINATE FOR OBLiVION

The book salesman in the basement.
Slide of a cross section of a baby's finger.
Outside Obs. cases over the week-end.
Enyeart's brief case.
Nine o'clock classes.
Dr. Lorenz's moustache.
The handle on Dr. Well's glasses.
The scyaloscope.
The paper in Obs. Lab.
Van Slyke Tests.
One o'clock classes.
Nota Bene.
Dr. Sylvis' glass of water.
Red books.
Preambles.
Saturday classes.
Appendisectomy.
Junior Internes.
Heppes' jokes and rats.
Hanging-out houses.
Shirinian's fur coat.
Boys—Doc—Mr.
Indol-Skatol.
Electric hand driers.
One way elevators.
Twenty-four-hour samples.
White carnations.
Ransom's book.
Per se.
Practical points.
No students allowed.
Reticulo-Endothelial System.
Wash stands without plugs.
This article.

H

TWO OR TOO BAD

M.D.—"How many children have you?"

Foreign Patient—"Tirteen, doctor."

M.D.—"Any of them twins?"

F. P.—"One time tree, two times twos, and six times just one."

M.D.—"Why most of the times you had two or three!"

F. P.—"T'sure—but look at de tousands of times we ain't got nothings."

Dr. Mercer—"Fetus at 2½ months is 93.8% water and 13.5% albumin."

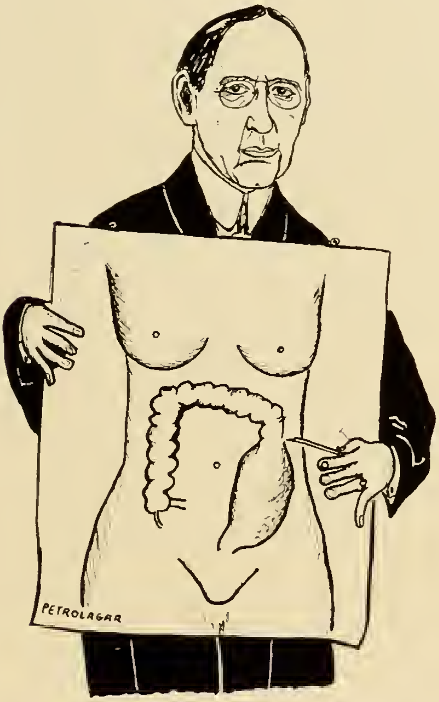
Voice from the Rear—"That makes over 100%."

Dr. M.—"I—er—ah—Well, it's not *much* over."

Dr. Sappington—"Wilson, what do you know about the history of antiseptics?"

Wilson—"Once upon a time—"

Dr. S.—"What is this—a bed-time story?"



Nurse reading an advertisement in A. M. A. *Journal* for Jones' "Gonorrhea in the Male."

"Oh! is that a new kind of gonorrhea?"

Interne: "But you can't circumcise this baby, you don't have permission."

Dr. Waite: "Oh, I'll get around that."

Driscoll—"Do you know what wears out most shoe leather?"

Sheba—"No."

Driscoll—"That's right."

Son to father entering burlesque show—"But, pop, I thought you were a vegetarian."

Grandmother goes in to see her great grandchild (just delivered). She looks in crib and raises her glasses. After looking some time, scratches her head and says, "Well, if my memory serves me right, it's a boy."

And the heavens thundered
 And the rain fell in torrents
  But the faithful twelve were happy
 Because they were in skin dispensary
And were about to see—lantern slides.

Height of Repertory — Aggravation from a Placebo 200th.

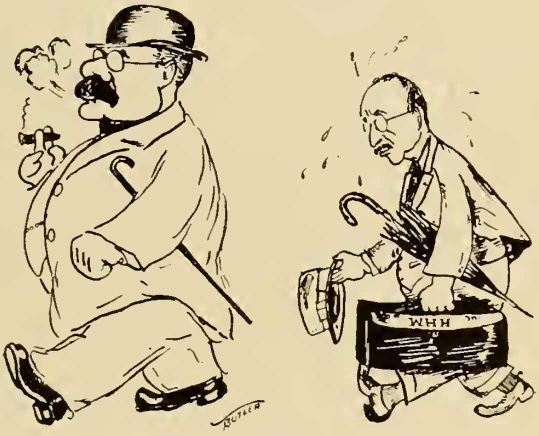
Sixth floor password—Friend or enema

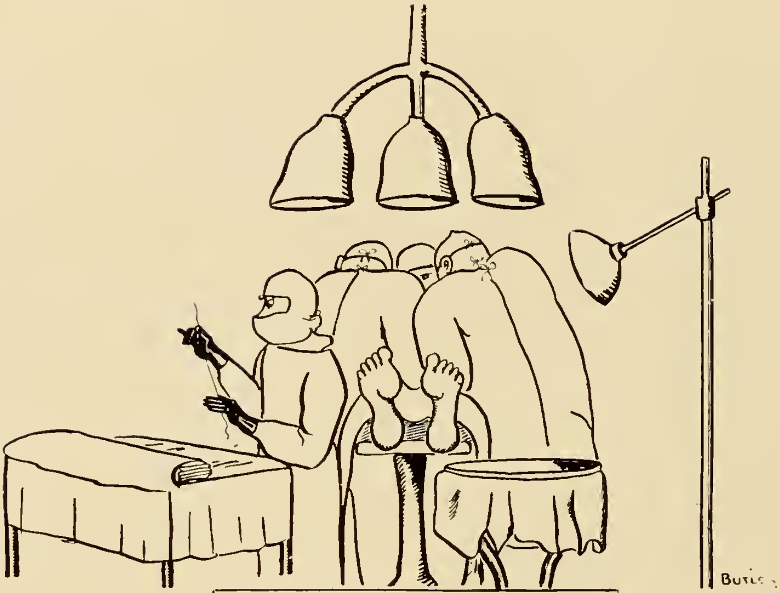
We are naturally very conservative and dislike to make statements we find difficult to prove—

BUT WHEN

Dr. Elliott ceases hitching up his pants;
Dr. Widman refuses a tuition check;
Dr. Sappington lets someone else do a blood transfusion;
Captain Plummer confesses he *might* not know anything about something;
Miss Parsons forgets to wisecrack the operator;
Hon. Nathan Griffith apologizes when a "darn" slips out;
Dr. Webster praises an interne;
Nobody sleeps in the Library;
Dr. Ashcraft can't expose a kidney at one bold rip;
Tropical Medicine is sung instead of read;
Dr. Bernstein's new book on Skin comes out;
An anesthetist admits the death was his fault;
Dr. Hen Ruth quits pleading poverty;
Roll Call means anything;
Supt. John Smith installs a necking nook on each floor of his hotel;
Dr. John E. James throws that blue necktie away;
All the ladies who come to OBS Dispensary are married;
Dr. Marter fails to find pus in a Senior's tonsils;
Dean Pearson claims punctuality is a vice;
Dr. Mercer refuses a chance to go to sleep;
Dr. Eberhard wears a pompadour;
The cops find Dr. Hepburn in a love nest;
Dr. Clemmer and Floyd Gibbons slow down to four hundred words a minute;
Dr. Bert insists that tobacco-chewing is disgusting;
The Book Store is run for accommodation and not profit;
Dr. Haines doesn't confide Senior stuff to underclassmen;
AND, Dr. Kenworthy gets sore and knocks Dr. Hunsicker over the garden wall with a well-placed sock to the button,

why, we'll admit that no medical man gives a hoot whether or not he makes a living—
If he can only help suffering humanity and starve while doing it, he'll be happy.

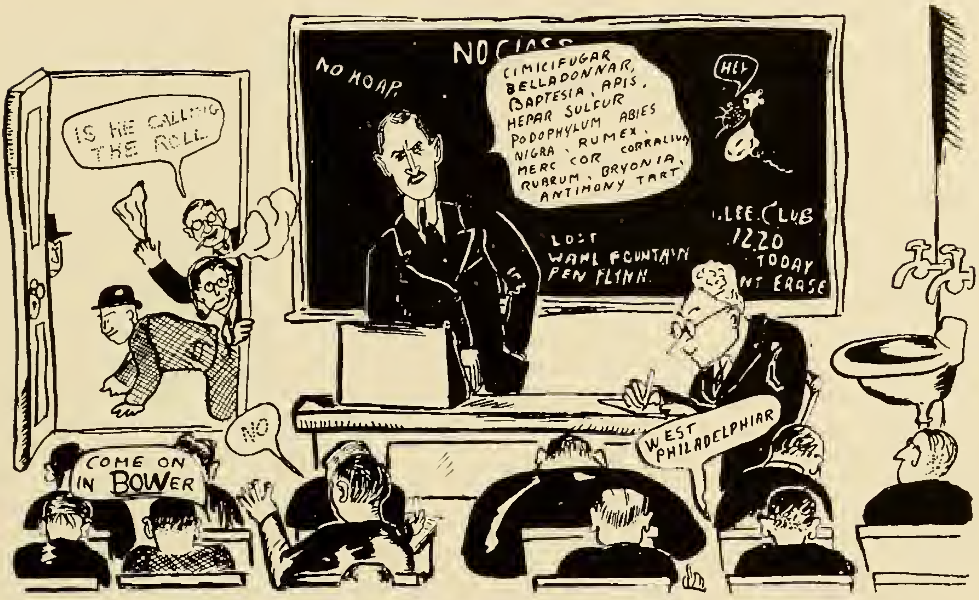




OUR VIEW OF SURGERY

HAMLET IN UTERO, OR THE ASPIRING FOETUS

To flex, or not to flex—that is the question.
Whether `tis better an R. O. P.
To let my head extend and present abrow,
Or even a face and make
The two convexities of spine a good excuse
To give the nurse the chance she needs
To prove her diagnostic powers,
Or whether in this sea of amniotic fluid
To simply do a version on my own,
And as L. S. A. dilate the os.
But time grows short—
I feel the pains of labor round me press,
Increasing in their strength and frequency,
The membranes bulge!
Oh, me! My heart is sad,
I`m just an L. O. A.


IS HE CALLING THE ROLL
NO CLASS
NO HOAP.
CIMICIFUGAR BELLADONNAR, BAPTESIA, APIS, HEPAR SULFUR PODOPHYLUM ABIES NIGRA, RUMEX, MERC COR CORRALIUM RUBRUM, BRYONIA, ANTIMONY TART
HEY
LOST WAHL FOUNTAIN PEN FLYNN.
GLEE CLUB 12.20 TODAY
NT ERASE
NO
COME ON IN BOWER
WEST PHILADELPHIAR

Well, today we'll take up the hilarious group of remedies. It includes, Pumpernickle, Pithecantropus Erectus, Asphaltum, Miriam Tigrinum, Zweiback and Ivory compositus.

Pumpernickle, the deadly window shade. Well, the preamble. Hahnemann recognized this drug and all the provers, two out of eleven, had symptons of Asphaltum. And that sounds paradoxical but the ideer is sound. These duocrests as I like to call them are very similar. And that's right. Well, the active principle of this drug is sourkraut, we have the ineffectual desire to laugh but nothing to laugh about. Now, the keynote, and here's something to hang your hat on. Feels better when playing a C sharp piccolo. This is a good fourth class determinative sympton.

Well, the generalities. Aggravation between 2.15 and 4.30 P. M., Rocky Mountain Time. Feeling of fullness after eating a heavy meal. Feels chilly while undressing, and I've seen this work just like that among the Eskimos. The old school say this don't amount to a hill of beans but the older homeopaths have proved it and it's tried and true. Well, it has been used as a palliative for malignancy while crossing the Tropic of Cancer, from East to West.

And now for a short special analysis. The mind, well here we have apathy, desire under the elms and wants to sit down when he is sitting down. The head, nothing much here except headache from working in a boiler factory, tic, facial paralysis, protruding nose and a split hair lip.

Well, the stomach, gas, oil, water. Desire for junket. Now just a word about the extremities. Peculiar twitchings noticed while sitting in an electric chair. By Jove, it will work in these cases. And lastly in Senator's feet, better on motion.

Just a word about the sleep. Here it is a left sided remedy. Patient dreams he has fallen out of bed and when he wakes he is. This makes us think of Mattressia Hairia who dream they have fallen out of bed but have really been pulled out. Sleep always aggravated by an alarm clock.

Well, the dose, the 7th X has always proved satisfactory. Well, I guess that's all for today.

"THEY DIDN'T DO RIGHT BY OUR NELL"

THE CAST

THE CLIMAX

MUSINGS OF THE OPERATING TABLE

"Some people think I lead a drab, dumb sort of life. Here I stand in the middle of the Surgical Amphitheatre, day and night, waiting to be imposed upon whenever the Scalpel Squad wants to use me. Just a hard-working, long-suffering operating table with chronic lumbago!"

"But say, I can't kick, even though the hours are long and the pay microscopic. My needs aren't many, for I've settled down to a man's estate after a somewhat hectic youth. Back in the days when my paint was scarcely dry and my metal parts never needed polishing I was quite the blade! I played around with the Diathermy Sisters, the Douche Cans and the Warm Babies from the X-ray Department and scarcely ever caught more than an hour's sleep before a 7 A. M. operation. I've seen 'em come and go—I've had my thrills and I've done my share of good in the way of charity jobs. And what's more, I'm still in the ring and plenty able to take care of three hundred pounds of female flatulence or a wailing infant who doesn't even make an impression on my chest!"

"My Big Moment of the week comes on Wednesday afternoon when Dr. Northrop carves for the Seniors and Juniors. Pardon my laughter, folks, but when I think of those birds about ready to graduate who self-consciously stumble over each other on their way down to the marble seats half surrounding me, I almost do a Trendelenburg, no fooling!! They look wise in their rakish caps and gowns and they hunch forward so as to absorb every slash and suture, yet each guy is so afraid he'll be asked to step up and apply a piece of adhesive or wiggle-waggle a fractured tibia that he breathes a silent supplication every time H. L. glances in his direction! And when the clock says 4:20 they can't get away fast enough for their 'How to Become a Master Plumber' lecture according to Horn!"

"I'm perfectly healthy, see, and can snap into a Fowler as smoothly as I did twenty years ago, but honestly some Wednesdays when night comes and the last bundle of unconscious adiposity is lifted off me, I'm too tired to squeak. The orderly puts on a clean sheet and pillow slip and I am left alone to grunt and groan and perhaps reminisce a bit before going back to work."

"You'd be knocked horizontal if I whispered to you the inside life that I pick up during the day—the sub rosa sallies back and forth which never reach you folks on the benches. To you the operating room is a place of machine-like precision, low tones, faultless technique—to me it is a bubbling stage presenting an endless human interest drama which never palls."

"When Dr. Webster growls under his breath to the interne, 'For God's Sake, lasso that bleeder and try to show some intelligence—the nurse here can assist better asleep than you can with your eyes open,' I feel the youngster's body tremble and then stiffen against my side and instinct tells me that the good Doctor, his surgical skill and his ancestors are being consigned to a place where the grass is not green, the skies are not blue and a Minot Diet is never served."

"What burns me up is for the anesthetist to practically lie down on my neck. Dr. Ruth seems to think he is at home in bed whenever he squirts ether at an operation. I'm a good sport and a glutton for punishment, but a strapping gall-bladder victim has enough tonnage without Baby Face Henry sprawling all over the cone and adding a good part of his handsome physique to my burden. However, ever since Hen took a trip to the Mayo's, he's gone Spinal. Gas, ether and chloroform don't receive a tumble from him nowadays."

"Shorty Steinmetz is my buddy, though, among the operators. He's so stumpy that I sag hard in the middle so he can reach up to make his incision without straining his milk—and then most of the time he has to stand on a high chair. But he's a great fellow with a keen sense of humor and a mind stored with up-to-the-minute knowledge. Miss Parsons, our very efficient operation nurse who twists a mean Salome figure and a Fanny Brice line of chatter likes to work with Steiny because he humors her when she starts her hoary argument about whether Twelve o'clock is A. M. or P. M."

"You know, an arresting thought just struck me. If I say much more, I'll lose my license. To dish up the dirt as I have been doing borders on a violation of professional ethics—I should have gargled an oral astringent an hour ago. I'm ashamed of myself! But before signing off, I'd like to wish the Class of '31 a world of good luck and success and to give them the assurance that when they come back for their reunion in 1941, either I or one of my boys will be on duty."

"Sh-h, not a word, but here's the lowdown! I'm engaged to the blonde Sterilizer over in the corner there, the hottest little piece of machinery on this reservation!!"

"BIER" TREATMENT

Little dog walking down the street—said the tree to the dog, "Have one on me." Said the dog to the tree, "No thanks, just had one on the house."

Dr. Plummer: "Why all those Junior Internes do is eat and go to classes."

Dr. Hoenstine: "I've never seen them go to classes."

Cooper—"Attacks of what?"

Sappington—"Attacks of nothing, Doctor, just ataxic symptoms."

Roses are red,
Violets are blue,
A nurse? 10.15 to bed?
The hell with you.

GABBERDEAN

Alright! My watch says it twenty seconds after nine o'clock Pennsylvania Railroad time, they're probably right, I don't know, and maybe they're not. Now Dr. Chandler, he'll pass out some little slips and I want you to write down the answer to this little question. How do you tar a crucible?

Alright, now you've had two minutes so just put a caboose on it and pass them in. Now we have an original and ingenious man in this class. Last week Hill, he, why he drew a caboose. Alright, tho' I guess there's no harm in that.

Alright, now in this little book it says a factor is a number—now it's not an orange or a bunch of grapes, but it's a number! Now over the page, here it says Dr. Fritz Morris removed a 17-lb. calculus book. I don't know maybe it only weighed 16 lbs., but I guess he removed it. Mighty fine fellow this Morris, a scholar and a perfect gentleman.

Alright, now how many of you fellows heard of Garcia? Four, well don't worry about that—but here's a young man who carried a message to Garcia. Now he could have carried it to Ardmore or Paris but he carried it to Garcia, per se. Now I want you fellows to look through this little book and maybe you won't come back to college after the holidays. I don't know what you're studying medicine for anyway. You don't make any money *(Author's note No. 1.)*

Alright, now here we tell you to get a 24-hour sample. Now this doesn't mean 23 hours or 25 hours but a 24-hour sample. And the patient doesn't have to hire a truck and bring the entire amount in. Now I know of a lady who had aesthetic tendencies and didn't like urine along side of custards and rhubarb pies so she painted pictures of flowers on the bottles. That's neither here nor there, but get a 24-hour sample.

Alright, now here's a little sample of stool my good friend Dr. Griggs sent me. Now if you'll just pass that around.

Alright, some of you fellows going to sleep just because you had a dance last night. Why what are you going to do when you are Seniors? Why they enjoy staying out two and three nights straight on an Obstetrical case and they feel fresh as a rose when they come to school. *(Author's note No. 2.)* But I guess there's no harm in that. Ah, Dr. Chandler, you're a big man, go over in that room and throw a half dozen of those bridge hounds out the window.

Alright, now maybe some of you fellows know we have a splendid library down stairs. The Seniors think it's a sleeping room, but I guess there's no harm in that. But you fellows ought to exercise. Now my good friend Prof. Schmidt and myself play squash every day, and that's what some of you should do. *(Author's note No. 3.)*

Alright, now it's ten and we'll go in the lab. Now if the Captains will step up to the desk Dr. Hepburn will give them some dog's liver. And why don't you fellows run around the block instead of puffing on a weed.

Author's notes.

Author's note No. 1—Packards and Pierce-Arrows in the hospital yard must have been won at a church supper.

Author's note No. 2—They don't come in until two days later.

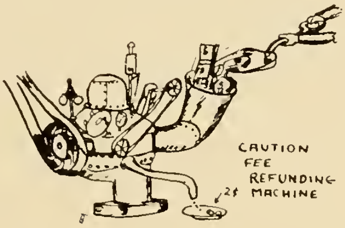
Author's note No. 3—Jack Keese played with the Dean.

A WAYSIDE SHRINE

Closterman—"Is breast milk the mother tincture?"

Hepburn—"Now, Schmidt, get out."

Hepburn—"Now, Hiles, put that fire out or I'll call the fire marshal and he'll make it hot for you."



WE WANT THE WORLD TO BE HAPPY

Philadelphia,
May 10, 1931.

Supt. John Jones,
Hannigan's Hospital,
Philadelphia, Pa.

Our Dear Superintendent:—

As members of the Class of '31 of Hannigan's Medical College, we feel confident that you will give the contents of this letter your careful attention. Dr. Stoneheaver, of the Department of Neurology, insists you are the best Hospital Superintendent in these United States—and from this most generous bit we gather that you are ever striving to improve your place of business and will therefore welcome suggestions.

Have you ever thought of the social possibilities literally studding Hannigan's Hospital?

Do you realize that you have the power and privilege of making it a Haven of Happiness, a Beaconlight of Laughter, Life and Lilting Lays, a Skyscraper Shaft dedicated to Joy and Jollity??

Because we love Hannigan's and what she stands for, we are offering the appended zestful thoughts in the interest of those who spend much of their time in your establishment. Of course, some of these plans may bring an annoyed perplexity to several of the more narrow-minded; that, however, is of small moment when we contemplate the almost unmanageable pleasure the majority will derive from the crystallization of the following items. Do you have sufficient vision to fortell just exactly what they will mean to Hannigan's? We challenge you!!!

1. We suggest that on days when there are at least twenty acute retention cases in the wards, you hide all of the available catheters and forbid any suprapubic incisions. The popping of bladders will greatly amuse the kiddies on the seventh floor, for they will think it is the Fourth of July.

2. On each April First, go into the Obstetrical Ward and pick out any lady who is suffering intense labor pains. Tell her she is not pregnant—it must be something that she ate! Then have her taken to the Delivery Room, give an orderly a pair of forceps and admonish him to prove the old adage "Might Makes Right." After the child is buried you can poke your finger at the mother and laughingly tease "April Fool—you *did* have a baby!" If she has had the proper background, she will appreciate the humor of the situation and mention the matter to her friends later. And incidentally, the orderly will have received valuable experience and the undertaker a nice fee. Make this an annual event.

3. Run a Valentine Dance in the Big Clinic for the patients of the G. U. and GYN dispensaries. This should prove a gala affair. These folks have been places and done things and doubtless have much in common. In the refined atmosphere of the dance they may exchange experiences and perhaps telephone numbers. For favors we suggest petite glycerine tampon corsages for the ladies and dainty KY Jelly tubes for the gentlemen.

4. Institute a "Learn the Other Fellow's Job" Week. Shift the elevator operators to the Pharmacy, let the Social Service workers remove cataracts, set the office force to scrubbing windows and commission Jorge Mayers and his assistants of the Anatomy Department to diagnose X-ray plates and calculate Diabetic Diets. Efficiency may not be up to par during this period but the experiment will excite fun no end. The above is simply a sample week. You can figure out other combinations to please yourself.

5. This one should prove popular. Absolutely ignore the orders on the charts and for a period of three weeks put all the overweight women on a High Caloric Diet and all of the anemic, emaciated women on a Lap Diet. The heavyweights will wonder why they are getting bigger and the skinny ones will be vexed at how much they have in common with a piece of string. As soon as news of this grotesque spectacle spreads, literally hundreds will throng the corridors fighting for a chance to chuckle at the museum your sense of humor has provided.

6. What could be more soothing than Twilight Music each evening? Call this feature The Vespers Hour. Drs. Barnstorm, Perrique, Hollers and Martys, Hannigan's Harmonizing Male Quartette may spend five minutes on each floor singing folk songs and old English hunting tunes. After such a tender benediction, the hardest-hearted patient will cry himself to sleep.

In a very rough way this outlines what we have in mind. When a program of activity such as this has been in operation a year or more, Hannigan's Hospital will be known throughout the world in song, story, sermon and editorial. We leave the project with you—it is our gift to our Alma Mater!

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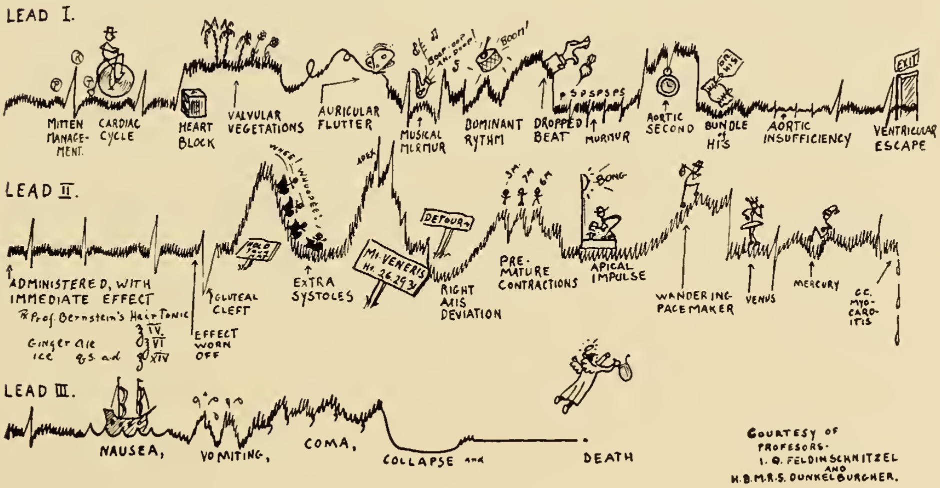

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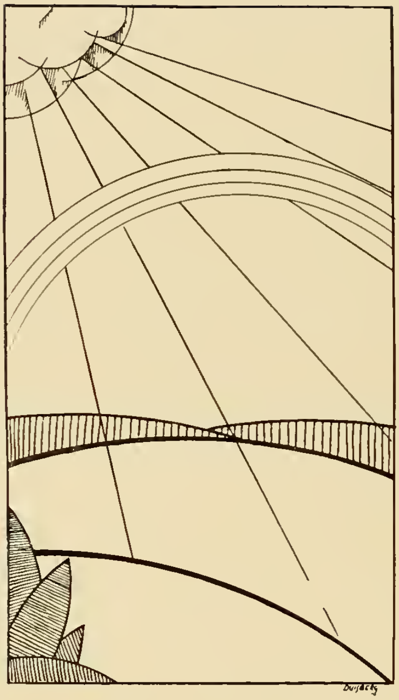

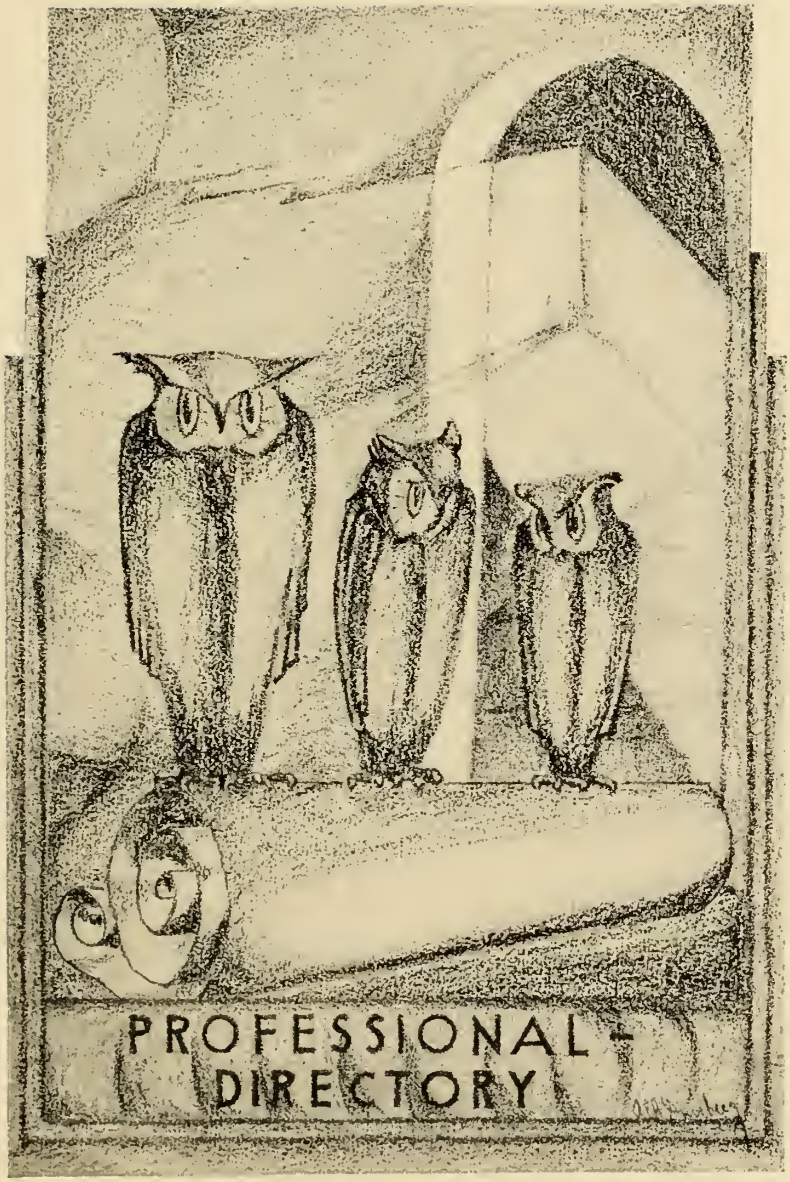
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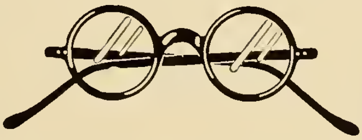

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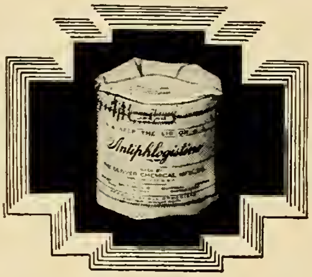

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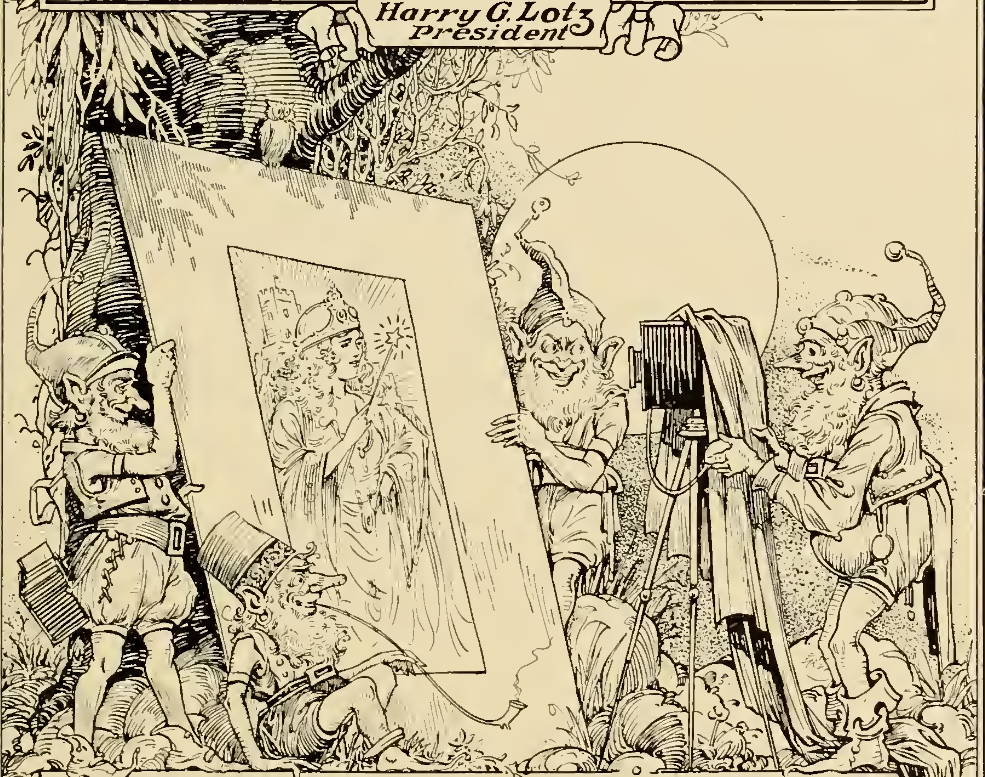

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